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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

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Vol. XI. October, 1899—March, 1900

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"THE NATIONAL" PRESS, 91 BEDFORD STREET

Reg. No. 43,339

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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THE PERSONAL SIDE OF SPEAKER HENDERSON

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DURING the tense fever of excitement in the Hayes and Wheeler campaign in 1876 there was a torchlight procession in a small western town. The farmers had come from all directions for many miles to don the blue oil-skin cape and cap and carry a torch in the rally of the "Wide-awakes," to maintain traditions of the Lincoln campaign. It was a cool, crisp October evening and the sweet scent of surrounding meadows and fields mingled with the spluttering odor of kerosene from the torches. The fascination of the October moonlight was lost in the suppressed excitement of the occasion—as a decided Tilden sentiment has thrust itself into a "solid" district.

In the darkened shadows of the stores of the main business street were the Tilden men, covertly scoffing at the failure to rally the procession on time. The township had been solidly Republican, but the disaffection among the new voters and those who were not soldiers, protesting against the "old soldiers having everything" had alarmed the committees, and they decided that the old spirit of '61 must be aroused.

The brass band had just finished an impromtu rehearsal in their room over the old fire-engine house, and had started out bravely to Southwell's Big Four Quickstep, when the tuba player blew out a valve, and the tooting afterbeats of alto and tenor horns were out of rhythm with the light-stepping "Wide-awakes;" but the bass drum saved the day, and by the time the main street was reached the files of straggling men were well in line, and the cloak of night gave an imposing magnitude to the procession that suggested the wierd splendors of the catacombs of Rome.

* * * *

In the fore ranks of the procession were many of the boys of '61,—comrades indeed—men who had enlisted and served together for four years, and proudly preferred the single fife and drum to the circus quickstep by the local band. Small boys straggled along on the outskirts of the double file of men, who were stretched out "ten paces" to string out the line. The boys were happy when they could secure a discarded torch and renew the glimmer of the struggling wick to make light without oil, no matter what the smudge.

The scene that night impressed itself upon the younger boys who shared the political sympathies of their soldier fathers. They shouted "Rah for Hayes and Wheeler!" and were ready to fight any boy who should echo "Tilden and Hendricks," to the bitter finish. One lad ran along the line to join his father, who was marching proudly for

his principles. He caught his hand and the father looked down on the bloody face of his hopeful. He was alarmed, but the son responded, spluttering blood from his nose: "Never mind, Pa; I made Skinny Sheldon shet up hollerin' Tilden anyhow."

The village streets were taxed to find marching room. The procession countermarched from Shackenbush's pasture and returned to the hall, which was half filled with sympathizing wives and sisters occupying a respectful front and centre of the room and older men in front to hear well.

Amid the fumes of charred wicks, as torches were extinguished, the procession marched into the hall, while the band with the tuba in good repair, played a national medley that fairly shook the great rafters. Some of the marchers forgot to stack torches and the hall was filled with smoke, but the tide of enthusiasm was just awakening.

During the height of the noise and bustle and with the young boys struggling for front seats, the moving of rows of chairs, which were nailed together with a board, the sarcastic visaged crowd of Tilden men back near the stoves jeered at various doubtful voters as they entered wearing the oil cape. Just then the stately chairman appeared. On his arm was a man who walked lame with a cane. The first rustle was soon over and the shouts for "Dave Henderson"; "gallant Dave Henderson," soon drowned the brass bands and they ceased—and the boy who held music for the bass drum had a rest—not on the music score.

* * * * *

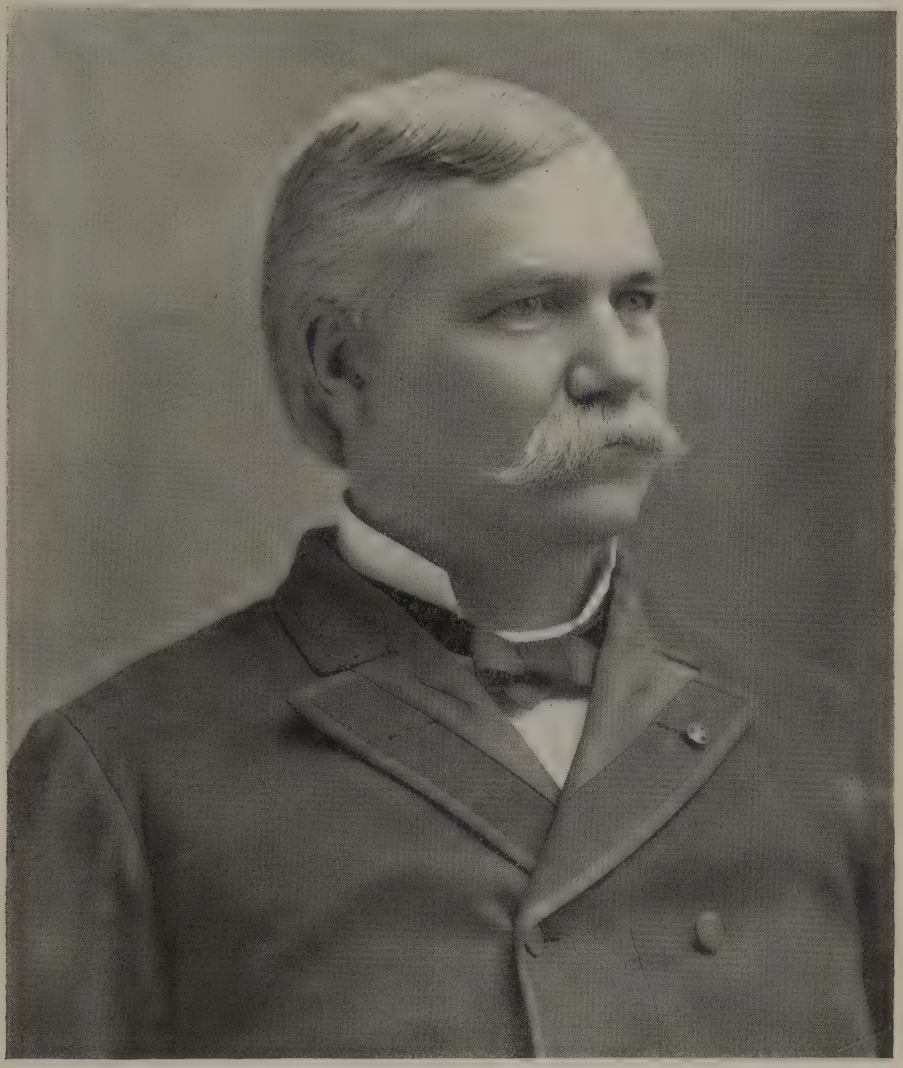
It was a hearty ovation of comrade to comrade, and given with all the reawakened fire of the old years of march and battle. It was in the famous "monkey wrench" district in Iowa, which six years later returned the Scotch soldier-boy of '61 to Congress, and in all times of political peril, it was the old comrades who saved him from defeat in the eddying tides of shifting political sentiment, and the days of Prohibition complications.

The speech and the occasion that night I can never forget, for I was one of the white-headed boys on the front seat, and the wonderful and magnificent privilege of attained American citizenship never seemed so unattainable; or a more enthralling, precious privilege, which, in my boyish purview, included having such a moustache as Colonel Henderson wore, and the ownership of a torch with the right of carrying it in a procession without incurring the rebuke: "What business has that kid with a torch?"

On the stage, the scenery, pride and boast of the village house decorator, presented a striking and impressive background of baronial castle, medieval prison, with the forest of Arden brokenly represented by the side scenes. A beautiful lawn breaks upon the open staircase, and on the stand in

Famous Monkey Wrench District, the Third Congressional District of Iowa, which Speaker Henderson Represents

COLONEL DAVID B. HENDERSON, THE NEXT SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES



the center of the platform, beneath the faded evergreen motto of the last graduating class, was the inevitable pitcher of water draped and protected from the dust by the national flag.

The village glee club struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" and all essayed to join in, but nobody could follow them into the emphreal heights of the last stanza.

Henderson's oration was a fiery appeal to the voters "to stand by the flag" and was brim full of war anecdotes which pleased us boys and the soldier fathers. He closed one of his characteristic funny stories by patting us on the head and saying: "God bless the boys." His manner partook of the rude eloquence of the Methodist revivalist and the sympathy of the audience was with him, while the fire and spirit with which he

replied to several insulting interruptions from the rear of the room, by the Tilden men, made us boys volunteer to go back and "clean 'em out" but the speaker needed no such assistance, for he soon had them quelled.

The Colonel had a simple, direct way of talking. He had come down from the stage with a homely gesture, saying: "We are all on one level," and the tin shades in front of the footlights quivered every time he turned to emphazize a point by striking the stage with his hand.

There were few people in the hall that night who would have ventured a prediction that the man before them, twenty-four years hence, was to occupy the speaker's chair in the House of Representatives.

After the speech the Colonel stopped first to shake hands with the youngsters in the front row. "It won't be long until your turn will come, boys," and I think every one of the "mystic Three" had the pleasure of voting for the next speaker of the House at the polls.

Colonel Henderson represents one of the strongest types of American citizenship. With thousands of other foreign-born lads, he won his naturalization papers in the crucial test of fire and blood—the civil war,—which inspired a national patriotism, which, however misguided it may be at times in a political sense, puts to shame the palsied and traitorous attitude of those who, born of an ancestry which made this nation possible, appear anxious in this enlightened day to destroy the integrity and honor of our country to gratify a personal or political spleen.

Colonel Henderson comes from a section whose people, when they wish to stop a horse, say "Who-a!" with a big exclamation point, and not "Sh-sh!" He comes from broad prairies where the original American spirit prevails as distinct from any European influence. The hopes and aspirations of the plain, vigorous, out-spoken farmers of the west are reflected in him, and from such as these is born strength of the nation. If their interests are ignored by those who lead in the eastern centers of finance or by trusts and combinations utterly selfish in their policy, each ill-advised leader will find in these men of the west foemen worthy of their steel—and gold as well, for they are possessed of the sturdy spirit of American self-reliance which is bound to triumph.

Speaker Henderson will represent a patriotic and wise compromise between the sectionalism which ever tends to alienate the east and the west which manifested itself once in the political campaign of 1896, and may be even more pronounced in 1900. Though impulsive and vigorous in his patriotic impulse, he was reared under the tutelage of Senator Allison, who politically speaking "can walk on eggs" and there is no fear as to his safe and conservative course.

One great determining factor in political contests often overlooked is the new voters who come upon the stage every four years.

When Senator Allison was commissioned to raise a company of volunteers there was a young Scotchman who soon had a company organized among his schoolmates and the friendship begun in those days between Senator Allison and Colonel Henderson has been one of the Damon-Pythias incidents of political life. They continue to reside in the same town, Dubuque, and have always had a quiet way of achieving results that has been a wonder to political friends and adversaries, and they do not forget that the boys of to-day are voters to-morrow, and votes to-morrow are essential in maintaining what voters to-day have given.

Colonel Henderson always remained in wholesome sympathy and close touch with the people of his district, until they regard "Dave" as one of their family. No sauve and polished veneer such as is too often assumed by others after a brief stay in Washington has obliterated the charm of his rugged, pugnacious personality. He always had a hearty "God bless you, boys," and if he continues the same plain, sincere "Dave" of earlier days, he will take a place of some moment in national politics and history.

He is the very antithesis of Reed, who has given to the position of speaker a power and prominence it never held before; and some express a doubt as to a man of Henderson's nature being capable of holding the prestige which Mr. Reed insisted upon maintaining. Congress chafed under the Czar—it was only a question of time when the rebellion would occur, and the older members of Congress welcome the change as a relief from the dictatorial policy of Reed. Henderson is big-hearted as well as big-minded, and he is in touch with the great latent stength of the nation —the middle west—and ought to maintain a just and fair equilibrium.

The new speaker, like all members of Congress, has met the terrors of post office appointments. He established an unique custom of having the vexed question settled by a vote of the party supporters, and in some cases he has placated opposition by going outside of the party lines, and appointing a Prohibitionist or a Democrat to punish the factions. He has been called a trimmer, but he manages to hammer out pretty good political results in the "monkey wrench" district.

The "monkey-wrench" district in Iowa, which Colonel Henderson represents, is so named because of its peculiar shape. As will be seen by a glance at the congressional map, the third dis-

The speaker's chair in his private room in the Capitol. This chair is the one used by the speaker in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and is replaced by an ordinary chair during the interim between sessions of Congress, so that many visitors, when they sit down in the chair at the speaker's desk, are deluding themselves into the belief that it is the identical chair so often occupied by Thomas B. Reed.

trict of Iowa is a tier of counties beginning with Dubuque County, extending nearly half way across the state. The districts were gerrymanded so as to offset the Democratic vote of the river counties with the rural vote of inland counties. But this tier of counties was too close for comfort, and Hardin County, a staunch Republican county, was locked in at the bottom of the last county, giving it the shape of a monkey-wrench and saving Colonel Henderson from the possibility of defeat. He narrowly escaped in the landslide of '92, but the "old guard" was out in force, and the old soldiers could not be weaned away from voting for their old comrade, and the fact of his being foreign-born may have had something to do with holding in line the foreigners in the district, which has been alienated somewhat from the Republican party owing to the party's stand at that time on the prohibition issue.

The fifty-seventh Congress will meet some of the most important problems in American history. They must be met courageously and in no spirit of injustice or cowardice. Among these the question of expansion in its highest and broadest sense, accepting and discharging the duty of the hour and the destiny of the nation regardless of childish and cringing sympathisers with the treacherous foes abroad. Above all, it must provide for the control of trusts, which must be kept within legitimate bounds, in their control of business and industrial interests, or the foundations of our government will be swept away.

The life inspiration of David B. Henderson was his mother, a farmer's wife, who had faith in her boy, and who lived to see him a member of congress. Through her his education was directed for a specific and practical purpose. He utilized every leisure hour in study for a definite purpose. In the noon hour in the harvest fields the boy who was stretched upon the grass under the row of spindling poplar trees studying his books instead of taking a nap, is the man of to-day. Here he mastered the mysteries of fractions and cube root—he was learning to teach himself. But the part he took in the debating societies in the various country school houses near the old farm house, was where at eight years of age he begun the career which has resulted in the statesman, whose voice is a power in the halls of Congress. He was the life and spirit of three county school debating societies at one time, and on these occasions the fruits of those hours of study in the harvest field served to good purpose. He became a leader then, as he has become a leader to-day —because he had fitted himself for it, with the conscientious purpose inspired by the mother, who was the boy's closest companion and most sympathetic counselor in the evening readings and talks upon books and the affairs of men, together with the subtle mysteries of life.

There is a notable fact of our National political life apparent in the coming election of Colonel David B. Henderson as speaker of the house of representatives. Months prior to his election he is feted and given the honors that would scarcely be granted a political office fiance in years past.

The solidity of American institutions is indicated, when a struggling caucus of representatives in various states can practically elect a speaker and pronounce the banns without the fear of a slip between mug and mouth.

Well, Colonel David B. Henderson, of Iowa, is to all practical purposes speaker of the House of Representatives, and all that remains is a mere formality, instituted by the constitution.

VICTOR HUGO IN HIS LETTERS

By Robert Grosvenor Valentine

THE letters of Victor Hugo are edited without comment, notes, except in the way of an occasional fact, even without preface, by his friend, Paul Meurice. The editor's hand is felt only in the selection and in the arrangement: that there is selection is clear, although the two volumes, both in the French, and in the English translation, are printed with the omissions unmarked; and the arrangement is a skilful combination of chronological order and the division of the letters into groups. Thus the reader has clearly before him the general progress of Victor Hugo's life; and in the groups of letters he sees vividly particular influences of people and events. This handling of the letters is plainly that of a man who understood Victor Hugo; the silent giving of them to the world is an act of belief, the highest compliment between friends. It is justified; for the letters contain the material for a portrait. To draw together from out them the lines which give a picture of Victor Hugo, is no infringement on the work the letters themselves should do. Whoever chooses may then take up the book to trace more largely the course of his development, and its effects upon the nineteenth century.

Victor Hugo was a public man as well as a great writer. There are two roads to political power in France: the civil service, and the path of the great thinker. In 1821 when Victor Hugo was nineteen, Chateaubriand and Louis XVIII recognized his great intellect. From that time on, his novels, beginning with Han d'Islande in 1823, and his poems in which he often fills spontaneously the office of lauriate, made him influential in the reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X. After 1830 Victor Hugo's novels, and the greater reform he worked in the drama, gave France much of its strength during the reign of Louis Philippe. In the revolution of 1848, Victor Hugo's prominence as one of the great thinkers of his time assigned him active part. His political power and integrity made him the chief stumbling block in Louis Napoleon's path to the throne. Louis Napoleon's success, however, banished Victor Hugo from France for twenty years. It could not silence his pen, which wrote "Napoleon le Petit;" "Les Chatiments," which was politically one of the most powerful volumes of poetry ever published; and letters to the supporters of liberty everywhere in France. So under seeming defeat, Victor Hugo remained after 1852, as he had been before, an active force in French politics. As during this time, too, he was writing some of his greatest novels, the only fitting picture of the great writer must be drawn against the torn background of political France.

In 1822, at the age of twenty, Victor Hugo wrote to the Abbe de Lamennais, the great priest whose thought in many respects moved parallel to his own:

"It is a great charm to see your mind, so vigorous and profound in your works, become so gentle and intimate in your letters."

These words are true of the letters of Victor Hugo; but because in them, as in all his work, he sought for results, many letters are also vigorous, and some, so far as a letter may be, profound. The first one is to his mother:

"Come home soon. We don't know what to do or say without you; we are quite lost. We are always thinking of you."

Then follows a series of letters to his father, Count Hugo, one of Napoleon's generals, and a military writer. Among these he says:

"In my next letter I will tell you of all the work which a happy married life will enable me to undertake with a calm spirit, a clear head, and a contented mind."

His relations with his father, with his step-mother, and their relations to him, his wife, and children, are here remarkably plain, although they are given from only one point of view. In this fact for the first time becomes apparent a quality of Victor Hugo which is found throughout his letters. His nature was at once so sensitive, and so healthy, that his words not only express his own feelings, but show the feelings of others toward him with an unerringness which must often have discomposed his enemies and enlightened his friends.

The second series of letters is to his wife, written on his journey to Rheims in 1825, to attend, as a Knight of the Legion of Honor, the coronation of Charles X. The third series begins back again at the year 1820. It includes letters to Count Alfred de Vigny, Baron Eckstein, Count Jules de Resseguier, and ascends, through the beginnings of his friendship with Victor Pavie, to the literary and political revolutions of 1830. In 1827 Victor Hugo wrote to Victor Pavie:

"Your verses possess the characteristic of the best specimens of our renovated poetry. The union of grace and vigor, of youth and maturity."

Here we see him beginning boldly to break away from the traditions he held when, as king's man and classicist, he and Lamartine had been decorated at the coronation of Charles X, two years before. He goes on:

"You are one of those young men of the nineteenth century, whose gravity and candor astonish the artificial and frivolous old men of the eighteenth. You ask me for guidance. Let your own nature finish your education."

In 1830 Victor Hugo's drama Hernani won what is, perhaps, the hardest single literary battle of all time. In the course of its first performance each line of it, and many a single phrase, was hissed separately by the classicists. In spite of this, Hernani made the complete success of the new spirit in literature only a matter of time. In the same year Victor Hugo wrote to Lamartine:

"Between your letters and my reply, my dear friend, has come a revolution.* I am convinced we shall find our poetical edifice standing all the stronger for the shocks which it will have withstood. Our cause is also one of liberty; it is a revolution too; it will advance unharmed side by side with its political sister."

In these letters Victor Hugo is seen gaining the full vigor of manhood, his work in literature finding its true relation to his duties as a citizen.

The letters written about the time of Victor Hugo's journey on the Rhine, in 1840, include those to his wife and children, to Beranger, Theophile Gautier, Victor Pavie, and Lamartine. One to Mlle. Louise Bertin, who had written music for his songs, and was his friend and his children's, tells of the death of his daughter, Leopoldine. It is only one of the many letters which show the union of his friendship with his work. From the Legislative Assembly, to which he was elected in 1849, he wrote to a friend, Charles de Lacretelle:

"But send me, who am in the fight, a word of encouragement from time to time. Send me some noble letters, and love me."

Speaking eloquently in the assembly for justice in particular cases, Victor Hugo slowly came to see that Royalists and Bonapartists were uniting for the overthrow of the Republic. During twelve days he struggled against Louis Napoleon, and only when all was lost and nothing could be gained by the sacrifice of his life, he fled to Brussels. The letters from Brussels are to his wife, and full of his hatred for the treachery of Napoleon; full of his enthusiasm in writing a work which he hoped would bring to Napoleon not only historical but political condemnation; full, too, of affection for his friends, who since 1848 had been fellow editors of l'Envenement, Auguste Vacquerie and Paul Meurice. From 1852 to 1870, with his wife and children again with him, he lived an exile in the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. From there his letters go out to the lovers of liberty all over the

*NOTE—The cause of the revolution of 1830 lay directly in the assumption by Charles X. of almost absolute power in his ordinances, one of which was directed against the freedom of the press. The revolution was led by the haute bourgeoisie, and resulted in the election of Louis Philippe as king.

world,—to George Sang, Lamartine, Girardin, to M. Heurtelou, editor of the Progress, in Hayti, to Garibaldi, to the Minister of the Republic of Colombia.

For Victor Hugo the possibility of working at all lay in having a definite end. His literary work was done first for school theatricals, then for prizes, then for money. There is so much prostitution of work to money that the following extract is necessary to explain his purpose. He wrote to M. Armand Carrel, the critic:

"Now from that time, having been obliged to live by my pen and to support my family with it, I have kept it free from all speculative transactions, from all mercantile engagements. I have done literary work more or less well, but never literary speculation. A poor man, I have cultivated art like a rich man, thinking more of the future than of the present. Forced by hard times to make a business of writing, I can truly say that business considerations have never impaired the value of my work."

Forced to make a business of his writing, Victor Hugo, between the ages of nineteen and eighty-three, published some work almost every year. These works included political speeches, historical documents, histories of special events, many volumes of poems, dramas and novels. This almost incredible amount of work was done not for money alone, but for other ends just as definite. He wrote to Savinien Lapointe, a shoemaker and poet:

"God sets a goal at the end of every path. All we have to do is to advance. Courage, then, and patience! Courage for the great sorrows of life, and patience for the small ones. And then, when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake."

It is this clear perception of the immediate ends to be striven for, which made Victor Hugo's letters a force in his age, ranking with his political speeches, poems, plays and novels. As his letters show, he worked for these ends constantly. His vision therefore grew stronger, the goals themselves seemed nearer, and were easier gained; and at the same time the more distant objects which came into his range taught him to shift his course to meet the new need. Because work thus put new aims continually before him, he came to regard it as the justification of change, and his inconsistencies as but necessary advance and retreat in progress.

As far as these letters show, the contemporaries who made theories to account for Victor Hugo's changes received no help from him. His motives, too, he said nothing about. But the objects that he had in view he constantly tried to make clear to others. As a result, even his enemies must have acknowledged to themselves that change, which to light men meant merely motion, to Victor Hugo meant applied motion; that at least he was no mere revolutionist. In 1861 he wrote from Brussels to the members of the Italian Managing Committee, at Palermo:

"Let all men of intelligence and feeling do the duty of the moment."

This spirit made him find time to write a note of needed encouragement to M. Etcheverry, at the Ecoles newspaper office:

"Courage, gentlemen, courage! You belong to the generation which owns the future. You will do great things. In politics you will finish the rough sketches, in literature you carry on the work. For a long time past in all my writings I have striven to hasten the day when social questions will be substituted for political ones; when between the party of reaction and that of revolution there will arise the party of civilization. That day will be yours; that party will consist of you."

The purpose for which this letter was written shows Victor Hugo's quick movement to a definite end; the substance shows what is plain in all the letters: he was in no sense hypnotized by ends. In all the enthusiasm which made his work so effective, the reader sees him taking definite points of view and from them ordering his course.

"I have devoted my life to progress, and the starting point of progress in the world is the inviolability of human life. The corollaries of this principle are the end of war and the abolition of the scaffold."

Starting with the inviolability of human life, he came to freedom of the mind as equally essential. The thinker he regarded as the most effective of liberators:

"His action is never violent: the mildest of powers and consequently the greatest is the mind. The mind inflicts deadly blows on evil. Thinkers emancipate the human race. They suffer but they triumph. They accomplish the salvation of others by the sacrifice of themselves."

Victor Hugo devoted himself to attacking the greatest enemies of progress, idleness and cruelty:

"In every stratum of society, the working, the thinking the helpful element, that which aspires to goodness, justice and truth, constitutes the people; that which is sunk in voluntary stagnation, which is ignorant from laziness, which does wrong willingly, is the populace."

Thus though he worked problem by problem, he chose his problem always from the point of view of the liberator, not of the reformer. He did not aim to set a light in the darkness. To him the essential principle of the world was good; evil was the oppressor, powerful not to destroy the good, but only to subdue it. He therefore attacked evil, feeling that good, like the sun, would of itself fill all the space given to it. Wherever in the world he found a gleam of light there he aided those who were clearing away whatever obstructed it. It 1867 he wrote to the Revolutionary Committee of Porto Rico:

"Spain turned out of America! That is the great aim, That is the great duty for Americans. Cuba free like St. Domingo, I applaud all these great efforts."

Thus his letters constantly show him working on the ragged edge of truth, not systematizing but striking. In view of the slow attainment of scattered ends so vigorously worked toward, one feels the sincerity with which he wrote:

"Alas, I am of very little account, but my heart is filled with deep love for liberty which is man, and for Truth which is God."

If the letters quoted thus far showed the whole man, the reader's estimate of Victor Hugo would have to be somewhat of this fashion: a sensitive and healthy man, true in friendship, yet regarding both himself and his friends, even all tenderness, as tools to be handled with vigor and skill for immediate ends, which lay always in the direction of liberty and truth. Such a man would be, beyond question, noble. There are other letters, however, and those among the most charming, which show that he often wanted to work as well as that he always did work, and that he came to the loftiest ideals along and plain and beaten, and legitimately selfish paths of ordinary men. Alongside of his sense of duty, which made an end gained, only a means to a further end, he accepted affection as an end in itself. He wrote to his wife, of Dede:

"I hope her chicken, her pigeon, her kid, her cat, and her rabbit, will not keep her from writing to her papa."

And again to his wife:

"You know that you and my beloved children are the sole object of my work in this world. I hope that my name will be a tower of strength to my children."

The word "sole" here shows merely that, as his duty taught him expansion, so his affection led him to singleness in effort. The result of this single aim is not to lessen action, but to demand continuity in the field of action, and a consequent decrease in risk. A man looking merely to his duty may often run his horse at night over broken ground; a man who loves others must keep more to the solid road. The letters from Brussels to his wife show him more than ever feeling that, near his family or away, he must work as from their presence. He wrote to Victor Pavie:

"Amid the tumult which my enemies raise around me, have built up a little sanctuary into which I gaze unceasingly. In it are my wife and my children."

His wife is one of the main guides of his life, confirming him not only in his general direction, but often pointing out to him particular objects ahead. A comparison of the letters written to her in 1825 with those from Brussels in 1852 shows only increase of affection, and the growth of his complex power among men made steadily purer by her woman's singleness of aim.

In 1825 he wrote:

"Here I am at Orleans my Adele, and before I dine, before I rest, even before I sit down (for I am standing up) I wish to write to you."

Yet one too commonly thinks of a Frenchman as of one who writes to his wife after dinner. In 1852, pressed by busiest work, he wrote from his exile to his wife for "a dozen or so good pages." Notice the pronouns in the last sentence:

"All your letters are full of beauty and strength. If I needed energy they would give it to me. All is well when he head is well, and we have never had a better or a clearer idea of our position than now."

Victor Hugo was married before he had made many of his strongest and worthiest friends. It was a risk, in this case attended by a happy result. The men that he loved outside in the world, be-

cause his duty and their duty seemed to them alike, came into his home, and giving to it the power of the salon, gained from it the greater force of friendship. So Victor Hugo's home became not only the refuge where he purified himself for renewed struggle in the world; it became also the place from which men, who had come for delight, tired with work which they did from a sense of duty, constantly went out to grow less and less weary by working for love. Just as particles of invisible ether, smaller than the length of a light wave, break the clear rays of the sun into the colors of sunset and sunrise, so Victor Hugo's friends,—poets, critics, journalists, statesmen,—diffused the subtle influence of his home among the hard molecules of life. Sainte-Beuve's lack of appreciation of this nature of friendship makes the letters to him at once the saddest and the most insignificant part of the book:

"How little you understand my character Sainte-Beuve. You have always thought me ruled by my head, whereas I am guided by my heart. To love and to need love and friendship, apply these two words as you like, is the principle of my existence, whether in joy or grief, before the world or in private, heart whole or not. You have never recognized this sufficiency in me, and this accounts for more than one signal mistake in your estimate of me, so kindly in other respects."

On the other hand Victor Pavie's clear understanding of friendship makes the letters to him among the most significant and beautiful. In 1833 Victor Hugo wrote to Victor Pavie:

"I have never committed more faults than during this year, and yet I have never been a better man. I am worth far more now than in the days of my innocence which you regret. Formerly I was innocent; now I can make allowance for others. God knows that this is a great step in advance. . . . . I may fall on the road, but I shall fall forwards."

True friendship has something of divine omniscience and justice; in many cases where the world condemns and crushes, a friend understands and saves. He wrote to George Sand:

"I should like to be somewhere in the world in a remote spot,—at Nohant, or Guernsey, or Caprera,—with Garibaldi and you; we should understand each other . . . . . You have vistas into the infinite, into life, mankind, the animal world, the soul. Harmonious conversation is the conversation that I like; we should have it together, I fancy; our points of contact are numerous. Now I am boasting; smile and forgive me."

It was by understandings such as these, seen constantly in the splendid letters written from his home in exile, that Victor Hugo and his friends increased the effectiveness of their work many fold.

Thus Victor Hugo's work became the tangible material of his friendships; for in it he tried to give concrete and picturesque expression to his ideals. In every line he wrote, he worked for the ideas of manhood, family, friendship, country, and a world wide peace. He wrote to Lamartine in 1862:

"Yes, a society which tolerates misery, a religion which admits hell, a humanity which admits war, appear to me to be a society, a religion, a humanity, of a lower order; and it is towards the society, the humanity, the religion of a higher world that I aspire: society without kings, humanity without frontiers, religion without sacred books. As far as a man can will it, I would destroy human fatality, condemn slavery, banish misery, enlighten ignorance, cure disease, illumine darkness, and detest hatred. These are my principles, and that is why I wrote 'Les Miserables.'"

Hugo's great romances are far from being the modern novel with a purpose. He was too thorough, which is another way of saying, too scientific, a workman for that. He says:

"I will begin with the facts and end with the ideas."

He kept the two distinct. To let hope get tangled up with fact he thought self deceit, and he believed that plausibility, a form of weakness, lay at the root of all crime. Victor Hugo was a Frenchman and was sometimes carried off his feet; but never, in the sorrows of his children's deaths, in the grief for his country, or in his personal successes, did he completely lose the distinction between the fact and the ideal, the problem and the hope. The weight of his intelligence he threw into the fact, the weight of his energies into the ideal. He himself was the kind of man he called Louis de Maynard, to whom he wrote:

"We want you for the ideas you would promote for art; we want you because a noble, honest face like yours erect amid so many drooping and sidelong glances rests the eye and consoles the heart."

It is this kind of man who wrote to Barthelemy Enfantin:

"And I endeavor, bound to the chain myself, to aid my fellow travellers, by my example as a man in the present and by my writings as a poet in the future."

One of Victor Hugo's greatest aims was to restore among men the love of the ideal:

"Man cannot bear nudity in any form: the nudity of the future no more than any other. This luminous nudity would dazzle him. The reason is that he long ago lost, and is only slowly recovering, the feeling for, and the love of, the ideal."

The feeling for the ideal gave Victor Hugo the sense of perspective which made him say to the poet and critic, M. Lacaussade:

"You possess the two qualities without which no mind is complete,—sympathy with your age and taste for all time. You understand the nineteenth century and you understand the ideal." And, "How mean and petty is the moment through which we are passing. Happily the age is great."

One feels from the later letters that all feverishness in work, like all perfunctoriness, must be caused by the lack of ideals; and because Victor Hugo had worked so hard all his life, one sees why the third danger of sentimentalism, or ideals without effort to obtain them, did not occur to him.

A letter to Edgar Quinet, written in 1870, twelve years before the letters end, gives in its first sentence Victor Hugo's life in its two aspects of idealist and worker.

"Old age is the age of adding up, for thoughts as well as for years, for the mind as well as for life. The total of years only is overwhelming. The total of thoughts is sustaining. Hence the result that while the body decays the mind expands. There is a sort of dawn within it. This mysterious rejuvenation of which, like you, I am aware, this doubling of the moral and intellectual forces, while the material force is sinking, this growth in decay, what a magnificent proof it is of the soul. The enfeebled cerebral matter gives forth a more vigorous thought. Of the two beings, the one organic, the other essential, which make up the man, the first crumbles away, the second breaks its bonds. The mind sees the grave and feels the spring. It creates up to the last moment—sublime promise of the great unknown life which it is about to enter. Its span augments. The process resembles an unfolding of the wings.

"In face of all these stupendous phenomena and all this vast living thought in which I lose myself I end by being only a sort of witness of God."

Victor Hugo rose to his work in the last years of his life with all the eagerness of his youth. On February 14, 1871, after twenty years of exile, he arrived at Bordeaux. There in the assembly he found himself with Louis Blanc, Schoelcher, and Garibaldi in a minority of 50 to 700. Nevertheless the day after his arrival 50,000 men in the Grande Place shouted: Vive Victor Hugo. Later in the year he wrote "L'Annee Terrible," a history of the fall of the empire and the two seiges of Paris. Victor Hugo would have had little sympathy with the idea that happiness is to have a past, and to sit by the fire and think about it. In 1879 he wrote to the Free Masons of Lyons:

"As for me the day when I cease to struggle I shall have ceased to live. Governments, which are all monarchical at the present moment have brought us, the peoples, into the following predicament,—misery at home and war abroad. On one side the workmen without work, on the other the soldier starting for the battle field. Hence the problem . . . . which contains the whole future of civilization: to make work for the workman and to take it away from the soldier. . . . . One is tempted to exclaim: Let us forgive one another."

In the Assembly, in 1851, just before Victor Hugo was driven into exile, he had prophesied, amid cries of derision, "The United States of Europe." In 1882 an event occurred which, though it showed how far from being realized was his hope for continental unity, nevertheless proved that the seeds of union had not been sown in vain. In a letter to the Emperor of Austria, Victor Hugo appears as the natural representative in Europe of a growing constituency devoted to peace, progress and unity.

TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

"I have received, in the course of two days, eleven telegraphic messages from the universities and academies of Italy. All of them plead for the life of a condemned man.

"The Emperor of Austria has a pardon to grant at this moment.

"Let him sign this pardon: it will be a great act."

Left facing a divided world, with cannon on the frontiers, Victor Hugo yet "for good or ill" was "attracted toward application rather than theory," and worked steadily for the "many material circumstances often necessary for the realization of the purest and most ideal of dreams." The words written to his daughter nearly fifty years before become an allegory of his life. The last sentence, having in it nothing of failure, sounds only temporary defeat:

"My Dede, I love you. I wanted to pick up some shells for you here; but I could not find any. There is nothing but sand, which is ridiculous."

IN THE AMERICAN LAND OF CANAAN

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

(Photographs taken especially for this article by the writer)

WITH what pleasure do we view the historic scenes round which are woven the stories that fired our youthful fancy. Seated on a fallen tree near the mouth of "Old Put's" famous wolf-den, not many months ago, the time-worn tale seemed fresh and new to me. The solemn small boy who acted as my guide appeared strangely ignorant of the history of the spot, so while he listened opened-eyed I told him how the savage creature had ranged and ravaged the country round about till the farmers rose in might to capture her. How after a light snow-fall they tracked her to her lair amid the rocks, whence dogs sent in to drive her forth returned discomfited. How Israel Putnam, undismayed, with torch and gun crawled down the black and narrow passage till at its farthest end he saw the glaring eyeballs of the monster, and with one unerring shot dispatched her.

* * * *

Each year at apple-blossom time the same old longing creeps upon me, and at odd moments I catch myself indulging in little reveries of blissful days

TWIN FALLS, SAGE'S RAVINE

out of doors, with the clear blue sky overhead, and the crisp, green slope of the hillside under foot. Then I lay aside my pen and prop upon the desk before me the dingy photograph of the dear old farmhouse 'mid the Connecticut hills—and, as I gaze upon it, I see a shady, winding country road, where glinting sunbeams play, and little wild things come peering fearlessly at the passer-by. I hear the gentle rustling of the trees, and the murmur of the brook as it stumbles on among the stones to fall into a tiny pool, where trout are leaping in their play. 'Tis the Land of Canaan calling me.

The quiet village lay dozing in the last long rays of the setting sun when I left the train at Canaan station and found the staid farm team awaiting me. When we had reached the top of the long hill beyond the village, I turned to gaze at the wide-spread valley down below, with the soft-flowing Bromfoxit gleaming silver-white among the trees, and grim old Wangum mountain draped in the evening mists. The air was heavy with the scent of apple-blossoms, and the sunset hush of the countryside was over all. Down by the little brook that wanders with devious turnings through the meadow a solitary frog sounded the first note of the evening chorus. From a hazel thicket by the roadside came the whip-poor-will's mournful cry, and soon the myriad voices of the night were in full song.

Later, I found a seat upon the farmhouse porch and dreamily watched the moon creep slowly up above the hills, flooding the fields and woods with its mellow glory.

Away to the left the beautiful Twin Lakes—Washining and Washinee—lay placid in the moonlight, with their gentle ripple softly lip-lapping on the pebbly shore. Beyond, the grand old Dome reared its two thousand feet of majesty.

To the north, Sage's Ravine forms a chasm between Bear and Race moun-

Old Tavern House, Built in 1751

tains—twin brothers of the Taconic range. When I climbed its scarped side in the crisp morning air the smell of the wildwoods was in my nostrils. Far below, in the cool shadows, the crystal mountain stream leaped from rock to rock, hurrying on its way to the valley, pausing for an instant here and there to form little pools where speckled beauties were darting.

About the little village of Canaan, nestling among the hills, there lingers still a certain flavor of the olden time. Many of the original houses are still standing, whose sturdy oak frames have for near a century and a half withstood the ravages of time. The very atmosphere about these old places is charged with romance, and the great, low-ceilinged rooms, with their heavy, transverse beams of oak, contain still many quaint reminders of Colonial days.

The old tavern house, built by Captain Isaac Lawrence in 1751—the oldest house now standing in the village—is now a beautiful residence, and the "oldest inhabitant" delights to recall for the delectation of the stranger the tales his father's father used to tell of the merry doings under its hospitable roof. The old Douglas tavern, also, a little way beyond the village, is still standing — converted many years ago into a staid farmhouse. It is said that in its cellar a party of Hessian soldiers were kept as prisoners of war for many months after Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga.

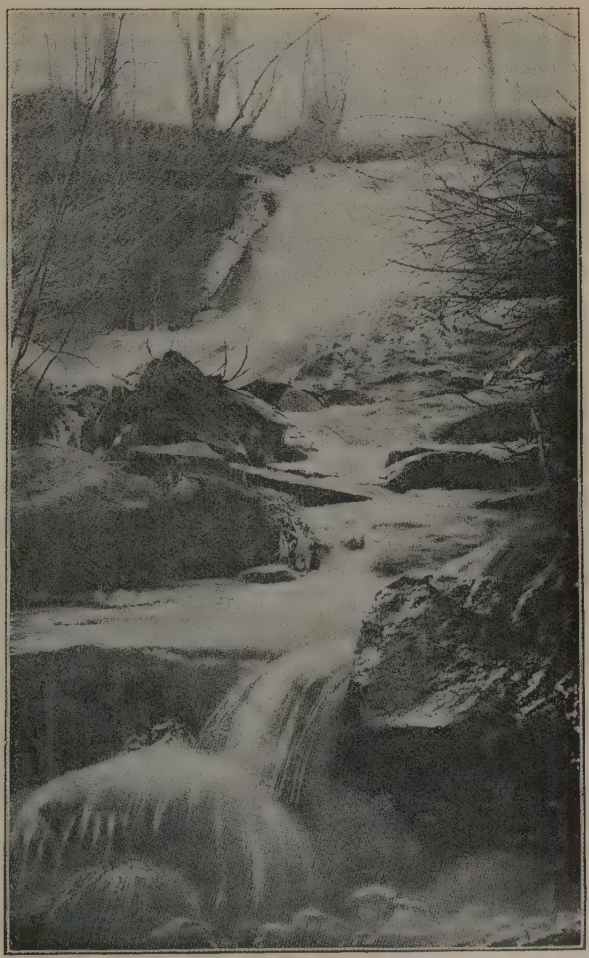
About the village, on every side, the mountains rear their stately heads, and lakes and streams impart softness to the view. As the stranger wanders through the land, the words of Bryant come forcibly to mind:

> " . . . Thou shalt look
> Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
> And down into the secrets of the glens,
> And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
> To hide their windings. . . . "

A few miles to the south the hurrying Housatonic pours its crystal cascade over Canaan falls with a ceaseless, mighty roar.

Not far from the shore of Lake Washinee, on the rugged hillside, is

BUTTERMILK FALLS, NORFOLK



CHRIST CHURCH, CANAAN

the entrance to a cave which venturesome explorers have penetrated to a distance of half a mile or more. Years ago, the wigwams of the Blackberry Indians were clustered in the fertile valley, and the old trail across the mountains, deeply worn by the silent tread of moccasined feet, is still distinctly seen.

Tradition has it that once some wandering tribe descended upon the peaceful valley and strove to wrest it from them. Now on the bank of the Housatonic they sleep while their spirits wander in the happy hunting grounds.

Each summer when the country dons its verdant garb, the pilgrims to the Land of Canaan come in ever increasing numbers.

White tents are reared under the sheltering trees about the lakes, and light canoes and spreading sails dot the sunlit surface.

In the quiet summer nights, when the campfire sends its flickering gleam across the water, and the startled loon's sonorous protest echoes back from the hills beyond, the campers are wont to join in singing the old time melodies that seem appropriate to the scene.

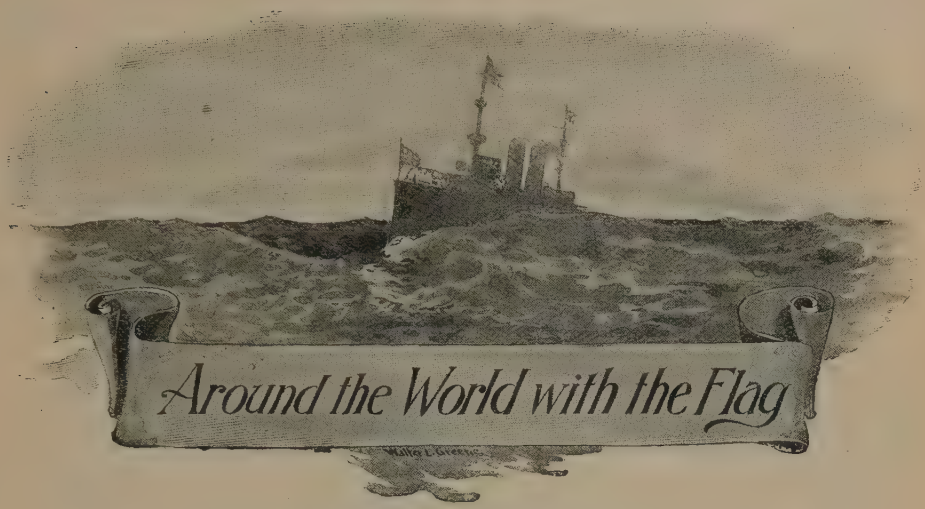
The region is rich in interest for the lover of nature in her softer moods. Beautiful orchids, coyly hiding in sequestered nooks; arbutus with its delicate blossoms, that in the early springtime trails along the hillside; and ferns of rare varities abundantly reward the seeker. For a hundred years the manufacture of lime has here been carried on, and from the quarries at East Canaan came the stone with which the State Capitol was built.

Long years ago, when the cumbersome stage coach flourished, Canaan was the centre of several important routes.

Every old village has its distinctive characters, and Canaan is no exception in this respect. Several who flourished in my boyhood's days have been gathered to their fathers—but their quaint and homely sayings have been handed down.

One poor old man, whose helpmeet held the family purse strings with a death-like grip, after long years of toil behind the plow, lay calmly down one day to take his last earthly rest. The doctor, grudgingly summoned, could give no hope, but ordered that he be given all the fresh milk that he could drink. But his frugal better-half, with an eye to future profit, was obdurate. "Sure, doctor," said she calmly, "the old man's going to die anyway—and the calf must have the milk." So the oldman the sooner died, in order that the calf might live.

"An' who's a fool now?"



By Peter Mac Queen, M. A.

(With photographs by the author.)

MANILA, August 15, 1899.

DURING the battle of Paranaque, I halted on a hill, the hill where Scott's battery first shelled the enemy. There were marks of shot and shell, but not such destruction as one might think. Here men began to cry for water, medicine, whiskey, anything to stay them. Half of my outfit was gone. A whole squad of men were sick. "Five dollars in gold for a drink of water or a glass of stimulants," said a poor half dead chap to me. My outfit was all gone by this time. I'll go back for water. Two soldiers were despatched and sent with me. In half a mile we would find water, some one said, in a deep gully. We could not find it. The battle in our front came on; bullets like a swarm of bees hummed in the grass.

Our tongues parched at the roots as we wandered aimlessly in the deathly moor.

Finally from a hill I saw the white tents of the Idahos in the trenches a mile from Macati.

"Let's go back there," some one suggested. So we struggled into the Idahos. They were glad to see us, and were eager for better news. One fellow was very kind to me—unusually careful of my comfort. "You are very kind to strangers" I said after a time. "You are not a stranger to me" the man replied. "You gave me tea the night I was guard at Longos over the dead bodies of the North Dakota men. I was about dead with hunger that night. I know how it feels to be played out. It makes me feel good to help you out in return."

The Idahos are still in the old trenches that run from San Pedro Macati to the Bay of Manila. They are good fighters, and fine and gentle men. So one of them, who shares his dinner with me—Bernard, his name—says, "Fill up your canteen, and two of us will escort you back to the firing lines. I'll sneak out and meet you by the bamboos. It's court-martial for me to leave the trenches—a month's pay and twenty days in jail. But I've got to see

the fun." So I took a hasty leave, and out by the woods met my two friends, with Krags and 150 rounds each. It was a hot "hyke" back. "Hyke" means to walk, and run, and march, and fight, without concern for safety, food or water.

Soon we get over the ridge and into the line of the morning's march. Sick and wounded men stagger along. Some have companions to aid them; some are alone. An old man is under a bush—hid from the sun and the stinging bullets. He is protecting a lot of haversacks, thrown away. Five or six men with prostration are in a bunch on the road. It is three o'clock in the afternoon.

Two miles back of the army the Chinese carriers are resting with about twenty soldiers. The Idahos leave me with them, and crossing brackish streams and broken country, I reach Overshine's camp and stay with the Thirteenth Regulars. They are dreadfully cut up, only sixteen men reporting in some companies. There must have been 700 to 1000 men laid up by heat. One regiment of 680 had 300 missing. When Lawton fights he drives on for all he is worth. The boys in the Thirteenth were new in the islands, young and raw.

We lay without tent or shelter. I took the ridge of a rice-paddy for a bed. At eleven we were all drenched with heavy rain. At twelve we got up and dried our clothes, for the rain had passed and the "sentinel stars hung their watch in the sky." Just as I lay down to rest again I heard a terrible uproar near me.

Men were running in a wild mad rush as if for life. "Look out! They're on you"—they were yelling. They came with the force of a whirlwind. I had just time to crouch behind the ridge and save my life. The wild, mad stream of men poured over for a few minutes, and then recovering, came quickly back again. Some young fellow had been dreaming, and just then three horses rushed into camp. He cried to his neighbors: "The polo men on horses!" The cry was taken up and the camp narrowly escaped a disaster.

In the morning we started at dawn, a march over lowlands and unspeakable mud-flats to Las Pinas.

At the second town, Bacour, two days later, they made a fierce and bloody stand, killing twelve Americans and wounding fifty. This was at the bridge over the Zapote River. Two years ago they killed here twenty-six officers and 700 men of Spain's best troops. The Yankees brought their guns up to within thirty yards of the insurgent trenches, these latter defended by a deep stream. Two companies of the Twenty-first Regulars narrowly escaped destruction, having run down to only one round of ammunition. But Lawton, with characteristic audacity, brought up his reserves, he himself taking a rifle from a wounded man and fighting with it.

On June 16 we had a hot row up north, the rebels attacking our army in San Fernando. So while the Peace Congress sits and men bless the sacred name of the Peacemaker, the merry dance of death goes on.

As I walked down the road to Bacoor to see the fight, I fell in with a soldier who said he had been back over the country where we fought the first day—back of Paranaque and leading up to Laguna de Bay. Two men were lost.

It was in the gully where I had seen the two aimless wanderers on Saturday. "I found one," he was telling me, "we can't tell what became of the other." But this boy was sent back to the hospital sick. About three o'clock he was last seen. He had a bullet hole in his neck. They got him from the

bamboos. I buried him and marked his grave—not much to bury—a skull and a skeleton. Great God; and he had started with us three days before —a warm, human, living being, full of heart and hope.

So this is war: A hundred mangled Filipinos lie in yon trenches at Bacoor, and hundreds of others lifeless or homeless.

I stopped in the Paranaque church all holed by shells. Strange to say, the altar had not been hit. Just then they took past a soldier all bleeding and sore. So there was the face of Mary, divinest of women, "Mother of God," and the poor pale worn face of the sweet Martyr of Calvary looked down still smiling amid this hate. He did not speak to me then, but I thought I could hear, in the heart of the silence and awe of the place, the words still fragrant as the wayside flowers of Galilee: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye likewise so to them."

FIRST COLORADOS IN THE CHURCH AT SAN PEDRO MACATE

INTERVIEWS AND VIEWS

It is apparent that the Bisayans are more in love with the American occupation than the war-like and indomitable Tasals. There were living in unity and peace at Cebu the Filipino President Senor Lloriente, and the American Governor Col. Hamer. The Colonel said to me: "When the Americans came here Senor Flores was President of the Island for the Filipino government. He was a weak and vascillating man; and was soon placed on the retired list. Lloriente is a strong man for a Filipino, and has recently been appointed by General Otis an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court at Manila. What the final conditions here will be, I do not know. We have finally gotten them to discard Aguinaldo, al-

though even Lloriente yielded the place under protest to the superior force. The people are, some of them, still in sympathy with the independence party; but the more shrewd of them see that sooner or later the Americans will win out, and they have quietly changed without exciting unfavorable comment among the people.

"The native police are retained and paid from the revenues of the place. But they are not altogether reliable; and I have American patrols. Crimes

A GROUP OF FILIPINO CHILDREN

of the bollo men are never ferreted out. When Senor Mejia was assassinated the native police seemed to know nothing of the perpetrators. I have a theory of government for this Island. Organize the towns first and not the provincial governments. Prefarebly let the Americans appoint the presidents or mayors of the towns. Let the natives make this selection subject to the American approval. Determine the qualifications of voters later. President, justices, clerks, elect from the natives; but let their official acts come under American inspection.

"Make the Pueblas or towns the kindergartens to give the people a chance to learn self-government. Divide the towns into wards similar to those in American towns and cities. Absolutely permit the people to elect aldermen and councilmen. Give the mayors the absolute right of vote under American supervision. My impression is that these officials should be required to report to some central American governor an account of all their acts.

"Those in favor of the Americans here are first the rich and a few Spaniards. Secondly the intelligent and progressive who understand what alliance with a great power means. Those opposed are the ambitious politicians, without property interests, looters and highwaymen. They are pirates by nature and they get a crowd around them by intimidation, bribes, and try in the dress of the

A Ruined Breastwork

Filipino army to make folk take off their hats to them.

"Then there are the wild hill-men. They are the lower class both in property and intellect. They want to make a living, but are easily led, very susceptible to military influence—afraid; do not visit the large towns; even when they do come to market it is to the small villages. They are deceived by monstrous stories. In an English family here the Filipinos

A Family in Sulu

asked their employers to help them protect their children when the Americans came—for they had heard that the Americans were black and ate children. These continue to join the insurgents, afraid to do otherwise.

"There are practically no schools here. The rich send their children to Hong-Kong or Manila to school. To Hong-Kong because of the advantage of learning the English language. The poor have no education to speak of. Not twenty-five per cent. of the people of Cebu can speak Spanish. The young men and women here are very anxious to learn the English tongue. For the present religion should be let alone. I had to send home a missionary who was distributing tracts on Protestantism, and thus rousing the antagonism of our native editor and the clergy. President Schurman was here yesterday, and I was very favorably impressed with him. We have to proceed with delicacy and caution, also firmly."

A Casco on the Bay

This view of Colonel Hamer I found well sustained by other things I saw in Cebu. Yet I doubt if illiteracy is as bad as he thinks it is. President Schurman is quoted in a Manila paper, "La Democracia," as saying he thinks the upper classes are well educated, but the lower classes are in dense ignorance. This opinion I venture to doubt. I have mingled purposely more with the middle than with the upper classes, and I find that Wey-

On the Dock at Manila

ler's schools and the efforts of the priests have left a people widely taught in the very elementary branches, but not taught in the higher studies. This agrees exactly with Weyler's known characteristics. A little learning may be dangerous, but it is also useful to the tyrant; for a boy who can read and write is a more useful animal than one who can not.

In the next place I interviewed, by means of an interpreter, the Filipino President, Senor Lloriente. He is a fine-looking Spanish mestizo; a man of dignity and fine breeding. In fact, you will find more politeness with the natives than among ourselves. The Saxon may be the wonder he says he is. He should remember that he only recently emerged from the forests, with teeth two inches long, and a spoonful of brains in the back of his head, drinking blood out of the skull of a conquered foe. The Bisayan "hasn't got no papers of his own; he hasn't got no medals nor rewards." So we must testify that he compares very well with any of the self-praising races. President Lloriente is in the same building as the American governor. He said, in effect:

"The best people here are for the American occupation. Those who are against it are the lowest and most ignorant. They are led by General Arcadio Maxillon, an ambitious man. They have about 150 rifles in the island of Cebu. There are about a thousand bolo men in the hills at Sudlon. I am in favor of autonomy, or Independencia with an American protectorate. As far as religion goes it should be let alone as far as possible, as the people are very devoted Catholics. There is a scarcity of grain this year on account of the war. The Spanish ruled us with a rod of iron. Very vigorous was their regime. We were like slaves. The Americans are much more generous. There are only about a hundred Spaniards in Cebu at present. In the insurrection the Filipinos broke through with knives and took the rifles which they have from the Spanish soldiers. Our people are capable of great valor. They have suffered much and must get time to show what they can do."

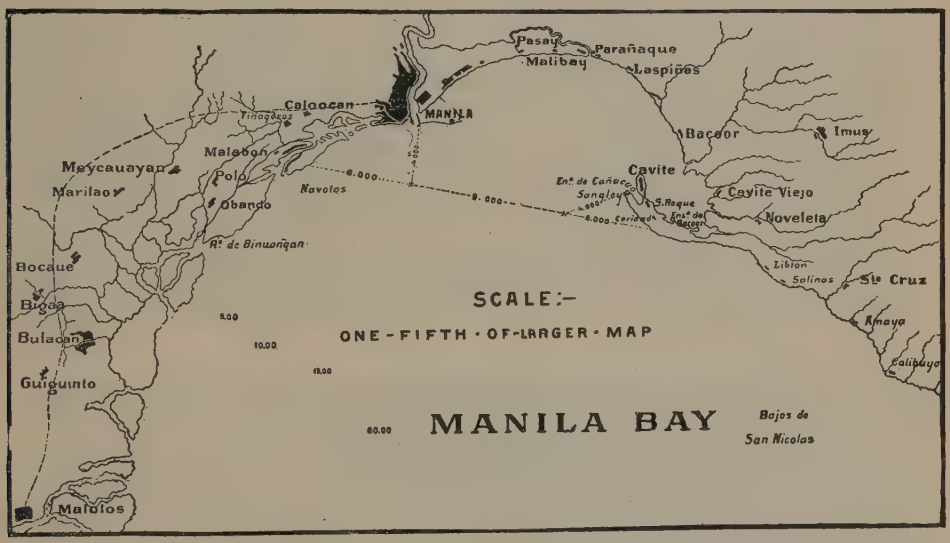
I thought he knew the situation better than the American governor; yet both seemed anxious to make the outcome tell for humanity and progress. There was very little fighting about Cebu. Lieut.-Colonel Bayless of the Tennessees was in command of the forces and told me that he could take the whole island with one battalion.

The English consul, Mr. Sidebottom, who was also the American consul aforetime, is highly in favor of America. The German consul, who is a Scotchman, a Mr. Cummings, is also delighted with our coming. These are about the only two outsiders I have seen who appreciate our benevolent aims. Cebu is happy. It was described of old by the Spanish historians as "a little basket of flowers anchored amid the waters."

The second place that I visited was Sulu or Jolo. Here is an altogether new condition of things. The town, as you know, is an ideal little place, made so by General Arolas when in exile here. He has made fifteen acres of paradise. We hold with two battalions of the Twenty-third Infantry under Captain Pratt, fifteen acres of the great archipelago. On the 10th of June the Sultan visited the Americans. The dattos or chiefs came with him. He was described to me by the officers as a dirty little wretch like a monkey. Some of his people are very like this description. Mr. Foreman in his book praises the Morros. I cannot agree with Mr. Foreman. They are to my sight a far lower form of human vege-

tation than the elevated and refined Tagals and Bisayans. Foreman talks about the women being beautiful. Shades of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy. They are the vilest scum of the earth I have ever seen. They are, men and women, seamed with old iniquity and wrinkled with weeds of sin.

The Sultan kindly said he was glad to trade with the Americans. On June 24, Captain Pratt returned the visit, and he tells me that the home of the Sultan in Miabung is filthy, that the Sultan's mother and her secretary are



the real executive heads of the sultanate. There are some fine old chiefs. One had rot visited Jolo for twenty-two years because he did not like the Spaniards. On the 26th of June Mr. Schurman visited the Sultan at Miabung. I understand nothing has been broached about the relations of the United States and Sultan one way or the other. I must say I sympathize with the Tagals; but those Morros—they are not even good Mohamedans. Still they have their fine points. They are bold and brave and independent. We will have a fine kettle of fish when we begin on them. The inevitable end is a big row. They are saucy and uppish now when the American officers are paying four prices for borongs, krisses, lances, etc. What will they be when the Americans begin to develope the land?

It should be observed here that the land in Sulu is well cultivated. There is a Mr. Shuck, a German who married the daughter of an old prime minister here. He speaks English well and helps the Americans in their intercourse with the natives. He has rich coffee plantations. He is a modest, nice fellow, and has helped the officers to make a little club which is quite home-like. The Morros trust Mr. Shuck. Let it not, however, be supposed that Mr. Shuck is always working for the Americans. The chief Chinaman, Tia Na was about to leave Jolo when he heard the Spaniards were going. He sold Mr. Shuck a fine estate for $150.00 Mexican. The estate was worth thousands of dollars. Tia Na did not get it back for $150.00. I met Tia Na and he is a good Chinaman and charged me two prices for the shell of

a pearl oyster. The Morros were yet kinder and charged me full five prices —taking $25 for borongs and krisses which in the days of Arolas they got $5 for. The land is a garden I say, and while the Morros foolishly spend their time making spears, Mr. Shuck the German and Tia Na the Chinaman get hold of their inheritance.

The datto, or chief, rents the land to his retainers. He gets the biggest pearls from the diveries opposite his land—i. e., is supposed to get them. The Sultan gets rent from the dattos; except when as in the case of Joka Nina, the datto of Patikolo, where the datto got up a scrap four years ago and licked the spots out of the Sultan. This Joka Nina I had the pleasure of visiting. He is a fine looking man; a lithe, blythe savage, indeed. "Look out for him," says Shuck to me, "he is a first rate man. If he is going to kill you he'll say so." With this pleasant and assuring description, I adjourned with an alegretto beat of heart along the shore from Jolo five miles and came to where the datto lived. Under the great Tree of Patikolo the country folk held market day. The datto's house is built out over the waters. He received me kindly in his bare feet, and placed for edification before us ten kinds of sweetmeats and some excellent coffee. The datto was glad, he said, to have the Americans near him. He thought they would make good servants and traders. Yes, thought I, but shades of Jefferson and the true American Washington, the countrymen of Lincoln serving a half-naked savage! The thought wrung laughter.

The datto had a fine little boy. He wanted me to take a picture of him. I did so; then His Excellency wanted the picture. I explained I would put it on paper at Manila. He said, "Why not now?" I looked; on the wall were twenty-five Remington rifles and one Mauser carbine. Well, I said it was such an important thing it took time. This relieved the situation, and we con-

IN THE TRENCHES NEAR SAN PEDRO MACATE

VIEW OF SHIPPING AT MANILA

tinued both of us to retain our heads on our shoulders.

The island of Sulu has a splendid climate. The town has fresh pure water brought through the pipes of Arolas. The soldiers are very well off there and happy except that it is far from mails and other of the bitter fruits of civilization. Lieutenant Hagadorn, Twenty-third Infantry, told me many things about the island but closed by saying an inevitable conflict will come if we ever try to open up the country. We can do nothing with poor white men here. It is a grand coffee and cocoa-nut district; but coffee takes three years to yield and cocoa-nuts take seven years. It may be a white man's paradise, but he must have the white man's cash. I do not see how the poor man of America can make anything by coming to these islands. He might keep a saloon or a cock-pit. Which reminds me that he could not run an independent saloon. For there is in Manila a very smooth and slick character, I fear the forerunner of many such. This man is Brown. He is agent of Pabst beer and has all the saloons under his thumb. He seems to have some American officers under his thumb also. You will see him here and there and everywhere, button-holing this one, setting up the champagne to that one. He seems to get at his point; for under the resounding title of the "American Philippines Company" he gets a good many contracts from the government for barracks, etc. He seems to know the limit of bids and just slips in by a sharp edge. Oh yes; a slick article is Brown, and America is far away. This is one of the dangers of exploitation;

but borongs are sharp and the leopard has not got a new hide.

In the next place I went to Iloilo. There a good many surprises met me. One was that American Custom House officials were polite. Yet this was marred by one instance. We were kept in by a typhoon. A young boy with captain straps came into the "Cherucca," a government chartered ship, to tell the Spanish captain that he had a telegram from Manila, telling him to wait till the storm was over. "Do you speak English?" asked the boy. The Spaniard shook his head. "Then why the hell don't you?" The Spaniard did not understand. But a Spanish passenger said to me when the boy went away: "What a pity that you Americans are so rude. We of Spain expected great things of you. I had no idea that any government like the United States would put in such a high position such a rude and boisterous boy." I made some apology; yet at heart I felt mortified. The Spaniards showed to far better advantage than the Americans in the matter of good manners. But when I visited the Tennessee Regiment and met Colonel Childers, I met a man one might be proud to have for a countryman. Major Cheatham, of the Tennessees, has a model little town in Molo, a suburb of Iloilo. When I drove through this town with the gallant colonel the old men and the children came out and took off their hats to him, and women held up their children to show them El Commandante Americano. Not one hostile shot has been fired into Molo since the Tennessees entered the place. Moreover, the stories in the American papers about these men are almost wholly without foundation. No more gallant regiment nor polished gentleman ever went out from America to sustain the government and represent the people.

The same might be said of old Colonel Van Valzah and his men of the Eighteenth Infantry, who are holding the lines for five miles along the Jaro River. The same is true of the Custom House of Iloilo.

To return to Iloilo: It has a fine harbor and a good sugar and rice trade, which is constantly growing under the wise management of the authorities there. The harbor, with a little dredging, will admit vessels of thirty feet draught. Iloilo is centrally situated, and has fine natural protection from war and storm. It is near China, and close to the great sugar, abaca and cocoanut belts. There is very little armed opposition in the island of Panay —about 1,500 rifles in the vicinity of Santa Barba, Pavia, and then away to the north at Capiz.

All people who ought to know agree that Mindanao is rich in coal and gold and rubies. But Professor Becker, who, by the way, is a rare old gentleman, will be able to get at the facts if anybody will. The Spanish captain on the "Cherucca" is very bright. He says "the American government understands the richness of these islands; the American people do not. On the other hand the Spanish people appreciate the value of the islands, but the Spanish government does not." The Spaniards are keeping an eye out on our blunders; and, I daresay, laughing behind their hands with their dear friends the Germans. I am told now that one of the Carolinas is within one day's sail of Mindanao, and that if filibusters started in there no one would be likely to stop them. The Spaniards all agree that the Morros are well armed in Mindanao; and one, a naturalist from Zamboanga, assured me that there were 20,000 rifles, Remington and Mausers, now on the island. If this be true, then is the outlook draped with clouds.

PINON—A NEW BROOK FARM OF THE WEST

By C. E. Julihu

THE little colony town of Pinon, with its fifty buildings of rough boards lies away down in the bottom of San Miguel Canyon, upon a narrow shelf of some fifteen or twenty acres, and bears a strong resemblance to any Colorado mining camp, especially in a certain appearance that everything has of being temporary. But the traveler will look in vain for the saloons, gambling halls and such places of public resort as are the invariable accompaniment of mining towns. If he asks for a drink he will be offered water. If he seeks food he will be directed to the "Beehive," a porticoed building in which a repast of plain, wholesome food will be served by tidy, wholesome women. And if, perchance, he has fallen upon the time of a regular meal, he will sit amazed at the conversation of the rough-handed men at whose table he holds a place. Should he peep into the little room on the right to which most seem to repair after satisfying their hunger, he would perceive it to be a library containing many books, magazines and papers of especial interest along the lines of social and economic study. At the sound of a gong, if it were the close of the noon hour, he would see the denim-clad company quickly disperse—one to the forge, one to a building designated the "Commissary," another to keep books in an office, others to a printery, a harness shop, the big stables, the garden lying in a recess of the hills where a tributary canyon joins that of the San Miguel, and a few minutes later the little street of the town would be deserted. If he should hurry to intercept the man who in overalls, jumper and broad-brimmed hat is leading a white saddle-mule to drink from the river, he might ask, "What is Pinon?" To which the man with the mule would reply, "The town of the Colorado Co-operative Company."

*This article was secured after extended effort, and is the first description of the colony ever published, as the members of the community are adverse to giving publicity t their work.

"And what does this company do?"

"It builds homes for the homeless."

"And what sort of work do you do in the company?"

"I am the general manager." Upon which, should the stranger stare with incredulity at this manager in overalls and say, "And who, pray, may yonder tall fellow with balky mules be?" he would be answered, "That is our President."

Five years ago a train bore ten men and a woman, filled with aspirations for the better life, into the little town of Montrose, away in the southwestern corner of Colorado. With lumbering wagons they ascended toward that pass of the Uncompahgre Divide known as the Old Paradox Trail, until winding among the spruce and aspen ten thousand feet above sea level, a broad valley appeared stretching away from their feet a hundred and fifty miles, until it was lost in the haze which gathered about the Blue Mountains of Arizona and New Mexico, the La Sals of Utah and the Lone Cone and San Juan Range of Colorado. And all, or nearly all, of the millions of acres in that vast expanse were arid. Away through the center of the valley ran a black thread of yawning chasm, looking from a distance as if some wild god-hero had cleft it with his sword. It was the work of the river-god, for in its depths flowed the San Miguel. The pilgrims could see from the pass a tract close to the canyon's brink. It seems but a pasture lot from that distance, though containing not less than fifteen or twenty thousand acres. This was the sight for which they had traveled so far—this was their future home. And these ten men and the one woman, with scarcely anything, save health and indomitable will, said that they would conduct the river up the cliffs of its canyon and water the Parks of Tabeguache. What faith was here! They believed in the dignity and power of labor, and the miles of flume-bed which have been carved from the rock sides of San Miguel's Canyon now attest the fact that faith will remove mountains.

HISTORY OF THE COLONY

The first thing to be done was to secure provisions and tools for the use of the men while building the irrigating ditch upon which they had resolved. In order to do this they obtained from a ranchero settled on bottom land at the foot of Naturita Creek a three years' lease of eighty acres in return for a small ditch which they were to dig to the land. This they completed in time to raise a crop in the summer of '95, and having this crop for their support they surveyed the canal by which it was intended to irrigate Tabeguache Park. It was found to require about thirteen miles of ditch to convey the water from the San Miguel to an initial point at the park's head. Thus, in February, 1896, the camp was moved to its present location five miles from the proposed head-gate at a point where the Cottonwood Canyon enters that of the San Miguel; and the first work on the ditch proper was done after two years of arduous preliminary labor. At first the colonists were handicapped by a lack of implements and horses. But they were quickly joined by others to whom they had communicated their enthusiasm. Some brought teams, wagons and harness to the enterprise, others tools; and none who came lacked courage; for the worldly-wise laughed, though in a kindly way, at this band of dreamers, and only the hardiest would dare espouse such a cause. Nevertheless the work has grown apace. Instead of ten men and a woman, there are now one hundred and fifty persons upon the company grounds; and about three hundred members on the outside (poor men for the most part) are contributing monthly to the purchase of tools and provisions for the workers. The ditch has crept on, bit by bit, winding its sinuous way from cliff to cliff, until at Cottonwood it is now nearly two hundred feet from the canyon's bottom.

CONDITION OF THE COLONY TO-DAY

The condition of the colony work is exceedingly interesting. Pinon, the main

camp, lies on either side of the San Miguel, a headwater of the Dolores and Colorado, whose banks are but a few hundred yards in width even there. The hills are close down upon the river to right and left. Rising thence a thousand feet or so they are composed for the most part of a fine reddish sandstone and are covered with pinyon and cedar. In this little town is the company office, commissary, printery, library, school, postoffice, assembly hall, saddlery, forge, carpenter shop, main

HEAD GATE CAMP

barn and ice house. Here the ditch crew is generally quartered, the single men in a large bunk house, though some prefer separate cabins, and the married men with their families in houses provided by the company. All supplies are freighted by the company wagons from Montrose in the summer and from Placerville, forty miles up the river, when the pass across the Divide is closed by snow. There is a camp five miles above Pinon at the headgate of the ditch consisting of a stable, cookhouse, bunk house and forge. Thirteen miles up Cottonwood Canyon is located the camp of the Sheep Creek sawmill where a crew is engaged in getting out lumber for the construction of the trestles and flume of which the canal will consist in a considerable degree. Roughly speaking, half a million feet of lumber are cut and piled at the mill awaiting the time of flume building. The mill itself is now hidden from view by seven or eight thousand logs which have been cut in the winter and hauled in for sawing; while another two or three thousand logs remain skidded in the woods. These three camps with a harness shop at Naturita, ten miles down the river, constitute the company's entire establishment, for as yet the sage-covered parks of Tabeguache are the home of rabbits, coyotes and prairie dogs.

The first five miles of the canal was the hardest work to be done. Ditching was possible for the first mile. But such a ditch! For half a mile from the head gate it lay

Chilcoot Pass Before Blasting

through a gravel bar, the boulders of which could not be scraped out, but required to be loaded into the scrapers by hand for the most part. Then came a short piece of rip-rap across a bend of the river which swept sheer into the mountain side. The remaining ditching was effected by a cut and fill forty feet in depth at the worst point. The rest of the five miles to Cottonwood Canyon was flume and trestle work with the exception of a short piece of ditch adjacent to the canyon. In order to build a flume bed the solid cliffs had to be blasted out in many places to a great depth. At a place which is known as the "Point of Winds" this blasting was required to a depth of twenty or thirty feet, and from that to another famous point a mile distant known as "Chilcoot Pass" there was continuous rock work. Notwithstanding such difficulties these dauntless men have accomplished this half of their task. The time when but a single man could be allowed upon the ditch proper is past and as much is now done in a day as could formerly be accomplished in a month. The company is now in a position to grapple with almost any task. It has built many miles of mountain road to facilitate its work. In one month it built a nine mile road from the Head Gate Camp to Sheep Creek Camp which would compare favorably in grade, breadth and firmness with any in the country. Even now it has a crew engaged in turning the course of the river to facilitate communication between the Head Gate and Pinon. And the best thing of all is that the poor men who have done these herculean labors own all the results. For it has been the policy of the company to do without things when unable to purchase them with cash. It has no debts, save incidental ones. It pays no interest. Its credit is good. It faces the future fearlessly.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY

The company is controlled by a board of nine directors, elected annually by the stockholders. These men are almost invariably chosen from workers upon the grounds. They assemble fortnightly in open session, any member being permitted to participate in their discussions and offer suggestions. Their will is executed by a general manager who is responsible to them for the conduct of work. The foremen are of his appointing. All men and women are paid alike at the rate of twenty cents an hour for services to the company. President, general manager, directors, foremen, teachers, cooks, teamsters, lumbermen, ditchmen—no distinction is made for the character of work. Each is expected to cheerfully render to the common use whatever talent or special training he may be fortunate enough to possess. The ownership of a share of stock is necessary to membership in the company; but no member is permitted to buy more than one share. These shares, which are now

Chilcoot Pass After Blasting

at a premium of fifty-five, must be paid for in cash, which money is used for the purchase of tools. Only members are employed by the company, and their pay is in the form of credits, the excess of which above living expenses is applied each month upon the individual's water-right in the canal. At the rate of $1.25 per acre, each member acquires from the government either by pre-emption or the Desert Act, land on the park not in excess of forty acres. This is the limit for which the company will supply water to any single member, as large holdings of land, creating a tendency toward an aristocracy, are considered undesirable. The cost of the canal will be pro-rated among the members upon its completion. The credit evidences of labor for the company will be received as payment. Thus a poor man at a cash cost of about $200, may acquire individualistically a forty-acre ranch with a splendid water right, worth in the values of this well nigh landless state $2000 as soon as water strikes it. So much for the first steps of the company.

COLONY LIFE

Before considering the future of the company, let us pause a moment for a glimpse of the life of the colonist today. The main fact in it is work. These men being very poor, feel that the only thing practicable at the present time is to work —work hard and complete the ditch. The Brook farmers worked a part of each day. But these men are working in excess for a few years in order to enjoy reasonable leisure the rest of their lives. They are self-made men for the most part, rural philosophers who by long meditation in the fields and the mines have come to a knowledge of things which their predecessors at Brook Farm gleaned from the world's literature. These latter were men of education—college-bred men who had felt themselves oppressed by excessive mental labor which they sought to balance by working with their hands. But the men of Pinon are as a rule those who have known manual labor in its severest forms and seek to modify it by rational culture of the mind. Thus one finds the colony life a practical one in the highest degree; but through it all is an atmosphere of thoughtfulness, of hope, of aspiration. Two men swinging picks upon the flume bed may be heard discussing the merits of the last famous book. A teamster whistling the "Pilgrim's Chorus" as he curried his horses would not surprise one. A wonderful tolerance is noted on every hand. No man's peculiarities are questioned, so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others. Indeed, a people more thoughtful for the general happiness could hardly be imagined. Though the ditch has practically been built upon a vegetarian diet, a beef is

Trestle Work Ready for Flume

sometimes dispensed from the commissary. On one such occasion a lady was heard to remark that she enjoyed the treat twofold, since she saw her family eat beef while no guilty knowledge of slums in Pinon where misery prevailed haunted her mind; for all in camp shared equally the plenty or the dearth. There is no church in the colony; but on Sunday evenings there is a meeting in Assembly Hall known as the Literary. Debate is the only thing excluded from this meeting. The members, old and young, volunteer recitations, readings, music, original essays, poems, ethical talks, etc., and the evening passes so pleasantly that all regret its flight. A dance is held in the same place nearly every Saturday evening; and a dramatic club produces plays and dialogues occasionally. In all of these forms of entertainment it is most noticeable that the young and old meet on an equal footing. The little ones are given

an opportunity to dance as if it were their right. Nowhere are the old treated with a more cordial respect by the young than in Pinon. The "Beehive" is the great place of debate, for becoming interested while in the library awaiting the dinner gong the men bring their thoughts to the table. One will quickly perceive that the principle of co-operation is almost a religion with them; that they reverence work and strive for education. The public school is maintained by the county five months and is continued four months more by the company. Each word reveals a profound love for the whole of humanity. At the word "monopoly," every one bristles. When one is heard to express his happiness in the success of a trust, it means merely that he sees in that trust a forerunner of social organization. Free access to land is advocated, though most consider the single tax as but a primary step. As a rule formal religion is tabooed at the table as a topic for discussion. An absolute social equality prevails. The denim uniform buries one's past. The commissary porch is a place of second importance for debate, as company politics are much discussed there. It is the agora of this little democracy. Right here it is interesting to note that at the last state and county election the citizens of Pinon voted almost as a unit a scratch ticket, headed by the Social Labor Party candidate for governor and containing the names of Democratic, Republican and Populist candidates for lesser offices. Such a thing has seldom if ever been done before. But away from all debate and discussion the men and women like to wander of a summer's evening along the little parks which fringe the roaring river where the robins, jays and wrens—there are no sparrows—flutter in the birch and cotton woods and the chipmunks rustle the underbrush. Much of the work itself is so full of pleasant associations that it seems like play. One can not fail to be impressed by the scenery. It is a beautiful trail—that up the river. Whatever variety of scenery it displays, there is invariably an element of the rushing river embracing densely wooded parks and the red sandstone mountains rising on either hand.

THE COLONY'S FUTURE

As much as has already been accomplished, still this community is less noteworthy for its past work than for the tendencies and purposes in which its future lies cradled. It was born of conservative socialism. Its founders had before them many seductive theories of the higher life; yet many failures of like enterprises warned them not to attempt too much. Some of them were just from the ill-fated colony of Topolobampo Bay. So they went only as far as they could see clearly, they made the step of co-operative labor leaving the rest to the future. But in five years that future has taken shape until it is a thing of beauty. Upon the eve of a triumphant completion of its first step the colony reaches out in widening ambition. Though it was at first deemed wise to establish an individualistic ownership of land in order to secure the workers after the fashion of the competitive world, there now comes a clamor from members for the assumption of their lands by the company. At each edition of the Altrurian the demand for co-operative working of lands is renewed by someone. That the parks of Tabeguache shall be one great farm operated for the benefit of all its citizens is a sentiment rapidly dominating the minds of members. A railroad connecting Tabeguache with Grand Junction, eighty miles distant, is already projected. Plans for a model town are being submitted and discussed. Gardens, parks, schools, lyceums, theatres, art galleries, music halls, a paradise in which there shall be no room for the idler, the adventurer or speculator, a place of education, liberty, equality, fraternity—these are but dreams as yet in the mind of the child-god which has been nourished in the rugged Colorado mountains. But presently he shall awake and lo, to the sad old world a temple of truth, justice and love shall be revealed.

THE CLASSICS AT JIMPTI'S RUN

By Revere Rodgers

IT was Saturday in the little mining town of Jimpti's Run, and the "boys" had knocked off work at noon and were now hanging around the post office waiting for the stage to come in.

There had been heavy rains and not a few were of the opinion that there would be none through that day, when suddenly the faint crack of a whip was heard, and the men broke into a loud "hooroar" as the outline of the clumsy old stage was dimly seen in the distance.

"How's the trail, Jake?" asked "Maje" Meekin, as the driver brought the old coach to a standstill in front of the post office and busied himself in throwing off the mail and a few express packages.

"Oh, we had one d—l of a time gitting through," replied the driver, "an' if she keeps on like this thar won't be nary nuther bus through fer a week. But I say, 'Maje,'" whispered the driver, "I've got a little gal inside thar, 'er reg'lar high stepper, come from the East out hyar to meet her Dad; he's a millernair over on the slope. He was ter meet the leetle gal at Denver, but ther blamed 'cuss' missed cornections some way and the leetle gal come through by her lonely, an' now can't go any furder wid me, 'cause hits per'lus on 'count o' the floods. So I 'ntends ter leave her hyar fer er few days. Ther fellers over ter Jackson's Hole showed her 'a smashin'' good time," he hurriedly continued, as he saw the look of alarm that was gradually overspreading "Maje" Meekin's face.

This last adroit allusion to Jackson's Hole removed any objections "Maje" Meekin may have had about receiving a lady in the heretofore womanless town of Jimpti's Run.

"What them 'ar fellers of Jackson's Hole kin do, ther boys of Jimpti's Run kin more 'en do," he replied angrily. "Drive her up to th' Hotel, Jake, an' I'll git ther boys tergether an' sort er tek' acshin 'pon ther matter."

"Now, fellers," said "Maje" Meekin, when they were all assembled around the stove in Tom Pilsener's store, "the first thing we've got ter do is ter 'lict er 'moosemint kermittee, so's ter git up er sort er 'tainment fer the leetle gal. I'll act as er kinder charman, 'en you all make surgestshuns ez ter what you kinsider 'll be 'nterrestin' fer ther young leddy. Them ar' cy'yites at Jackson's Hole tried ter 'ntertain her, but we,—we will 'ntertain her." (Vociferous cheering.)

"What's th' matter with hevin' er ba'ar fight in front er th' hotil, 'Maje?' inquired Bill Blickens. "Thet cert'ny would be amoosin' fer th' lady."

"Twon't do er tall, boys," said "Maje" Meekin. "Now I'll tell you what I purpose fer us ter do, an' thet at fer us all ter git tergether an' buy them ar' books, as thet air poickry feller left at Ned Barber's shanty afore he fell over ther cliff en knocked his brains out. Now, them books is what yer call classickel, no low down readin' you understan', but riglar tip-top stuff like they reads in ther East. Now, ez fer ez readin' goes fer ther most of us er good pixter paper with large figgers is erbout our limit, 'en er good many of us kin only git ez fer ez ther pixters; but yer see we don't want this hyar leetle gal ter git on ter ther fact; besides, we want ter show up ther ig'nance of them fellers at Jackson's Hole. So if we git them books, an' tek' turns in goin' up ter ther hotil an' pursintin' em ter her, mekin' b'lieve as we

read 'em ourselves when we ain't workin', why she'll imagine ez we ar' er way up in eddicashun, en ther repertashun of Jimpti's Run will be heerd of all over ther slope."

The next day being Sunday, and consequently a day of rest in Jimpti's, it was decided to make the first presentation of the books on that day. But here a new difficulty arose; as "Maje" Meekin expressed it to the crowd, "Ter give these books ter ther young lady in these hyar clothes ez we bin' used ter wearin' won't look right er tall, fellers. What we ought ter hev' air er 'biled' shirt an' er long black coat, an' er beaver hat same ez they wear in ther East when they goes a-calling."

"I've got er 'biled' shirt in my trunk up at ther shanty, 'Maje,'" said Tom Scott. "Folks at home sent it ter me couple of yaars ergo."

"An' thers an' old plug hat that Jim Lyons lef' at my shanty, 'Maje,' you kin hev."

"Well, we've got ther hat an' ther shirt, fellers, but I don't reckon ther's a frock coat this side er Denver," said Meekin, scratching his head dubiously.

"Yes, thar be, 'Maje,'" cried a man from the back of the crowd; "Bill Curtis, up at ther Red Light, got one in that ar' tourist feller's trunk as lef' without squaring up his board bill. I see one o' them long-tail coats in thar yes'day, when Bill were lookin' over ther contints."

"Well, that sees us out of ther difficulty alright, boys," cried "Maje" Meekin, gleefully. "Now ther next thing is ter draw fer ter see as who will persint ther books ter the leddy."

Now as there happened to be only four of these books, and as every man in the camp wanted to present one, it was decided to draw slips of paper from a hat in order to decide who should be the one to make the presentation.

Never was there as much interest and excitement manifested in any event; no, not in the whole history of Jimpti's Run, as there was on this momentous occasion. Every one seemed to be infected with the ambition to outshine his neighbor, but to gratify this ambition it was necessary to draw one of the four lucky numbers from the depths of a capacious sombrero hat.

It was decided that the man who drew slip No. 1 should be the first to call upon the young "leddy," the others following according to the numbers they drew.

It was the unanimous opinion that nothing more unfortunate could have happened than to have Sam Brosius draw one of the lucky slips, and that slip to be numbered 1. Brosius, a great big swaggering ruffian, who had never met more than one or two white women in his life, to be a representative of the cultured and refined city of Jimpti's Run!

"Yer see, Sam," said "Maje" Meekin, "yer'll be at er diservantige, bein' ez yer can't read ner write, an' ther leetle gal 'll sorter git on ter yer curves, an' that ar 'll be er r'flecshun on ther town yer know, en we doesn't want that, Sam."

The matter was finally compromised by Sam's agreeing to be coached in his deportment by one Larry Devoe, who had at one time been to Washington as an interpreter for the Choctaw Nation, and who was reported to have mingled with the ladies at the Capitol city and to have caught on to the fashion. In consequence of these many attainments he was looked up to at Jimpti's as a sort of fashion plate, whose opinion was regarded as law in any matters pertaining to this subject.

Half a dozen of the boys undertook to help Brosius make his toilet, and such a time as they had of it! The efforts of four determined men were required to get him into his shirt, and this was only possible after the shirt had been ripped down the back. The coat was at least five sizes too small for his ungainly figure, and the least effort on his part made the seams crack

ominously. A large white handkerchief served for a collar and necktie combined. The high hat sat upon his head as if it would topple off at the slightest movement. (Several of the men wanted to tie a string to each side of the hat and let it pass under the wearer's chin, but to this Sam would not hear.) He was, indeed, a curious-looking imitation of a gentleman with classical tendencies; but, such as he was, he appeared to feel mighty proud of his appearance, and his stock of vanity increased accordingly. In fact, he became almost haughty in his demeanor, but this was generally ascribed to the tightness of his coat, which kept him much in the position of having a ramrod running up his back.

"Now, Sam," said Larry Devoe, after the crowd had finished commenting upon his appearance, "if yer'll pay clus' attentshun I'll give yer ar few pinters ez ter how yer must act in ther leddy's pres'ince. Now, yer go out in tother room, likes it's ther hallway at ther hotil, an' I'll sot hyar, persoomin' ter be ther young leddy, an' yer comes in an' sidles down on that char, mekin' b'lieve ez yer ar callin' on me. Now I'll give yer an immertashun how this ar performed in ther East," said Larry, rising up and walking over to the door. "Yer see," he continued, "yer teks off yer hat (of course yer know's that)," said Larry, looking dubiously at Sam, not at all certain that he did know it. "Well, then," he resumed, "yer teks off yer hat, and then yer mought give er leetle smile, jist ter show yer good-nature. No, no, yer kin leave out ther smile," said Larry, hurriedly, as he saw in some alarm a wide hole in Sam's face, much like the entrance to a small tunnel covered with red flannel.

Brosius, who had taken up his position in the room outside, now came in amid a silence so profound that you could have heard a feather drop, so interested were the men in the success of the affair. He came forward in a sidling, half-sheepish manner, and waving Larry an elephantine salute, sank down into the chair opposite, with about as much grace as a trained bear. Nevertheless, his performance was considered excellent, and he was received with unstinted applause, the spectators feeling if he could do as well as that up at the hotel they need have no fears that Sam would reflect discredit upon the town.

It was something after the order of a triumphal procession that wended its way in the direction of the Red Light Saloon.

As the lady occupied the room over the bar, with the hallway adjoining it, the committee decided to let only the three other men who had drawn the lucky slips accompany Sam to the floor above. These men were to communicate with the other men in the barroom below by means of special messengers for that purpose, who were to take their stand at the head of the stairs.

The four representatives of the classics mounted the stairs to the lady's room with a good deal of trepidation. The three men concealed themselves in a dark corner of the hallway, while Sam went boldly forward with his book in his hand and his heart in his mouth.

In response to his rather timid knock the door was opened by a pretty fresh-colored miss of about eighteen, with a dark mass of curly hair clustered around her pretty face, and a pair of humorous blue eyes that had a wondering expression in them as she stood there looking at her queerly dressed visitor.

"How do you do, Sir," she said in a musical voice, as Sam stood awkwardly, bowing and scraping his feet.

"How 'd' do, marm," said Sam, blushing furiously and fanning himself vigorously with his hat, at the same time pushing the book at her as if she were his mortal enemy and the book a dirk knife. On the strength of these warlike manifestations the

young lady retreated into the room, and Sam, not knowing what else to do, followed her. Once inside the room, all his self-possession reasserted itself, and remembering his instructions from Larry Devoe he immediately assumed what he considered to be a dignified air; and waving the lady a rough salute (supposed to be the very acme of grace), sank languidly into a chair, while she, with a half-frightened, half-quizzical expression upon her face, remained standing.

"I brung this hyar book ter yo', mum," began Sam, extending the article mentioned, "thinking as yer mought be lonesome like."

"I am sure I appreciate your kindness," said the lady, taking the proffered book and glancing eagerly at the title, while a surprised look came over her face. "I hardly expected to find a book as this in a mining town," she continued, looking curiously from Sam to the book as if she was very much puzzled.

"Wall, now," said Sam, clapping his leg gleefully, "that's what 'Maje' Meekin opined yer wouldn't. I mean," he hurriedly explained, "it's what I opined yer wouldn't. No sich things as them at Jackson Hole, is ther, mum?"

"Are you fond of reading, Mr. —" and here the young lady stopped, not knowing her peculiar visitor's name.

"Brosius is my name, mum," said Sam, making an elaborate bow. "An' if yer arsks me air I fond o' readin', mum, I tell you it's meat and bread to me. All I arsks, mum, is ter give me er good book an' er pipe o' terbaccer arter my day's work ar' done an' I promise you, mum, that Sam won't arsk fer anything else. Ar' I fond of readin'," repeated Sam, musingly, "why, readin' is vittles an' drink ter me."

"Will somebody hold me afore I shake myself to pieces laffin' at that blamed liar," asked "Maje" Meekin in the hallway outside. "Readin' ar vittles an' drink ter him! Ha, ha, what a rumancer he sho'ly air."

"You seem to be fond of classical reading, Mr. Brosius," said the young lady, glancing from the book to her visitor in a puzzled manner.

"Couldn't pos'ibly git erlong widout it," said that gentleman in a serious manner. "No low-down readin' fer this chicken, mum. How I come ter bring that ar book, mum, was this way: I war er sittin' in my shanty er readin' an' ar smokin' like fury, when I sez ter myself, I sez, 'Sam,' I sez, 'ther's er young leddy in this hyar town who ar pr'aps lonesum.' Now I thinks ter myself, mum, I does, that the boys are good enough in a way, an' they really does mean well, mum, but I sez, 'Sam,' I sez, 'you know ez ther boys, not knowing exactly how ter treat er young leddy, they might leave her erlone, an' she not hevin' any amoosemint, she may git lonesum. Now,' I sez ter myself, I does; 'I'll jist slip on my Sunday clothes an' give ther boys er few pinters ez how ter act ter er strange young leddy, but,' I sez, 'I'll tek' er book er long ter presint to ther leddy.' So I gits up an' goes ter my-my-my-my-my, yer knows, mum, whar I keeps my books."

"Bookshelf?" queried the lady, smilingly.

"No, mum," said Sam, blushing furiously, "that ar not ther word. Dang it all," he continued, scratching his head fiercely, "what are that word. 'Scuse me er minit, mum," he said, as a sudden thought occurred to him, "I left er dorg outside; I'll jist step out an' see how he ar doin'." Suiting the action to the word, Sam went out into the hallway, where he found the other men with their eyes glued to the cracks in the door.

"Whar was it I got that danged book, 'Maje,'" he asked in a hoarse whisper that was plainly audible in the other room.

"In yer li'bry, yer durned mud-slinger," replied Meekin, who was angry at the way Sam had been spreading himself at the town's expense.

"Ez I war sayin', mum, afore yer 'nterrupted me," said Sam, as he reseated himself opposite the lady, "I war er sittin' in my shanty ar thinkin' how lonely yer must be, an' how er nice book ud come in good fer yer ter pass ther time away; so I gits up, I does, an' I goes over ter my lib'ry an' gits this hyar book an' I brings it ter yer, an' that's how yours trooly comes ter be hyar at this momint; an' ez I said before, ther ain't no books lak' them at Jackson's Hole, is thar, mum?"

When the news was conveyed to the men in the barroom that the lady expressed great surprise at finding such a book in the town, and also was delighted with it, the applause was tremendous; and "Maje" Meekin, the originator of the idea, had his health pledged by all the citizens and in all the varied assortment of liquors at the Red Light's bar.

But now a new, and entirely unforeseen, difficulty presented itself, caused by no less a person than Sam Brosius. This cavalier having made what he considered a favorable impression upon the young lady, was decidedy loath to give up the field in favor of a possible rival. And, though the men in the hallway outside repeatedly gave him signals to withdraw, Sam paid not the slightest attention to them, continuing to carry on an animated conversation with the young lady.

"I think some one is calling you, Mr. Brosius," said the lady, as a deep bass voice came through the keyhole, asking for Mr. Brosius.

"Yes, that's the way it is always, mum," said Sam, not paying the slightest attention to the voice. "They dassen't do er thing without my consint. It's always Mr. Brosius this, and Mr. Brosius that. I'm the head man in everything as goes on. I sometimes wonders how I stands it, but the boys will have me; an', of course, being good-natured, I doesn't complain. They's a rough set, mum, but their hearts is in ther right place; but of course they hassent been used ter ther sas'siety we is."

"Fellers," said "Maje" Meekin, who was dancing with fury, "ef we don't git that e'ternal guy out o' ther he'll ruin ther whole game."

Finally, as a last resort, although it was considered extremely impolite, and only to be executed in extreme cases, a man was sent to the door to say that some one had set fire to Mr. Brosius' shanty and that his things were all burning. This last message made Sam start, as he had lately purchased a jug of whiskey and he was extremely anxious to save it from the devouring flames. The moment he was clear of the doorway he was quickly seized by four stalwart men, who despite his protests about its being a nice way to treat a fellow citizen, unceremoniously hustled him out of his gay toggery.

The shirt, hat and coat were now put on No. 2, and he being about half as large as Brosius, the clothes made him look ridiculous indeed. The coat reached nearly to his ankles. The shirt, which had been ripped down the back for Sam's entrance into it, was now wrapped gracefully around "Reddy" Anderson's rather diminutive figure. The hat found a resting place upon his ears, concealing all that part of his countenance immediately above those members.

After going through all the necessary maneuvers before the critical eyes of the Jumpti's Runites, "Reddy" Anderson was accounted fully capable of sustaining the reputation of the Run. "Although," said Bill Carter, of the Red Light Saloon, "he cert'nly ar er rum 'un to look at."

"Reddy" Anderson, being of a retiring disposition, knocked timidly at the door, and upon its being opened by the young lady was so frightened that he hurriedly dropped his book into her hand and shot down the hall as if a band of Indians were behind him. He was immediately hustled

out of his clothes, which No. 3—namely, "Silent" Adams—stood waiting to receive. This representative made out fairly well, for the reason that he never opened his mouth from the time he entered the room until he left. He in turn was stripped to accommodate Bill Blickins, who was the most talkative man in the town, and it was expected that he would either make a "hit" with the young lady or make an ass of himself. There was no middle course expected of Bill; he had to do one or the other.

When he rapped at the door, the young lady opened it with a wearied look upon her pretty face, and as Bill stepped across the threshold she came very near laughing outright at the ridiculous figure he made, with the coat pinned together in the back by every known kind of pin. But Bill, all unconscious of the incongruity of his attire, took a seat in a dignified manner and gracefully inclined his head in her direction.

"This is ar book, mum, at I jist took out on my liberee fer yer," said the gallant Bill, extending that article to her.

"Why, it's Latin!" said the young lady in amazement. "Are you fond of Latin, sir?"

"Why, as ter that," replied Bill, who had some idea that Latin was something to eat, "I can't say as I'm 'ticerlarly fond of it. I likes water-cresses a mighty sight better. Yes, mum, I cert'nly does. Although I has er brother as is mighty fond of that what you jist remarked. He uses it es er sass fer 'taters."

When Bill came out to the crowd, after having delivered the last book, Larry Devoe expressed a wish to go in and have a chat with the young lady. So, there being no objection, he quickly got into the "official suit" and was ushered into the lady's presence.

After Larry returned there were several other candidates for the "official suit," all Jimpti's Run seeming to be mad with this one idea. And such deceptions as they practiced upon one another to gain the lady's favor! One big miner had a tame bear cub in the bosom of his shirt, which almost frightened the young lady into hysterics when he drew it out for her amusement. Another one had a family of squirrels which he made perform. Others had gone to gather wild flowers to pave the way to an agreeable conversation. In fact, every man had an inordinate desire to outshine his neighbor, and how far these eccentricities would have been carried will forever remain a mystery—for the coat, which had already parted up the back, at last suddenly became sleeveless. As the shirt had long been a thing of memory only, it was now decided to call a halt in "ther exercises," as "Maje" Meekin expressed it.

What other plans for the lady's amusement would these gallants of Jimpti's Run have busied themselves with, it is impossible to say, had not a pompous old gentleman, driving a light-colored buckboard, appeared at the door of the Red Light saloon on the following Monday morning and inquired for the young lady in an agitated voice.

Upon being assured of her safety by the sight of her pretty face, and being told of the kindnesses shown her by the men of the town, he was overwhelmed with gratitude, and it was found necessary to put on several additional bartenders to supply liquid refreshments to the thirsty of Jimpti's,—at the old gentleman's expense.

And this is the speech of thanks which the young lady made before leaving, said speech being translated by the Hon. "Maje" Meekin: "She said, fellers, ez she had heerd of gentlemen an' hed read of gentlemen, but when she wanted ter see gentlemen she'd come ter Jimpti's Run."

"Oh, we had one d——l of a time gitting through"—See page 35.

Drawn by R. Farrington Elwell

THE OCTOBER HUNT

By Charles W. Hall

AS our country grows in wealth, the pursuits of leisure hours become more pronounced in the affairs of men. There has been a well-defined movement toward introducing the chase in this country during the past year. All athletic sports have been stimulated and extended by the advent and expansion of the Scotch game of golf, but still it does not necessarily mean the aping of English customs, because the vigorous pursuits of the old world find favor here.

The formation of "country clubs" in nearly all cities of any size, indicates a greater appreciation of outdoor sports. The question of recreation is no longer a matter of discretion—it is an acknowledged necessity, and the coming years will see the American people favoring the picturesque hunt and chase.

The ancient pleasures of the chase have for generations been dear to the patrician planters of the old regime; to a certain extent to the owners of large domains in the middle states; and to some extent in the prairie country near and beyond the father of waters; more especially of late years when the swift Italian and Irish gaze hounds have been introduced for coursing the great American hare, shuffling but speedy coyote, and even the savage gray or white wolf.

With the growing popularity of these and other varieties of sport, such as yachting and golf, there has been a decided increase in the number of sporting and fishing preserves, rifle, shooting, hunting, fishing, yachting, cycle and golf clubs; some of which control almost feudal areas, and boast of princely residences, kennels, stables, and other accessories. A very large number of less pretentions represent coteries of business, professional and literary men, and the business operations dependent on this development of American social life, employ thousands of men and women, and distribute "sporting goods" to the value of many millions yearly. Millions more are earned by the transportation lines of the country, the great hotel interest, the journals and publishing houses which cater to these immensely popular diversions, and a host of boatmen, guides, and more humble servitors.

That the general results have given new vigor and self reliance to American manhood, youth and womanhood, few will deny, and that they represent a decided growth in permanent and profitably invested capital, is equally apparent.

"With horse and hound and horn" October brings to the votaries of Diana, the buskinned, virgin, huntress-goddess, the choicest season of the chase.

The days grow mildly warm, or bracing winds tear through forest and coppice, scattering the falling leaves, ruffling lake and stream, and bringing to man and horse deep draughts of health and courage. The noontide is rather a dream of vanishing summer, than a suggestion of coming winter, and the harvests are not so completely over, that one ceases to delight in

THE GAMEKEEPER BEFORE THE HUNT

Reproduced from a celebrated painting

the expectation of further reward for the season's culture of the garden, orchard, field and vineyard; while the apprehension of material damage to the possessions of the agriculturist have measurably passed away.

The fox, no longer enervated by summer heats and thin in flesh and coat, now glows with soft and glossy fur and vivid markings; the hare, full fed, yet lithe and vigorous, bounds from his form as if furnished with muscles of steel; the stag and antelope, no longer burdened with the care of their young, or worried by insect plagues, are in perfect condition, and seem to challenge pursuit; and even the youngest broods of the birds of chase are full-grown, perfectly feathered, strong-winged, and fully conscious of the dangers which they must avoid and escape.

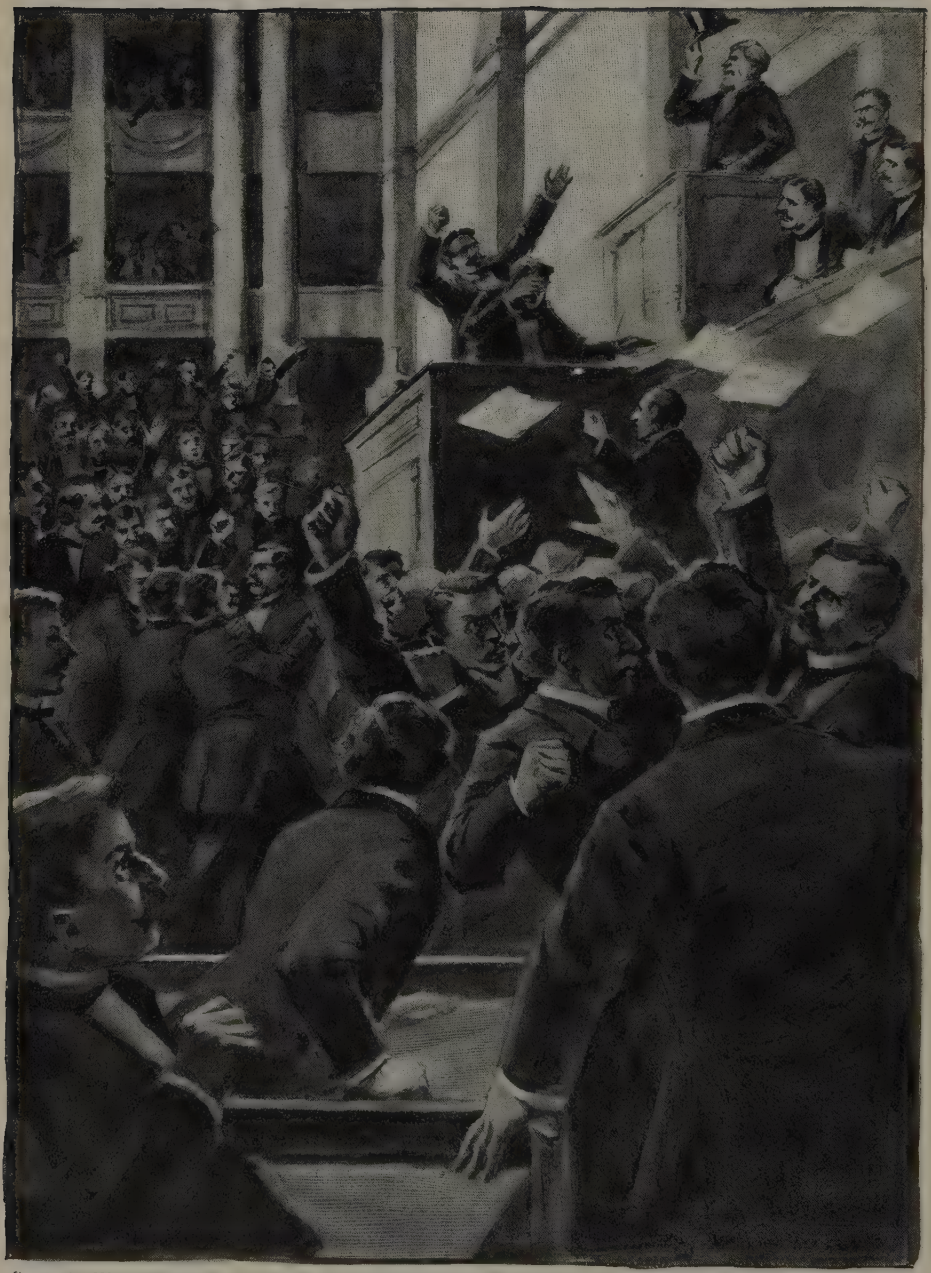
In this month myriads of statesmen, scholars, artists, literary men—in short, workers of all kinds—draw from such scenes and diversions new health and strength of mind and body; going back, in some degree, at least, to that primal sympathy with mother nature which inspires every strong and enterprising nation, as it does every truly virile and self-reliant man.

For a few golden days the mellow sunbeams, the bracing breezes, the sharp, yet grateful chill of the hoar frost, the grateful coolness of flying spray, and perchance of driving mists and rain; the intense vitality of bird and beast; the strenuous speed and strength of horse and hound; the constant necessity for the exercise of faculties neglected and weakened by civilized living; hearty appetites, slumbers, and rare but delicious moments of utter indolence, and lack of all care, bring to men over-worked, care-burdened, under-vitalized, and utterly weary of what most civilized beings call life, a healing balm and magical elixir of life which no physician can offer and no chemist supply.

Around the whole world, in the northern hemisphere, this hunter life and devotion to the chase manifests itself in a thousand varying forms, and with the same beneficent results, to every honest hunter and true sportsman, of whatever country, race or degree. Whoever loves the headlong pursuit, in which the rider and steed are one in spirit and desire, following stag or wolf, fox or hare, in the common abandon of the chase, and with a single purpose to come up with the wild, headlong rush of the baying hounds, yet without greed of gain, delight in cruelty, or ungenerous advantage taken, must perforce become and remain a more healthy, generous, gallant man, and of cleaner life, and nicer comprehension and love of nature for his experience.

"WITH HORSE AND HOUND AND HORN"

From a painting by Blinks



Drawn by W. H. Upham

RIOTS IN FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES OVER THE DREYFUS CASE

The above drawing appeared in "The National Magazine" some time ago, and so accurately forecast the situation in France, that it is herewith reprinted as indicating something of the recent disturbance there.

"Would it be the same answer always, Margaret, if I asked again?"—*See page 103*

Drawn by W. H. Upham

"Yes—that—that was it. Tell me," and he leaned forward eagerly, "did I do wrong?"—*See page 51*

THE GIRL IN THE LONG TAN ULSTER

By Arthur W. Tarbell

IT was on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," of an October morning in mid-ocean, with a smooth, sun-lit sea, a lazy, comfortable roll to the ship that lulled one into day-dreams and a promenade deck that had about it all the color and capriciousness of a Parisian boulevarde scene. Miss Belmont stood for a moment at the saloon entrance, looking interestedly at all this. Then, for the first time of the voyage, she stepped out on the deck and began to walk aft. Miss Belmont, in long tan ulster and a gray tourist hat, encircled by a modest plaid band, was a picture that satisfied the eye in every respect.

Lieutenant Creston, of the Seventy-first New York, caught sight of her first, and his recital of how the Tenth Cavalry did their little act at the battle of San Juan hill, came to an abrupt termination. Turning quickly in his chair as she passed, and temporarily losing control of himself—something, of course, entirely unpardonable in a well-bred military man—he exclaimed:

"By Jove!"

Colonel Telford, an old ex-trooper, who had seen service and plenty of it, under Sheridan, and who had been listening indulgently to the "kid," saw her a second later. It was a very emphatic tribute—the sudden might with which he brought his hand down on the shoulder of the man next to him, and muttered:

"By Jove!"

A few paces further on, and Miss Belmont saw something that interested her. It was a steamer chair, around which a group of children stood like so many statues, and in which reclined a young man, with a face that could be remembered. One tot of a girl was snugly settled in his lap, her doll for the moment hanging head down on the deck, forgotten. Instead of listening to the story he was telling, this little one was looking up into his face, which was turned toward the other children, wondering what was that something so red and torn looking on one of his cheeks. Any one aboard could have told you something about every one else of the ship's company, but about this man, nothing. The few of them who had done their best to exchange the commonplaces of the day with him, had been obliged to retire in favor of the children. A book, which he always carried in his hand, was seldom seen to be read. He was more in the habit of looking out over the sea to the horizon line, and even beyond, into that something where every eye cannot follow. To most of those who noticed his face at all carefully, he gave the impression of one to whom something had happened. Miss Belmont was tempted to look twice, but did not. Had the man himself seen her, he might, perhaps, although this is not certain, have been aroused sufficiently from his reserve to remark, "By Jove!"

When Miss Belmont reached the rail at the end of the promenade, she turned. Gresingford, who happened to be stretched out near this particular spot on the ship, was reading some cynic verse of Kipling's. Gresingford was only a youth of one-and-twenty, but he had become very much

a man of the world, and it wearied him exceedingly to think that he must live on, knowing it all. Hence, nothing feminine interested him. That is, not until a little wayward gust of wind chanced to blow the flap of a tan ulster against his sleeve, and then he looked up to see who had been so far indiscreet as to intrude upon his presence. He caught, perhaps, just half the profile. But it was enough. His mouth opened automatically, allowing a very choice briar pipe to drop to the deck and roll away unheeded into the scuppers. Then he said something that sounded very much like,

"By Jove!"

And so on. Fifty "By Joves!" in the course of a five minutes stroll on an ocean liner is not a bad record. Yet Miss Belmont had been known to better it—on several occasions. It was her way. Everyone knew it, everyone, except—and in this lay the greatest charm of all—Miss Belmont, herself. Yes, the girl in the long tan ulster and the gray tourist hat was decidedly fair to look upon, but that was not all.

Fair to look upon! yes, that to the world was the whole truth. Only the world, in this instance, as it has done so often before, made a very sorry mistake. It had branded so many fair women as mere idols of gold, when in reality, they were something vastly more. It has been so cruelly apt to admire the outer, rather than appreciate the inner sign. Perhaps more that anything else, it was this that kept Miss Belmont from being what she would liked to have been at times to some men—a friend, simply a friend. To be quietly a good Samaritan when one is conspicuously beautiful is not easy.

"You may, perhaps, care to tell me about it." It was Miss Belmont who had spoken. The two chairs were drawn together, well for'ard on the lee side of the ship, away from the rest. During the past few days this companionship of the chairs had been noticeable. Where others had failed, Miss Belmont had succeeded. She had come to him as one of the children, in that peculiarly winning way of her own, and because she had said the right thing at the right time, and also because of something she had not said, he believed her to be a woman who understood. So he had told her many things and they had become friends, only the one thing that was nearest his heart of all, he had not told her. It was this that he seemed now on the point of speaking about. He hesitated—naturally—for in this instance another woman was concerned and there had been that between them which was not to be talked of with every one. Probably elsewhere he would have remained silent, but here, in mid-ocean, where the soul so often speaks, it was different.

And so, with the waves dipping by them, he told her. He told her of his love, and of her to whom he had hoped, sometime, when he had earned the right, to declare this love. And although he was nothing, perhaps, but a boy, yet he spoke with a certain splendid manliness and honor that impressed Miss Belmont more than she might cared to have confessed. She was beginning to think what a suremely fine thing it was—a love like this—and how rich the girl, whoever she was, should count herself in the possession of it,—when, suddenly, the strong, youthful tone, born of love's theme, died away in the voice of the one beside her. The situation resolved itself into an eloquent silence. Other girls might have ventured an unnecessary and unwelcome remark at this point; Miss Belmont knew that none was called for.

Presently he continued:

"I'm afraid the rest is not so easy to tell," he said, with a new note of despair struggling against courage in his voice. "You may remember that the call for men came about that time, and I went, with Troop —, of the First Volunteer Cavalry. My friends said that it was merely caprice—my enlisting. Perhaps it was—perhaps it was something else. At any rate I went and if anything had happened to me she would never have known all that she was to me. But nothing happened, that is nothing—fatal—, he winced perceptibly as he made this painful allusion to his disfigurement, "and most of us, I'm sure, went into the thing at the start more for the huge bit of adventure it offered than anything else. We were boys still and the prospect for a first-class scrap, something like the old college football days, only of a slightly graver variety, was too tempting for most of us. That there was likely to be any serious danger in it, I don't believe one of the fellows thought for a moment.

"They kept us waiting, you know, a few weeks at Tampa, where we groaned mightily at the delay. And then, quite before we knew it, we found ourselves actually on Cuban soil, and within believing distance of what had hitherto been largely a dream —the enemy.

"It doesn't matter in the least that I should tell you everything that happened in those two months. I know they're making a wretched fuss now about what we had to go through, but the only thing which most of us actually craved for, and didn't get, was something decent to shoot at. The chance came one day. History dignifies it now, I believe, with the name, 'the Battle of Las Guasimas,' but the fellows, at the time, considered it a pretty good sort of a cross-country run. It was really capital sport, and the things that I can best remember now about it were the bird-calls, that, coming from every side of the jungle as we advanced, seemed like so much music in the ears. And then there was the click-click of the 'Krags,' the humming of the Mauser bullets through the air; and, finally, the cheers of the men as we charged the ranch-buildings at the top of the hill. Everything was exactly as it should have been—a sort of theatrical sham battle, until—well, until one of those Spanish beggars got the range better than was his wont, and then—then something happened. It struck me here," he pointed to what the little girl had wondered at, a cruelly disfiguring scar—"and I suppose they carried me away. Later, it must have been weeks later, the nurse one day handed me a mirror, and I saw it." He made a brave effort to smile.

The chill of an October day was in the air. The long, slow swells on which the ship rose and fell, glided silently away toward the horizon with a regularity that was tiresome.

Off in the west an orange glow was lighting up the sky, the aftermath of an ocean sunset. They watched it for several moments, silently.

He leaned over, and, to cover his feelings, began to change the arrangement of his rugs. Then he said:

"After that, when I was north again, and the world looked so differently to me, or, rather," he added, with the best cheerfulness he could command, "when I looked so differently to the world, I—well—I believed I had no—no—"

"No right to speak to her," Miss Belmont finished the sentence for him.

"Yes—that—that was it. Tell me," and he leaned forward eagerly, "did I do wrong?"

It was not an easy question for any one to answer, especially another woman. Miss Belmont felt keenly the stress of the moment. Finally she said:

"I have no right to judge, but something tells me that you did. I think you wronged her."

At her reply the eagerness died out of his face and he sank wearily back into the chair. He did not answer immediately. Then he said:

"But I tried so hard to do what was best, to reason it all out."

"And you finally did just what the heart told you not to do."

"Yes—that is true."

Then, inclining forward again, he began to speak hurriedly, feverishly, with that intensity of tone, which, now and then in our lives, we give to the things that burn within us.

"But, how could I ask her? How was I to know that she cared enough to make such—such a sacrifice. Those things sometimes mean so much to a woman. Don't you see that? Don't you see that I had no right to appeal to her sympathy, her feelings. One is not always master of one's self at such times. I could not have had her do anything that she might live to regret—not for the world, no, not for the world." Then he added, "Don't you understand, she might—she might—but, of course, why should you understand? Pardon, please, my forgetfulness." He stopped abruptly.

But Miss Belmont did understand.

"You meant to say that she might have said 'yes,' out of pity for you."

He bowed his head.

"And so," Miss Belmont continued, "they put you on this ship and told you to travel and travel until both wounds had healed."

"Yes, until everything had been forgotten."

"Which means, I'm afraid, that nothing will be forgotten."

The man made no reply. He knew it was the truth. A hundred years in all the paradise spots of the east would not have made memory less keen.

"And if she loved you," Miss Belmont presently said, "what, now that you have left her, is to become of that love?"

"And if I had remained and spoken?" he asked.

"You, at least, would not have wronged her. If she had never loved you she would have told you so. Whereas, now you may have taken the one sacred thing out of her life. And no man has a right to do that."

The orange glow had by this time faded away into a paled purple. The gray dullness of sea and sky was about to become the darkness of night itself. Miles distant, to the north, a funnel and two masts, dimly discernible against the sky, showed that some liner, like a phantom ship, was making her way to the westward. The "Kaiser Wilhelm," herself, an almost animate monster of the deep, slid from horizon to horizon, throbbing along her course, incessant, persistent, monotonously. There was in the air that peaceful, pensive something which goes with the dying day, and, in this instance, the spell of that other thing, which we call love. Miss Belmont, in the fulness of her feeling, was beginning to realize how miserably futile, in the great crisis of one's life, human sympathy, after all, is, when she became aware that the man was speaking again.

"If it should ever happen, Miss Belmont," he was saying, slowly, more to himself than to her, "that, some day, somewhere, a thing like this should come into your life—not exactly similar, of course, but nearly so—and if he whom you believed to be the right man came to you, as I should have to

go to her, and asked you to be his wife; that man, when he left you, would go away, seeing—might I ask—the end of all things, or the beginning of all things?"

"The beginning." In the woman's voice there was neither hesitation nor doubt.

"And if, in his blindness, he went away, as I am doing, your prayer would be that—"

"He came back to me."

Later, when the decks were quite deserted, and black night, with its thousand eyes, kept watch and ward over the waters, Miss Belmont left her chair, after a long interval of silence, and going to the rail, stood looking up at the stars. The man presently gathered up the rugs and joined her. When she felt his presence she turned, asking, in a low tone, "And *her* prayer?"

The man clasped his hands tightly over the rail and unconsciously squared his shoulders. Then he answered between his tense lips, "Will be answered."

He felt a hand reach out toward his, and he heard vaguely the words, slowly and distinctly spoken, "I knew it—good-night." He raised the hand to his lips, and said nothing.

As she moved away out of the shadow, into the light of the saloon entrance, he watched her. And when she had gone, and he was standing there, at perhaps the greatest cross-road of his life, the bell of the night watch began to strike, and, presently, as the echo, he heard the lookout, high up in the crow's nest forward, shout back to the bridge his duty call. His words seemed the one thing needful.

"Eight bells," the lookout's voice cried from the darkness, "and all's well."

The next morning the "Kaiser Wilhelm" touched at Southampton, and after discharging her English passengers and mails, proceeded on her way to Bremen. Several hours later, down the main ship course, from the Empress dock, following the course of the German liner, came the American liner, St. Paul, flying the stars and stripes at her stern. She was pointed across the English channel for Cherbourg, where she called at five in the afternoon. Then her helm was put hard to the starboard, and off she sped for the six days' run, homeward bound. There were hopeful, happy faces among her passengers, for the prospect of a fast voyage, with home as its goal, was a great factor towards happiness.

Up in the Switzerland country, months afterward, in the spring-time, the afternoon car was creeping cautiously down the side of the Rigi. In the valley, far below, the lake dwindled away into a tiny blue pool, and the thatched cottages became infinitesmal spots on the landscape. Uplifting themselves on every side, those mountains of our dreams, the Alps, towered in their solemnity.

Toward this outspread of grandeur a face was turned from the car window, the eyes of which saw neither Alps, thatched cottages nor tiny blue pool. They belonged to one who, keenly responsive to the beautiful at most other times in her life, happened at this particular moment to be looking inward, rather than outward. For she was wondering if he had really gone back, after all, and if, somewhere over there on the other side of the wide Atlantic, a girl was happy. Of course, she would never know anything more about it—the Samaritan heart in this crowded, careless world, seldom has that satisfaction—but still she wondered. She couldn't help doing that, this girl, on the Rigi, in the long tan ulster.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S MISSION AS POET

By Frank Putnam

FOR that dynamic minority who live in the spirit a new poet of the first order of nobility has been given his fit rank in this year 1899. Not a western poet, or an American poet, but a world poet. Aspirations high as the stars, sympathies broad as the universe, passion resistless as the sweep of the seas—these are the elements of the written life work of Charles Edwin Markham. His first book of general circulation is now, as this is written, fairly upon the market, and he is to-day the most widely discussed figure in the domain of American letters—as the author of "The Man with the Hoe."

His ancestry is significant. Born in Oregon City, April 23, 1852, son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Winchell) Markham, his people on both sides were of the oldest colonial stock of Pennsylvania and New England, and back of that was a double line of English scholars. There is a natural reason for this great poem—a reason drawn from the fountains of human liberty, and quickened by the spirit of our fighting forefathers.

* * * *

Thinking to write for "The National Magazine" something of this poem that has so stirred popular interest, I went into the Chicago Press Club this morning, and there had the rare and wholly unexpected good fortune to find Mr. Markham, a guest of the club, on his way east to confer with his publishers, Doubleday & McClure.

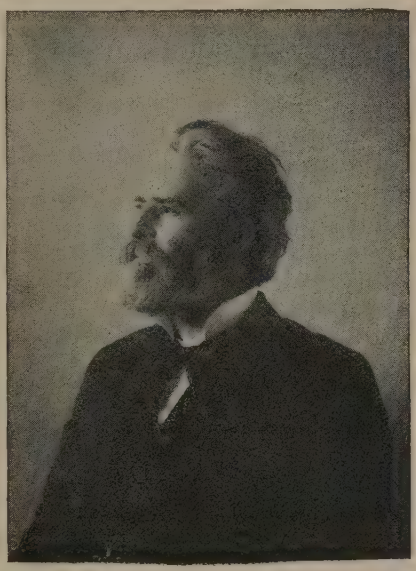
He told me the story of "The Man With the Hoe," and I will try to set it down as I heard it.

Fourteen years ago, up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, he first saw a copy of Millet's painting that inspired the poem. He was deeply impressed by the power and the terror of it. At that time he was superintendent of schools in Eldorado county, California. One of his friends was Melville Upton, then studying art in the west, now of the staff of the New York "Evening Telegram." They talked of the picture, and Mr. Upton suggested that Mr. Markham make it the subject of a poem. The idea siezed upon the poet's mind and he thought often of it, but did not undertake the poem at that time. Four years later he saw the original painting in an art loan collection at San Francisco. He sat before it an hour, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. Still he waited for the impulse to write. During the last Christmas holidays the hour arrived. He began by setting down significant lines, disconnected for the moment but destined soon to take place in the completed work. That night he went to his bed filled and thrilled with the theme.

Next morning he woke with the lines upon his lips. Pausing not to dress, he threw a light robe about him and wrote the first two stanzas as they stand in the finished state. That day he thought of nothing else, but wrote no more. Next morning his experience of the preceding day was repeated. He rose at dawn with the third stanza ready for utterance. And on the third day he rose as before and in like manner completed the poem. He did not

believe there was a magazine or paper in America that would give it publication, so he decided to add it to a volume of poems in preparation. At an assembly of literary folk shortly after, he was asked to read. There he read "The Man With the Hoe." For some minutes no one said anything. Then Mr. Bailey Millard, the literary editor of the "San Francisco Examiner" stated his belief that Mr. Markham's poem was greater than any other he had heard in many years. Mr. Millard, learning that the poem had not been sold, determined to procure it for the "Examiner." He convinced his managing editor that it would be a good investment and the paper came to terms with the poet.

EDWIN MARKHAM



The poem was printed after due announcement and the rest you know. First it worked its way up and down the Pacific coast, then leaped the great divide and conquered the east. It is now invading England, and will doubtless create as great a furore there as here.

After the publication the deluge: Letters from mechanics, from educators, from children, from debating clubs, from every class and every quarter; ten publishers clamoring at the door of the Oakland home for a part or all of the poet's verses, to be put between covers (happiest of poets!) invitations to lecture; an endless stream of newspaper comment, mainly favorable, some frivolous, much based on an inability to comprehend the bigness, the figurativeness of the piece. Dr. Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, delivered twenty-five or thirty lectures on the poem through the state. The press made "The Man with the Hoe" the type of industrial oppression, the symbol of degraded labor. The phrase became instantly proverbial. A hundred poets—the light-hearts of the cult—wrote parodies upon it.

The author gave his work to Doubleday and McClure, who have just brought out the volume entitled "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems." The first edition of five thousand copies was sold before the book was ready for delivery. A second edition is in demand; others will follow.

* * * *

Recalling one portion of a recent interview with Joaquin Miller, Mr. Markham's famous west coast contemporary, given in the Press Club, I asked Mr. Markham concerning the message he gives to the world.

"I believe," he said, "that the highest ideal of conduct consists in subordinating private interests to the public good. I believe in the upbuilding on earth of an industrial brotherhood, founded upon the principle of the golden rule. Fraternity, to me, is the holiest of all words, it being at once the essence of all gospels, and the fulfillment of all revelations. My poetry has been built upon this principle."

Mr. Markham has not yet decided to leave his school work; he has tempting offers, but may not, for the present, at least, accept. His position is agreeable; he has some time free to devote to his poetry, and means to do more and better work than he has done. First in his consideration is a volume of poems based on the problem of labor. This book will be called "In Earth's Shadow: Poems of Protest and of Prophecy." In this he will enlarge upon the ideals that must mold and marshal the new social order. A prose book is almost ready for the press, is unnamed as yet, and consists of thoughts and flashes upon literature, art and sociology. A third book of poetry, which the author believes will be his masterpiece, is, perhaps, one-third done. This is to be a lyrical epic—borrowing the poet's own term. In it he will attempt to survey the whole field of human experience: the problems of existence will find utterance in characters of the author's creation.

* * * *

Naturally, the critics have not yet done discussing the merits of Mr. Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." I have heard it called "a populistic yawp," and "the poem of the century." I'm not prepared to say that it is the poem of the century, but I am prepared to say that there is a vast deal more of truth, and sympathy, and unselfishness, in the average "populistic yawp" than there is in a long course of lectures at Mr. Rockefeller's kerosene university down on the Midway in Chicago. The reading public has received the poem with acclamation, and though the public often bows to cheap imported gods, I agree with my friends, the masses, in their rating of this prophet from the Pacific. At first reading, the poem seemed too somber to fit the conditions of this day; there seemed no light in the picture to relieve it from utter hopelessness. I could not reconcile its bottom-of-the-pit blackness with my view that the race is steadily, inevitably, advancing in fitness to exist. But I see that the poet's mission was to set forth as powerfully as possible the still present injustices, with their menace to society; and in this purpose it seems to me no one can ever have more thoroughly succeeded. The success of the poem is its justification, since its purpose was of the noblest.

Of the more distinguished witnesses who have been called to the bar and relieved of their opinions, Joaquin Miller said: "Edwin Markham's 'Man With The Hoe' is the whole Yosemite —its thunder, its might, its majesty." Ambrose Bierce, coldest and most merciless of American literary critics, if we are to believe the authors who have passed beneath his microscope, said: "When all is said and done, I remain loyal to my conviction that Mr. Markham is a much greater poet than his famous performance would lead a judge of such things to suspect, and that if he is spared his eventual primacy among American poets is assured." So runs most of the qualified criticism.

I salute the new star, and trust that that eternal Purpose which speaks ever through the spirits of noble men will long spare this poet-prophet to preach his version of applied Christianity to his stumbling fellow men in the lofty and passionate speech of which he is so surely the master.

THE UNKNOWN EXPLORING COMPANY

By Frank M. Bicknell

I NEVER have met any one who looked more like a typical Englishman, and less enjoyed being reminded of the fact than Mr. Archibald Greydene. So great was his aversion to being mistaken for a Briton, that when I look back toward the beginning of our friendship, I wonder that it should have got beyond a beginning; for I made the blunder in question at the outset, and told him so.

Nearly all the afternoon the heavy eastward-bound train from San Francisco had been climbing grades, crawling around curves at dizzy heights, and burying itself in the semi-darkness of well-nigh interminable snow-sheds. Now, as we were halting at Truckee, two and a quarter hours late, the passenger who had secured the upper berth in my section appeared, following the porter, staggering under more hand luggage than would have sufficed for an ordinary family of six. This was my first sight of Archie Greydene, who had been tarrying in Truckee since morning to transact a little business pertaining to some mines which he owned there.

We did not learn each other's names immediately, but we happened soon to discover that we were both going across direct to New York, and we made it a duty (which also was a pleasure), to get acquainted without needless delay. We outsat every one else in the smoking-room that evening, and before we left it I had grown to think him one of the pleasantest travelling companions I had ever met, and likewise I had contrived to imperil seriously his good opinion of me by offering the casual remark that I supposed he was an Englishman.

I was startled by the effect of my innocent speech. He sprang to his feet, and for the first moment looked to be on the point of flying into a passion; then, as if he intended to get out of my company without ceremony; and, finally, as if he had concluded to make a superhuman effort and recover his self-control.

"Did you ever hear of the town of Jacobs, in Dundy county, Nebraska?" he queried, abruptly.

"Never before," I replied.

"If you were to take a map of the United States and draw across it two straight lines, one from the northeast corner of Maine to the southwest corner of California, and the other from the nortwest corner of Washington to the southeast tip of Florida peninsula, they would intersect not very far from Jacobs. I was born in a camp near that town. I own a place in Newton Upper Corners, Massachusetts. If being born in the geographical centre of the United States, and voting every year in Newton make a man an Englishman, I suppose I'm one; otherwise not. Good-night."

His singular behavior made me rather uneasy, and I felt a little awkward next morning, hardly knowing what countenance to put on with him. But, to my relief, he seemed to have forgotten the incident, and when the train stopped at Carlin we went out together to look for something to eat in the friendliest manner possible.

He must have been prepossessed in my favor from the first, for when, before the day had passed, I blundered again upon forbidden ground, he once more forgave the trespass. We had been skirting the Great Salt Lake for some time that afternoon when a slight accident to the locomotive necessitated a halt in one of the dreariest parts of the Utah desert. As a matter of course many of the passengers got out to investigate matters or to stretch their legs, and Greydene and I were among the number. While we were strolling slowly along beside the track, after having taken a look at the engine, he suddenly exclaimed;

"What a humbug geographies are—the school text-books, I mean! When I was a boy we were taught to believe that a desert was a vast level waste of sand, where no rain ever fell, and nothing green could grow. It reminds one of the famous definition of a crab as a red fish that walks backwards. Look at this, will you!" He moved his hand in a semi-circular sweep of the horizon. "This is a desert if ever there was one, and what do we see? Rocks, ridges, hills, mountains and vegetation; not exactly in plenty, the vegetation, but still there. And as for the vast plain, why, we have been zigzagging about to avoid grades for hours now."

"I should like to take my deserts straight," he presently continued, whimsically, "not mixed and diluted as this is."

A few seconds later the bell rang warningly, and we made haste to get aboard the train. After we had taken our seats the conversation was not resumed at once. Greydene had turned silent, although I felt pretty well satisfied that he was not sulking toward me. From that time, however, for some days, at least, I was a little careful about asking him personal questions. He was a queer fellow, and I didn't know what to make of him. Until I should know him better I realized that it behooved me to be cautious as to the direction of my advances. We had left Chicago for New York before I unwittingly bungled a third time.

He learned from me early in the course of our acquaintance that I contemplated crossing the Atlantic as soon as possible after my arrival in New York. During our last afternoon together he asked me, with his characteristic abruptness, if I had secured my passage to Europe. I told him I had not, and volunteered the information that I should probably go by Liverpool, and cross from London to Paris.

"Don't do that," said he; "if you are going to the Continent come with me direct to Havre and thence to Paris. You will find the accommodations comfortable, and the speed not very much behind your Cunarder."

"Very well," assented I, not unwilling to continue my journey with one whom I had found, despite his oddities, a pleasant travelling companion. "You have crossed a good many times?"

"No fewer than fifty, I think," he replied, carelessly. "I used to keep a reckoning, but I lost count some years ago.

"How about the Glasgow and Southampton steamers?"

"I never have set foot on one of them," he answered, stiffly. "Haven't I told you?—if I haven't I'll do so now, for once and all. I never have been in Great Britain."

His tone was such that I could not misunderstand him. The English and all their possessions were taboo with him. The red spots on the map of the world, as prepared for John Bull's subjects, were danger signals, and henceforth I must be careful not to flaunt them in the face of this incomprehensible young man. What, in the name

of wonder, ailed him? Was he a rabid Anglophobist, or had he committed some extraditable offence for which he was wanted by the police in England?

Since he had assured me he never had set foot on English soil there was no cause for the latter supposition; moreover, I was sure he was a thoroughly upright and honorable man, against whom nothing of that sort could be charged by any possibility. The more I meditated upon his case the more I was bewildered, until finally it was borne in upon me by degrees that he was not entirely happy, and that there was a woman at the bottom of his trouble.

Why I should have come to hit upon this hypothesis I hardly know, unless it was a direct inspiration. He never hinted even remotely at anything of the sort, and certainly he was as far removed from the typical sighing lover as man well could be. Nevertheless, after I had made up my mind as to the correct diagnosis of his disorder it remained fixed with a fixity that nothing was able to shake.

The month of October was now nearly past, and travel having set strongly the other way some weeks earlier, we found more than a plenty of room on our steamer.

I should have been glad to ask Greydene a long series of questions, but I manfully suppressed my natural curiosity and forbore. I was quite ready, too, to tell him all about myself, and my own rather prosaic concerns, but, although I had taken pains to show my tendency to communicativeness, he never encouraged its development. When he made any inquiries regarding my plans, he always did so with a definite purpose; as when, near the end of our trip, he asked me where I intended going from Paris. I replied that I had thought of visiting the Riviera, and I emphasized the fact that I wished to spend the winter in a mild climate, as cold winds, snow, and the rigors of the north were my abhorrence.

"If you enjoy warm weather why not come with me?" he proposed. "I have, lying at Bordeaux, a little craft in which I sometimes go a pleasuring. If you will be my guest for a few months I will take you where, I'll venture to assert, you have not yet been in all your extensive travels."

"Where is that?" I inquired, my curiosity a good deal stirred by his words and manner.

He hesitated a few seconds, then answered, with a laugh:—

"Now suppose I don't tell you where. Join me and ask no questions. Put yourself in my charge for a personally-conducted tour, and I will guarantee you a brand-new experience. I may as well inform you that it will be new to me also, so we can enjoy it together. We will name ourselves the Unknown Exploring Company, Strictly Limited, and you see sights that no man ever saw before. Come, do you consent?"

"Ye-es," I answered, after a short inward debate; "yes, your offer is mysteriously attractive, and if you'll promise to keep me warm I'll go with you."

"Oh, I will keep you warm enough, if that's all," he assured me, with a significant laugh; and so the matter was settled.

A week later we were in Bordeaux. Greydene's "little craft" was the "Powhatan," a 1500-ton yacht, superbly appointed, taut and trim as a man-of-war, and comfortable enough for an emperor's own private use. She was nearly ready for sea, and after certain odd-looking crates, boxes and packages had been put aboard and lowered carefully into the hold, under Greydene's personal supervision, we steamed down the Garonne and out into the Atlantic."

After crossing the Bay of Biscay

and rounding Cape Finisterre, we headed in a direction some points west of south. I speculated in my own mind as to our ultimate destination, but I respected my friend's wishes and took care to ask no questions. I should not have been unwilling to overhear some member of the crew giving a shipmate his opinion upon whether the "Powhatan" was bound, though I doubted if any of them knew, and, indeed, I was sure the captain himself came to Greydene every morning to get sailing directions for the day.

Wherever we were going there seemed to be no hurry about our movements. Under easy steam we dropped leisurely down toward the Tropic of Cancer, the weather growing warmer almost hourly, so that soon we were obliged to don the lightest of summer attire during at least a part of the day. One morning Greydene sprung upon me another of his characteristic surprises. We were on deck at the time. In some way he had injured his hand so as to start the blood to flowing. I heard him exclaim, and, glancing at him, perceived that he was regarding the hurt with an expression quite different from that which the occasion would have seemed to call for. Ere I could speak he asked, with a laugh:

"Have you ever heard what young William of Germany once said when he cut his finger?"

"I think not," I answered; "or if I have I do not recall it now."

"He is reputed to have gazed at the flowing blood a moment, and then to have exclaimed, in a bitterly scornful tone: 'Das verdammte englishe Blut!' "

"Indeed!" commented I, hardly knowing what to say or how to take him in his present mood.

"Well, I think I now feel a good deal as he did on that occasion."

"But you have no reason to anathematize your blood as being English," I suggested, in surprise.

"It is more English than his," was the moody retort. "My father and mother were both born in England, and so were their ancestors for centuries back."

I hoped he was going to tell me more, but he did not. I suppose he didn't realize how sorely he tried me sometimes. He was like a serial story in a popular magazine: he always stopped at an interesting point. Only with him you had the disadvantage of not knowing just when he was to be continued, or whether the finis ever would be reached at all. However, I rather thought my chances of getting eventually all his story, in which I was becoming deeply interested, were fairly good.

We had been passing within sight of the Madeira Islands, although not within very easy reach, when, late one evening, Greydene and I sat together in the main cabin. We had been playing chess, or playing at it. I had won three successive games, not from any especial proficiency on my part, but because, plainly enough, his mind had not been concentrated on his play. As I called "checkmate"! for the third time he pushed the board aside, and, leaning his chin upon his clasped hands, eyed me thoughtfully for several moments. Finally he spoke, with his usual disregard for sequence.

"From our bearings taken this noon I estimate we must be coming abreast of Cape Bojador soon. To-morrow I shall begin to bear in toward shore, and by the day after I hope to make a landing. As the time is so near I may as well tell you definitely where we are going."

"I shall be glad to learn any particulars you may care to impart," I responded, immediately on the alert.

"Very well. It is my intention to

begin an exploration of the Great Desert. Sahara has been traversed in a northerly and southerly direction times without number; but, so far as I know, nobody ever has crossed it as near its central portion as I shall go, on a parallel of latitude. Such is the feat I purpose attempting."

This cool declaration did more than astonish me, it dumbfounded me, staggered me, filled me with consternation. Of all the perilous, mad schemes I ever had heard or dreamed of, this seemed the very wildest and most impracticable.

"Heaven preserve us!" I ejaculated, as soon as I could get speech, "are you crazy? I don't want to risk my life—"

"You are at liberty to withdraw from the expedition, and I will see that you are returned safe to civilization," he interposed, quietly; "but perhaps you will wait until I have given you fuller particulars before questioning my sanity."

"Oh, explain, by all means," I begged, somewhat abashed. "I have no doubt you know what you are about. In what manner do you intend crossing the Desert, on foot, on camel-back, or in a litter, or how?"

"Men have thought it practicable to reach so inaccessible a spot as the North Pole, for instance, by balloon."

"Balloons are uncertain and treacherous modes of conveyance," I put in, discouragingly.

"That is a conclusion at which I have already arrived, therefore I shall not use a balloon; although it was a balloon, or, rather, an air-ship, that first gave me my idea. I intend to cross Sahara in a jumping-machine."

"Eh! what in the name of wonder may a jumping-machine be?" I queried, in astonishment.

"A jumping-machine," he replied, seriously, "bears somewhat the same relation to a flying-machine that a grasshopper does to a butterfly, or a hen to a swallow. A jumping-machine is capable of rising in the air and shooting forward through it for a considerable distance, but it is unable to keep up a sustained flight, and must descend to earth at frequent intervals in order to get a fresh start."

"Can you give me some idea of the construction of your jumping-machine?" I asked, half inclined to think the contrivance he mentioned existed only in his imagination.

"Certainly," he assented; "and in a few days you shall see the thing itself. I have its parts packed away in the hold all ready to be set up as soon as we make a landing. The motive power I use will be electricity, derived directly from heat, and where we are going there will be no lack of that, if report says truth.

After the machine has received its first powerful impetus and sprung into the air, it is partly sustained by the aid of adjustable aeroplanes. The forward motion is kept up by a number of powerful propellers which beat the air just as a steamship's screws act to push her onward through the water. When the original and added momentum begins to fail, the aeroplanes are slanted automatically in another direction, and the machine descends as gradually as may be desired to the ground. It is my expectation and hope that each jump will cover a distance of not less than a mile, and that the machine will reach an average speed of at least thirty miles per hour.

I have been a long time at work upon the thing, and I have had the assistance of the best experts to be found. I think I have forseen everything in the way of danger and difficulty, and have provided against famine, thirst, heat, cold and other unpleasantnesses that usually accompany such an exploration as I propose making. Still, I may

be met with insurmountable obstacles, and in case I do I shall not be ashamed to turn back and acknowledge myself beaten, for the time at least. I certainly shall take the best care not to make one step forward which I can't easily retrace should a retreat become necessary.

If you understand the principle of my machine you will see readily that it would be practicable to cross the entire desert with it, if deserts were the flat seas of sand which those delusive geography books taught us they were. But for rocky ground and mountain climbing my jumping machine is not pre-eminently adapted. Consequently, unless I can avoid all such typographical irregularities I may be forced to give up my trip for the present."

He talked well enough, and I was willing, even eager to listen, always with the unspoken resolve not to allow myself to be persuaded against my better judgement into joining in his rash undertaking. I asked a great many questions, and raised whatever objections occurred to me, but he had ready answers to them all.

It was evident, as he said, that he had thought out his scheme thoroughly beforehand and practically had provided for everything. In theory, at least, his plans were perfect, from the heat-diverting awnings above his craft to the heat-converting electrical apparatus beneath; from the concentrated canned nutriment that was to keep the traveller alive to the efficient miniature armament which was to defend him from possible attack of hostile man or hungry beast; all that could be imagined as necessary, and much that few persons would have thought of had been supplied. Yet, although the success of the expedition appeared so well assured, it was to be considered that the various parts of the machine had been made, some in France, some in Germany, some in Belgium, and although they were now assembled together, after a sort, beneath the decks of the "Powhatan," they never had been set up and there was no practical assurance that they would work together properly. However, Greydene informed me that he intended to make a trial trip alone, and another in my company if I wished, before setting forth on his grand enterprise. Whatever chances I took I was to take with open eyes and without further urging on his part.

The next morning we had gained enough "easting" to see the coast, and were sailing nearly parallel to it. A range of mountains looming up at some distance inland made it necessary for us to continue our southerly course until we could strike a more favorable spot, from which to start under the best conditions for jumping machine. Consequently our landing would be delayed longer than Greydon had reckoned upon. This disappointment he bore philosophically enough, however, appearing as little hurried as he had done in the earlier days of the voyage. In spite of himself, he was a true Englishman, with all the reputed national phlegm; or if ever he felt eager about anything he knew well how to conceal his eagerness under an impassive exterior. That afternoon, as we were sitting in the cabin to avoid the heat of the deck, he took me once more into his confidence so far as to relate some important items of his family history.

"If you should decide not to accompany me on my desert exploration," he said, "and if I should not reappear here, or penetrate to the eastern boundary, within a reasonable time, I should want you to inform my grandfather of my probable death. His name is Archibald Graydene Chillingly. I was

called after him, but I have dropped the Chillingly for the present. My grandfather is my only living near kinsman, and I stand in a similar relation to him. He would naturally be interested to hear of it if I were dead, since I am heir to his estates and title."

"His title!" I repeated.

"Yes; he is the Marquis of Hurlingforde, and I have promised to become Marquis of Hurlingforde if I outlive him."

"You speak as if a marquisate were an evil greatly to be dreaded," I said, noting his despondent tone.

"So it is for me," he returned, gloomily.

"This thing has been hanging over me for years now. Even before my father's death, I expected it would come. There has been a sort of fatality about it. My father was the youngest of seven sons, and his eldest brother the heir, had two boys. When my father left England to seek the fortune he found in America, there were eight sound, healthy lives between him and the title, and now I,—an American heart and soul, am condemned, seemingly to end my existence in the English peerage."

"Your uncles and cousins all are dead then," I said, scarcely able to believe that he should take so melencholy a view of what most young men would regard as a highly fortunate situation.

"All gone, every one of them," he answered, with a deep sigh, "and all by what might be called unnatural deaths.

"My Uncle Archie, with his wife and two boys, were drowned while crossing the Irish channel in a yacht. My Uncle Rupert, a soldier, was shot in battle. Uncle Algernon, of the Royal Navy, was killed by the bursting of a gun at its trial. Uncle Percy was thrown from his horse while hunting, and died of the injury. Uncle Reginald was killed in a railway collision; and Uncle Max, who had a violent quarrel with his father, and went off to Australia, was cut to pieces in the bush by blackboys. My father died of an injury received while inspecting one of the mines he owned, and I—" he uttered a short, ironical laugh—"I am being preserved for the ultimate purpose of ornamenting the House of Lords. My grandfather is an old man now, and though he is still hale and inherits longevity, his death must occur within a few years at the outside."

"If you were inclined to be superstitious you would be careful about engaging in the desert exploring scheme, unless you court one of those unnatural deaths to which so many of your family have been fated." I added the last half of my speech in a jesting tone, yet the idea came into my mind that possibly in some of his moods he might consider life so little worth living as to be not unwilling to throw it away in the wild adventure he was on the point of undertaking. Perhaps, I did him an injustice there.

He was about to reply to me when we were interrupted by the sudden and uncermonious entrance of the captain, evidently under some unusual excitement.

"Mr. Greydene," he began, without waiting permission to speak, "we've just sighted something that makes me think some one is signalling us from the shore,—a castaway perhaps. Shall I heave to and send a boat, sir?"

"By all means," Greydene responded, rising immediately; and in a few seconds later, with me at his elbow, he reached the deck.

The signal, which we examined closely through a glass. seemed to be a white flag, or a white rag, hoisted on the end of a short pole, probably a spar or oar; and as our steamer drew a little nearer we were sure we could discern

a man energetically and persistently waving to us. When the "Powhatan" had gone as close to the shore as was deemed prudent, a boat was lowered, and, in charge of one of our sub-officers, was rowed landward. On account of the heavy surf there seemed to be some difficulty in getting near the beach, so that finally the man who had signalled us plunged into the water and made his way, by wading and swimming, out to a place where he was finally pulled aboard. The boat was then backed and turned around, after which it made the best of its way to the steamer. From the vigorous action on the part of the stranger it seemed evident that he was not the typical castaway of of nautical romance, half dead from hunger, thirst and exposure; consequently we were in a measure prepared to receive on board, about twenty minutes later, instead of an emaciated tatterdemalion, a good-looking, athletic young man, dressed in attire, which, but for its recent wetting was in a very fair state of preservation. The story he narrated to us was briefly as follows:

He had left Cape Town as a passen. ger, the only one, on the English brig "Falcon," bound for the port of London. A contagious fever had broken out among the crew, and about half of them, including the captain and both mates, had succumbed. The remainder of the men, left their own masters, behaved very badly indeed and did little else but carouse and sleep. One night, during one of their orgies, they had contrived to set the ship on fire. The passenger had been asleep, and they escaped panic-striken from the doomed brig, leaving him to shift for himself as best he might. Luckily he had wakened in time to take some care of himself, and by dint of great effort, had succeeded in lowering a small boat with a hastily collected supply of water and provisions. He had seen no more of the drunken crew, but a few days later had sighted land, and reached the desolate shore upon which the "Powhatan" had found him. He had been there only a week, and had not yet undergone any actual suffering, although naturally his anxiety about the future had worn upon him somewhat.

After he had finished his narrative Graydene requested to be informed who it was that his opportune arrival in those waters had been the means of rescuing. The answer given by the cast-a-way surprised me not a little, but its effect upon the owner of the "Powhatan" was scarcely short of magical.

"My name," said the young man, "is Arcbhibald Graydene Chillingly."

Greydene stared at him for some seconds, quite speechless, apparently undecided whether or not to credit the evidence of his ears.

"Archibald Graydene Chillingly," he repeated at length, "where did you get that name?"

"It came to me in much the usual way," replied the young man, surprised in his turn at the sensation he had unwittingly produced. "I was named for my grandfather in England."

"But—but it can't be," stammered Graydene,—"it can't be possible that you are the grandson of of the Marquis of Hurlingforde!"

"It may seem strange, but I am indeed," was the answer. "Although I never have seen him, and perhaps never shall see him, my grandfather is certainly the Marquis of Hurlingforde, if I am to believe what father tells me.

"And your father—his name?" demanded Greydene breathlessly.

"Maxwelton Graydene Chillingly."

"Eh! but Max was killed by the bushmen in Australia, and I never heard that he had married previous to that time—"

"I have heard my father say that he

was seriously wounded and afterward carried off into captivity by the natives of Australia, but he escaped eventually and is alive and well at the present moment, or was when I left home," said the young man, who evidently did not understand why his chance rescurer should show so much interest in his family history, or be so extensively informed concerning it. Whatever Graydene may have been thinking, there was no doubt in my mind but that the late castaway was what he represented himself to be. The family resemblance between his and Graydene was fairly startling; the two cousins might well have passed for brothers.

"You say your father is living," Graydene exclaimed; "is he still in Australia?"

"Oh, no; he left Australia years ago, and after marrying the daughter of an English missionary, finally settled in Tahiti."

"Are there other children beside you?"

"I have three brothers older, and three younger than myself. We are seven, you see."

"It is wonderful! It is providential!" Gaydene exclaimed, more than half to himself; then halting suddenly before the ex-castaway, he demanded:

"Why does your father remain in that out of the way place? Doesn't he know that he is direct heir to the Marquisate of Hurlingforde?"

At this question the young man opened his eyes very wide indeed. "Why, no, he has no idea of such a thing," he replied. "He quarreled with my grandfather before coming out from home, and has had no word of communication with him since then; but I have heard him say that when he left he had six brothers living, five of whom were older, and one younger than himself. They can't all be dead."

"They are, though," Greydene assured him; and then revealing his own identity to his bewildered cousin, he entered into a full explanation of the state of affairs and the false position in which he himself had been placed through ignorance that his Uncle Max was still alive.

The discovery that he was no longer in danger of becoming Marquis of Hurlingforde had produced an astonishing effect upon my usually phlegmatic friend. It had lifted a crushing weight from his spirits, had made him over into another man; had rendered him almost unrecognizable. His face was radiant with relief and satisfaction.

The trip into the Great Desert was given up instantly, was hardly thought of again, the Unknown Exploring Company was informally dissolved, and the skipper of the "Powhatan" nor ordered to put on full head of steam that he might get around the Cape and onward to Tahiti with all possible dispatch.

That evening, after his namesake cousin had turned in to get his first civilized sleep for some weeks, Graydene gave me a solution of the mystery touching his unwillingness to be a marquis, and his dislike for England and everything English.

He prefaced his confession by taking carefully, almost reverently from his pocket, a thin flat packet, which, on being divested of several folds of fine tissue paper, proved to contain a photograph.

"What do you think of it?" he ashed, handing it to me with the air of one who displays a priceless treasure.

I took it from him with much curiosity. It was of cabinet size, and represented a young woman, and certainly was well worth looking at. The face was strikingly beautiful, high-bred, a trifle inclined to be haughty in expression perhaps, yet, withal exquisitely sweet and attractive. I had no words

with which to express my admiration, but Graydene read it in my eyes, and was satisfied without any verbal tribute.

"Have you ever chanced to hear of Miss Dorothy Standish of Boston?" he asked.

"Ye-es," I replied, after an effort of memory; "and what is it I have heard about her? Oh! wasn't she the rich, beautiful and high-born American girl who refused to be presented at Court when she visited England years ago?"

"The very same," he answered proudly. "I believe she is the most exaltedly patriotic American living," he continued, extravagantly. "She wanted to visit England because there are many things there worth seeing, but, although she might have had entrance to any ducal castle in the country, she wouldn't go near one of them, because she doesn't believe in hereditary nobility or the divine right of kings, or any of that stuff, whatever."

He paused a moment, his eyes glistening, and then resumed more quietly, though still with much earnestness: "I met Miss Standish several years ago at St. Augustine, Florida. I had the happiness of rendering her a service. She was very gracious to me during our stay in the city, and when we met again at Tampa, I am sure she was more than merely glad to see me. Our acquaintande had progressed toward intimacy, and I was beginning to cherish certain audacious hopes,—not without reason, I think,— when a jealous rival interferred,"

"Do you mean that he won her away from you?" I queried, when he paused momentarily.

"No; he had no chance, but he didn't want me to have any either. He revealed to her a fact concerning me that changed her attitude toward me."

"He told her I was direct heir to an English peerage. She had not suspected before that I was not as much of an American by descent as she herself, and when she learned that I must one day become Marquis of Hurlingforde, she solomenly yet firmly refused my offer of marriage. It was in vain that I begged, argued, pleaded,—she was as immovable as a rock. She declared that she never could so far forget her principles as to follow the despicable example of the common herd of American heiresses who run breathlessly after a title, and consider themselves in the seventh heaven of bliss if they succeed in catching it.

"It never should be said that Dorothy Standish, direct descendant of one of the oldest Puritan families of New England, had become Marchioness of Hurlingforde, in the country where her forefathers were treated so shabbily. And—now," he concluded, with a face beaming from excess of happiness, "eight lives stand between me and that title. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility that I ever shall have to give up my American citizenship."

Six months later Maxwelton Graydene Chillingly, with his wife and seven stalwart sons was safe in England. About four months after that I had the pleasure of being best man at the wedding of Mr. Archibald Graydene Chillingly and Miss Dorothy Standish, which took place under circumstances of great brilliancy at Trinity church in Boston. My friend did not enter into further confidences with me, but I feel bound to believe, from what I saw of the newlv wedded couple, after their return from the bridal tour, that the beautiful Puritan maiden could not have found it easy in former days to sacrifice her heart for the sake of her principles.

Up to the present date the jumping machine has not been put together; whether it ever will go upon a trial trip seems to me extremely doubtful.

Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XVI INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon. He fears that Mildred will not forgive the past, but tells her all and finds her equal to the trial. Mrs. Marshall finds a ring DeLoste had given to her daughter, and with it confronts his wife. Several years pass, and Judge Terrill's son is about to graduate from college.

Chapter XVII

THORNTON TERRILL'S college days were over. His parents had been generous with him, and he had striven honorably. He possessed an inherent taste for the law, and his father had gladly given him a chance that in his own youth he had been obliged to make partially for himself.

Thornton was not oblivious to his advantages, and his pride urged him to work fairly well. He sighed with relief when it became an assured fact that he had won the second highest place in the class.

As he waited for evening, when he would take the train for the west, he felt his first tinge of homesickness, as perhaps every man feels when he severs his college ties, and realizes that particular portion of his life is gone forever.

Judge and Mrs. Terrill, who, with Mildred, had spent commencement week in Cambridge, had returned home. They had yielded to their son's urgent appeal that he might accompany a friend to the Rocky Mountains for a summer of rest and recreation before beginning the practice of law with his father. Thus it happened that Thornton Terrill and Kenneth Phillips boarded the west-bound train full of bright anticipations for the summer.

It was the intention of Thornton and Kenneth to visit in Detroit a fortnight before continuing their western journey. Detroit was the latter's home.

He and Thornton had been almost inseparable friends for the past two years, and he had looked eagerly forward to introducing him to his friends. When a telegram was handed him upon the train announcing the serious illness of his mother, his consternation was great.

There was as much contrast in the disposition of these two friends as in their outward appearance. Perhaps that was the secret of their warm attachment. Although not noticeably short in stature, Kenneth was a little under size. His fair skin, rosy cheeks,

mirthful blue eyes, rather small hands and feet, had inspired in some fertile brain at college the nickname, "The Lady."

He was so impressionable, so quick to lose his temper and, one might add, to find it; warm hearted, always ready to shoulder a friend's burden, excelling in athletic sports, generous to a fault, it was small wonder that "the lady" was the idol of his associates.

Always genuinely sorry over his many failures in class and ready and anxious to bear his full share of blame for every escapade in which he took part, he was a favorite with the faculty even while they shook their heads gravely over his many faults. There had been very few who could resist the genial nature. Although apparently friendly with everyone, it was Thornton whom Kenneth cared for more than all.

He had planned to crowd so much into the visit that the turn of affairs disappointed him greatly.

Mrs. Phillips, lying in a darkened chamber, sighed regretfully as she thought of Kenneth. She, too, had planned much for the visit. She had not seen her son for six months. The only child, he was the idol of his parents. It had hurt her greatly to have been obliged to send the telegram. But the physician's mandate had been that the house must be kept absolutely quiet until the attack had passed.

After leaving Thornton at an hotel, Kenneth went directly home. He tiptoed softly into his mother's room. Her face lighted with joy and she feebly held out her arms. Those who admired Kenneth would have honored him could they have seen his blue eyes soften and fill with the tears of which he was not ashamed. He knelt by the sufferer's side.

"Here I am, mother, and now you must get well."

"Kenneth! Kenneth! dear boy!" was all she could murmur.

"Is the pain very bad, dear?" he whispered as he laid his cheek softly against the one furrowed with pain.

"Better now," she murmured.

"Don't worry about anything, mother. Terrill is the best fellow in the world. We will stay at the hotel until you are better."

He knew by the wistful look in her tired eyes that it hurt her not to have them at home.

"You see, mother, we want to run around a lot for the next few days. And by the time that you are well, I will be ready to devote myself to you, and Thornton can devote himself to some of the people to whom I shall introduce him."

She patted his head gently as he rose to leave the room at a warning look from the nurse. He stooped to kiss her and murmured in her ear, "As you lie here, just remember all the time that I love you; well, just love you to death."

A beautiful mother smile lighted her face as she watched him leave the room.

Kenneth had managed to complete his college course in spite of his singular faculty for getting into scrapes.

Mrs. Phillips was so quiet that the nurse thought she slept, but she simply lay dreaming.

That evening when Kenneth and Thornton were directed to their seats in the hotel dining-room, a woman was seated at the same table. She was very large and florid, suggesting that at some future day she might be subject to apoplexy. She had wonderful eyes, but the scowl between them absolutely spoiled their expression. As she ate her mouth opened and shut somewhat like a clasp.

The companions were interested in their conversation and they scarcely

noticed her. At first she was intent upon her supper. Finally her ear was caught by Kenneth's words: "Terrill, do you feel too tired to go and call on my cousin, Miss Howard, to-night?"

"After having heard her praises sung by you steadily for two years, Phillips, I am anxious to meet her."

"You will not be disappointed, I am sure," replied Kenneth warmly.

As soon as the woman caught the name "Terrill" she looked earnestly at Thornton. She watched him furtively all through the meal, in fact she prolonged her supper to study him. She listened to his voice. She looked hard at his nose. Friends had always claimed that from Thornton's nose it was easy to tell who his father was, although there was nothing else striking in similarity of feature. These same friends had always asserted that if the nose was not sufficient proof, then it was only necessary to listen to the voice.

But the uncanny-eyed woman apparently did not seem sure of her point until Thornton and Kenneth rose from their seats to leave the room.

"No other man in the world ever held his head just like that when he walked," she muttered.

She had listened carefully to their conversation and had gleaned considerable about their summer plans. She immediately changed her plans and decided to remain in Detroit for the present. She would shadow Thornton Terrill, was her decision.

"It is a long lane that has no turning," she thought, and many schemes flashed through Mrs. Marshall's mind as she left the dining-room.

Chapter XVIII

That evening when Thornton Terrill followed his friend into the parlor of the magnificent Howard home, his artistic sense was thoroughly pleased by the wondrous harmony of the rich furnishings and the subtle refinement exhibited in the tinting even of the hangings of the room.

While waiting for Kenneth's cousin to make her appearance he glanced around with silent admiration. He thought that if only Miss Howard was in keeping with her evident surroundings he could assuredly account for the pronounced admiration for her that his classmate had always evinced.

Suddenly there was discernible the soft rustling of skirts in the hall. Kenneth rose and started impulsively toward the door, his face full of eagerness. A moment later she entered, "Kenneth!" "Margaret!" and the cousins warmly shook hands.

As Thornton stood waiting to be presented he glanced at her curiously, critically. He instantly decided, and ever afterward held to his decision, that she was the most beautiful, the most singularly beautiful girl he had ever seen.

She was very small, but perfectly formed, of a rich dark type of beauty, with black eyes full of an enigmatical fire. Thornton later found that these same brilliant eyes could be capable of surprising tenderness, and also that their depths could be full of tantalizing mockery.

The duskiness of her hair blended with her eyes. The bright carmine in her cheeks relieved the olive tint. As she greeted Thornton the brilliant lips parted in a smile and disclosed even, white teeth. When she conversed she did not speak rapidly, as Thornton half fancied she would. Instead there was a certain slow and musical sweetness in her voice that seemed that of another race.

As Kenneth and his cousin talked, Thornton listened more often than he joined in the conversation. He

laughed at her gay sallies and decided that the two were extremely good friends.

All during his intimacy with Kenneth he had heard much of Margaret, and he knew that they must have been famous cronies in their childhood. He felt that through his friend he really knew her well, and he had been most eager to meet her.

Kenneth had often told him of her wonderful gift for music, and before the evening was over he was given an opportunity to judge for himself. When Kenneth asked for music, Thornton fully expected to hear her make the customary and threadbare excuses, and he was prepared to do the ordinary urging before hearing her perform. To his surprise she rose instantly and went to the piano as readily and as graciously as one would go to meet an old friend.

"What do you want, Kenneth?" she asked, "something light or something classic?" and she looked inquiringly at them.

"Mix it all up, Margaret," he replied, and then calmly stretched himself upon the couch to enjoy the music to the fullest extent.

Margaret not only wished to demonstrate fully to the tall, broad-shouldered, and rather silent friend of Kenneth that she and the piano were the greatest friends, but she really felt in the mood to display her skill.

She ran her fingers softly over the keys in prelude. Thornton sat where he could watch her. The mobile face softened wonderfully as the dreamiest selections from Mozart, Chopin, Schubert and Schuman floated through the room.

Her power of expression was wonderful. He fancied that she could make the instrument sob or laugh at her own capricious will. She seemed almost unconscious of their presence.

Nearly an hour had passed when she paused suddenly and said: "I beg your pardon. I absolutely forgot that I was not alone. Perhaps you do not care for music as I do."

"I do not think I ever enjoyed myself more," said Thornton, cordially, as he thanked her and rose to take his departure with Kenneth.

The two friends walked silently back to the hotel. Both were busy with their own thoughts, and each would have been astounded could they have read the others. Not until they reached their own room did Kenneth speak of Margaret.

"Were you at all disappointed in her?" he asked.

"Not in the least. You are a lucky man to have such a cousin."

"I'm not so sure of that. But she is beautiful, isn't she?" There was a note in his voice which suggested that he would have resented contradiction.

"Very. To me the oddest beauty that I have ever seen. I do not know to what it can be compared."

"I, too, have always thought her face unlike any one else's."

"I should think it would a fascinating study. How wonderfully changeful it is. At times when you jested together it would glow and dimple as the face of a child. And you recall when you referred to something in the past that seemed to anger her."

"Yes, to my sorrow," was the reply.

"Well, in an instant her face grew passionate with anger, and I expected —I hardly know what. Then when she was playing I set where I could watch her face. At times I thought it was the very sweetest I have ever seen. And again the saddest. When she gave that last pathetic selection, Kenneth, I could swear that her eyes were full of tears "

Kenneth moved uneasily at these words.

"I would not say a word for the world to any one but you, Thornton, but do you know, I cannot understand Margaret. Why shouldn't she be happy?"

"It certainly seems that she is surrounded by everything generally supposed to contribute to a girl's happiness."

"Yes—she is. You probably surmised that my uncle is wealthy. He is a very rich man. He and Aunt Katherine adore Margaret, and they have done everything in their power to make her happy. That girl has not a care. She has never been to college because they do not believe in college life for girls. But she has traveled all over the world. She has had the very best masters that money could procure ever since she was a little bit of a thing. You know she is the only child they have, and consequently has had an easy time, just as I have had. But the great difference between Margaret and me is, that I am happy, and I feel, rather than know that she is not."

"Perhaps you only fancy these things, Phillips. It may also have been simply the effect of the music that made her face appear as it did to me to-night."

"No, I have noticed it a thousand times. And her eyes are so black that when she has certain moody spells they grow tragic and fairly haunt me." Kenneth's own blue eyes looked troubled.

"I have always noticed," said Thornton, "that certain temperaments cannot be happy even under circumstances that to another would be an earthly paradise. It is a great pity. Perhaps Miss Howard is really not unhappy, only moody."

Although the thoughts of each were centered upon Margaret the conversation drifted to other things.

Could they have seen Margaret Howard one hour after they had left her they would have been more interested in her than ever. She spent another hour at the piano. There was a passionate depth to her music to-night that startled her parents, who were reading in the library.

"The little girl surpasses herself to-night," said Mr. Howard as he listened. They had heard her perform brilliantly many times, for her gift really was a great one. But to-night there was a storminess followed by a plaintive tone that stirred their hearts.

When the music ceased with a discordant crash as though a cry of pain was wrung from a human heart, Mrs. Howard laid aside her book and a few moments later followed Margaret to her room. She had made no light in the room and had thrown herself across the foot of the bed.

Mrs. Howard's face grew troubled. "Would she never understand her daughter," she thought. She hesitated a moment upon the threshold of the room. Mother love triumphed. She could not bear to retire and leave Margaret alone.

"What is it, darling?" she asked gently.

"Only wondering—just wondering."

A look of pain crossed Mrs. Howard's face at these words. She knew all that they implied and it cut her to the heart. She loved the beautiful, perverse, moody girl with all her heart. She gloried in her beauty, her talents, but she never understood her.

The girl's nature was so complex and contradictory that it would have taken a wiser woman than Mrs. Howard to have understood it perfectly. She had done everything in her power for Margaret's comfort and happiness and yet deep in her heart lay the feeling that she had never wholly succeeded.

Years ago when Margaret was a very little girl she had come home from school one day with her cheeks blazing with excitement and her eyes burning with anger.

"Mamma, mamma," she cried and threw her arms around her mother. "You are my mamma, aren't you?"

"To be sure I am, dear. I would not be any other little girl's mamma for the world."

"Louise said you were not my mamma and I was so frightened," and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Howard drew the little quivering thing close to her heart and soothed her lovingly. It had always been her desire that Margaret should never know that she was an adopted child. Her relatives had respected her wish. She loved her as dearly as though she were her own and she never wanted her to know the difference. But sweet-faced, rosy cheeked children are cruel sometimes, and they wilfully open eyes that otherwise might have remained closed in blissful ignorance.

Once again when Margaret was thirteen an angry schoolmate said to her cruelly: "Well, I don't care! Perhaps my father is not so rich as yours, but I guess he is my own, and so is my mother and yours are not." Margaret recalled with a shudder similar words of her baby days. This time she did not cry. She walked into her mother's room with a look in her eyes that no one had ever seen before.

"Are you my mamma? Tell me the truth."

Mrs. Howard hesitated. She looked at her silently. The white, young face frightened her. "Why do you ask?"

In reply Margaret told her what had taken place, and she added: "I want to know the truth."

"You have been my own dear little girl ever since you were a tiny baby."

"But who is my mother?" persisted the girl.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Howard, quietly.

"Do—not—know?"

"No. I thought that we would never want to know, and I destroyed the papers of your birth when I took you into my heart and my home." With these words she left the room. It was months before Mrs. Howard could forget the unutterable reproach in Margaret's voice as she said: "Never want to know who my own mother is."

She never referred to it again. But there was a shadow that lurked in the great, dark eyes, and sometimes for days nothing could dispel it. The wistful look in the young face at times almost broke Mrs. Howard's heart, and it made Mr. Howard uneasy. But she never complained, for she was not insensible to their great love and their care for her all these years.

As she grew older there was a quality in her music that often wrung her hearers' hearts. When she touched the keys as she did to-night before she retired, her parents understood and knew that they were powerless to help her.

Mrs. Howard kissed her tenderly and left her alone.

Margaret Howard was as a restless, untamed bird in a beautiful cage. If the door were to be opened the bird would escape.

(To be continued.)

FAIRY GOLD

By Annie T. Colcock

"HOW far do the ancestral acres extend?" she asked, in half mocking tones, as he rested a moment on his oars and looked around.

The sky was blue, of that silvery tint that lifts the dome immeasurably high, and a soft haze floated over the glassy surface of the river. Along its further bank a waving, rustling fringe of tall reeds marked the boundary line between the hazy heavens and the shimmering water, and obscured from view the long stretches of low, flat rice-lands, skirted by distant, thread-like lines of forest on the far-away horizon. A warm steam rose from the fields, bathed in April sunshine, and the cool, dim shadow of some overhanging cypress trees was very grateful to the two occupants of the little boat that drifted idly along the hither bank of the river.

"Did you hear me?" repeated the clear, mocking voice.

"Further than your eye can reach in either direction along yonder shore," replied her companion, lifting his soft, wide-brimmed hat and running his fingers through the crisp waves of dark hair lying on the white forehead, that shone in such sharp contrast to the bronze of cheek and throat.

"What more can life hold for a man who has attained his ambition?" asked the girl, with a little curl of her soft lip, as she untwined a long spray of jessamine from an overhanging bough.

"Not quite attained," he corrected, "although this crop ought to make the last payment on the purchase, and leave a margin to run the plantation for the best part of another year."

"And you regard the unencumbered title to this family estate as the summum bonum of existence, don't you?" continued his tormentor, stripping off a handful of yellow bells and dropping them lightly on the glassy surface of the stream.

The young man dipped his oars softly, setting in motion a series of tiny wavelets that tossed the floating blossoms gaily on their course.

"Once this long cherished ambition is realized, you will sip the cup of contentment for the rest of your life?" she insisted.

"Why not?" he queried in his turn, a smile parting his lips and showing a gleam of white teeth. "The capacity for contentment is part of the inheritance of the Southern gentleman."

"Based on a complacent self-esteem, and nurtured by an overweening family pride," retorted the girl hotly. "He would rather rust out near the bones of his ancestors, than wear out in the contest with men of ambition and enterprise."

"In the perpetual scramble for the almighty dollar, you mean," he replied coolly. "No, the bump of acquisitiveness has always been lacking in our family."

She was silent, but there was a flash in the blue eyes and a pucker in the smooth, white forehead.

"But what can a little nomad like you know of a man's attachment to his native heath?" added the young fellow, lightly, with an evident desire to lull the threatened storm.

"If you only knew how it vexed me, Hugh, to come back and find you stagnating here, instead of taking your place in the world, where your talents could be seen and recognized!" exclaimed the girl impulsively.

"What else would you have me do, Beatrix?" he asked. "You know I've never had an inclination toward any of the learned professions——"

"There you go—it's too absurd! You

Southerners think a man must be either a lawyer, a doctor, a preacher or a planter. Nine-tenths of the population of this state are made up of briefless barristers, inexperienced doctors, prosy preachers——"

"And incompetent planters? Thank you! I daresay you are correct," Hugh Avenant broke in, as he sent the little boat flying, with long, sweeping oar-strokes.

Beatrix looked up and recognized the danger signal in the hazel eyes.

"If I had been a man," she began presently, changing her tactics and abandoning open warfare for feminine diplomacy, "if I had been a man, it would have been my ambition to become a great financier, to lay my finger on the pulse of the world's commerce and feel its throbbing——"

A hearty laugh interrupted her.

"What do you wish to speculate in, you mercenary fairy? Would you like to control a corner in sunbeams, or a monopoly of blue skies? Isn't your ladyship's purse long enough now for all your whims?" He drew in the oars across the boat, and resting one elbow upon them and his finely modeled chin in the palm of a strong, shapely, sunburnt hand, looked fixedly at her with a quizzical expression.

"Do you know you are not a particle changed in all these years? You are just the same impulsive, petulant, inquisitive, mischievous——" he paused, half smiling, and looking intently at her flushed face.

"Well, continue," she exclaimed. "Let us have the full inventory of my charms!"

"The same exasperating, bewitching sprite of a child you were when you left our home and went away North to school —how long ago? Surely it must have been yesterday! Even the yellow locks are the same. Yes, petite princesse, that tailor-made gown—which, by the way, is very becoming—is but a thin disguise, you haven't even added a cubit to your stature."

"I can't return the compliment; you have grown out of all recognition. Still I observe the same calm, self-confident air that formerly characterized you, and the same propensity for teasing."

"You don't recollect your father, Beatrix?"

"No, I've only a faint memory of a pale invalid who coughed perpetually, and was always too weary to play with me. The clearest of my early memory pictures are of the Doctor's brown eyes and curly beard, of the stories he used to tell me while sitting on his knee beside papa's sofa, and of the day when he said ma'mselle and I were to come and live with him in the big white house down the road."

"It was rather singular," commented Hugh, "that your father should have appointed him your guardian—a comparative stranger in a strange land. But what a difference it made in my childhood, having you——"

"To lord it over?"

"To second me in all nefarious undertakings and furnish the touch of romance in all our adventures."

Beatrix laughed, with a soft twinkle in her blue eyes.

"I can see a picture now—" she said, "in the dim pine wood behind the white house with green blinds. The path curves away like a white ribbon, flecked here and there with brown pine needles, and on either side there is a thick growth of young, green fern. Against the tall stem of a giant pine is erected a structure resembling an Indian wigwam——"

"Within the door of which," interrupted Hugh quickly, "sits a tiny maiden with an old blue dressing-gown draped in regal folds over her white pinafore, and a crown of fading wild flowers on the floating halo of her golden hair."

"Beside the door of this wigwam," continued Beatrix, ignoring the interruption, "stands a slim, dark-eyed boy with a streaming cock's feather in his cap, and his hand resting on the wooden sword hung by a crimson sash about his waist."

Beatrix leant over the side of the boat and trailed her pink finger-tips through the water.

"We didn't often quarrel, did we?" she said presently.

"Not often," replied Hugh, and then their eyes met, and the blue ones fell; for the same thought was in the mind of each.

In all their childish plays it was at her command and for her sweet sake that the little knight errant had been inspired to "deeds of derring do," and one day, with boyish self-confidence, he had made the boast that when he was a man he would "get rich and buy back grandfather's plantation that the Yankee's sold for taxes after the war. And then, Trixie, you shall marry me, and we will live at Broad Acres together." "I don't want to live on your old plantation," she had replied, loftily. "I'm going to live in New York, and I'll have a big brown stone house, and a carriage and horses, and I'll go to the opera every night. I'm ever so rich already, cause I heard ma'mselle say so—and the other day lame Bob said you ought to marry me and take my money to buy back your old plantation. But you shan't have it, so there!"

The boy's slim figure had drawn up to its full height, and the hazel eyes flashed as he said: "I'll never touch a dollar of your Yankee money as long as I live! And I won't marry you now, unless you ask me to!"

The quarrel had been made up before the sun went down, but the cause had rankled in the boy's soul for many a day. It had been the first rift in their childish romance, and in the years of her schoolgirl life they had drifted further and further apart. At Dr. Avenant's death, the guardianship had passed into the hands of her mother's brother, and the holidays had been spent in the North; her graduation at a fashionable school had been followed by a year or two of travel, and then by her debut in society, and this was the first visit to her adopted mother after several years of young ladyhood.

The boat had turned up a narrow creek, at the far end of which loomed a red-roofed threshing mill, beside which a tall brick chimney pointed skywards. A pine tree of huge girth stood sentinel on one bank, and just opposite, an old bent oak laved the tips of its gnarled branches in the clear tide.

The full notes of a sweet-toned bell rang out, sounding the noon hour to the plantation laborers.

Beatrix lifted her head, and found Hugh's eyes fixed upon her.

"Listen to me," he said, as the notes died away. "Suppose I tell you that this life suits me better than any other; that to breathe the pure atmosphere of the country, away from the fevered excitement of great cities, is more congenial to me; that standing aloof from the seething press and struggle I get a truer appreciation of the world's progress, and can study its great questions unbiased by motives of self-interest; that to me there is a dignity in this co-partnership with nature that I find in nothing else. Does it not occur to you that the world is more indebted to the producer, who gathers the fruits of bountiful Mother Earth, than to the man who buys and sells her produce, and enriches himself with the scratch of a pen? Can't you appreciate the peculiar charm of a life where one does not have to give value received for all the privileges one enjoys? To put the seed in the ground, and see it watered by a generous heaven and nourished by an ungrudging sun——"

"Except in years of drought and storm," commented Beatrix, cutting short his sentence.

"Well," he admitted, "every business is subject to losses, and I'd rather owe mine to the dispensation of Providence than the rascality of man."

The girl laughed. "Granting the charm," she persisted, "can you justify yourself in filling a niche in the world's economy that could be just as well occupied by any well-meaning, thick-headed rustic, a man of coarser mould?"

"That is where we differ," exclaimed Hugh. "The planter should be a man of judgment and intelligence; he should understand something of the principles of engineering. Then, too, as regards our

laboring population, where the negro is a useful, obedient tool under the control of a wise, judicious master, he is little better than a brute when driven by the common white man, who maintains his superiority by force, with a pistol in his hip pocket! The Southern gentleman and the negro are socially as far removed as the poles, and for that reason a kindly familiarity is possible between employer and employee that could not be if the former was lower in the social scale."

"Well, I presume it is to that theory you owe the air of 'grand seigneur' which is so becoming," remarked Beatrix, critically regarding the proud poise of the dark head. "Do you know you have grown up to be a very distinguished looking man?"

The young fellow flushed crimson under his sunburn. He deftly guided the little boat beneath the drooping oak, and springing out, passed the painter through a heavy iron ring in the trunk of the tree. Then, as he gave his hand to Beatrix, and guided her little feet up the slippery, moss-grown bank with all the deference due to the princess of a royal line, he said, gravely:

"In whatever respect I have found favor in your eyes, mademoiselle, I owe it in part to the good blood of my father and mother, but chiefly to the influence of this primitive existence which you have been pleased to condemn. In this sweet solitude," he added, lifting his hat and glancing round at skies and trees and placid water, "one has a chance to forget how far man has outgrown the image of his Maker—and one is not ashamed of his high parentage."

* * * * *

The dusk of a September evening was deepening into a silvery night, lit by a nearly full-orbed moon. The bright rays of a large kerosene lamp streamed through the window of the little way-station, across the narrow platform, and threw a red reflection on the polished rails of the track that cleft its way through the dark pine forest, gleaming in the moonlight like fine-spun threads of cobweb attached to the far horizon. A puff of faint white smoke rose at the end of the long perspective like a plume in the helmet of a red-eyed cyclops. On came the gleaming headlight, and the noisy train rushed in, paused a moment with panting, impatient breath, and then sped away with a gusty roar.

Hugh Avenant hurried forward to greet the two passengers who alighted,—one, a gentle, dark-eyed woman, whose brown hair was smoothly parted under her close-fitting widow's bonnet,—the other, a little fairy-like figure in a dainty traveling costume.

"Confess you didn't expect to see me!" exclaimed Beatrix gayly. "But the dear mother couldn't be persuaded to spend another night away from her boy—in spite of all the inducements I had to offer—because, forsooth, the anxieties of the harvest season would be too much for him without a parent's sustaining sympathy! And I could not make up my mind to let her travel alone; so, you see, this crop of your is a fetish to which we all bow down. —No, I'm not going to make you a long visit. I'm going right away in a day or two to cooler climes. What a breathless evening it is!" And indeed there was hardly a movement in the air, though the pine-tops whispered together as they drove along the sandy road, and through the village, where the lights gleamed cheerfully from the windows of little summer cottages, scattered here and there, and half embowered in trees.

At all times of the year this little settlement among the fragrant pines was something of a health resort. It had been the home of Dr. Avenant for nearly twenty years, and here Hugh and his mother still passed the long summer months when the poisonous miasmas of the rice fields obliged them to quit the plantation, eight miles away.

The surrey rolled in through a white gate that stood hospitably open, and pulled up in the shadow of two great sycamores, before a square, white house.

"How familiar it looks!" exclaimed Beatrix. "Are the blinds still painted green, Hugh? I can smell the perfume of the grape-vines on the back porch!" Hugh followed her as she flitted about the garden paths, pulling a rosebud here and there, and diving into favorite and long-remembered nooks.

After tea was over, they left the mother writing letters by the bright sitting-room lamp, and wandered, arm in arm, up and down the moonlit paths.

"I feel like a little girl, tonight," declared Beatrix, "and I decline to be talked to seriously. Put off that grave countenance, and stop thinking about your tiresome plantation. I believe your whole heart is bound up in it."

"It is bound up in the success of this year's labors," replied Hugh.

"You admit it?" she exclaimed.

"Because not until that is assured," he continued, in a deep voice, resonant with feeling, "can I go to the woman I love, the woman I have always loved, and say: 'Petite princesse, here is your little kingdom and your faithful subject, will you not enter into possession?' What do you think she will say to me then, Beatrix?"

"She will say—" cried the girl, recoiling a step and throwing out one hand with a passionate gesture—"that she declines to be regarded as the ornamental adjunct to your family estate. A woman has a right to expect that she will be consulted in some degree about her future—and it's a poor sort of love that prompts a man to map out his own course in life independently, and then say to the woman for whom he pretends to care: 'Here is my itinerary, may I hope for the pleasure of your company?' "

A long pause followed, broken only by the piercing chirp of a katydid, that throbbed in the darkness like the tortured string of a violin. Then Hugh spoke.

"Is that all you have to say, Beatrix?"

"That is all," she answered, in a low tone.

"Then let us go in," he said, gravely.

The next morning dawned dismally, with little dashes of rain, and the light, scurrying clouds looked stormy.

As the day wore on the wind rose in fitful gusts, and Hugh came home at dark, looking anxious and despondent. Beatrix hardened her heart when he spoke of the brimming tides in the river, and the hundreds of acres of golden sheaves lying on the stubble, waiting to be cured by the sunshine that never came. After all,—she thought, as she bade him a cool good-night,—his gravity was caused only by anxiety for his precious crop.

It must have been nearly midnight when she was awakened by the sound of an opening window.

"Who is that? Is it you, Tony?" said Hugh's voice.

"Please Gawd, boss, I tink I bin nebber git yuh," came the answer out of the darkness.

"What's the trouble? Speak up, man, can't you?" was the peremptory command.

"Sho! Ain't I cum tru de win' an' rain to tell oonah? De tide done pass de high-watah mahk a houah atter sundown, en 'e keep a-risin' steady, tell 'e done wash de bank, een Cypress Squay——"

"A break in Cypress Square, you say?"

"Jus' a leetle one, boss, but——"

The window slammed hastily, a few moments later a hushed footstep descended the stair; the house door creaked, and Beatrix saw the flickering reflection of a lantern on her wall; there were voices out at the stable, and a horse neighed. She strained her ears to listen above the noise of the rain and wind. Surely those were the hoof-beats of two horses passing out at the gate! Was it possible that Hugh had ridden off eight long miles, to the plantation, in the storm at that hour of night? What insanity! She felt personally aggrieved, and provoked at the anxious beating of her heart. It was impossible to sleep. The wind rattled the light slats of the jalousies like castanets. She dozed once and dreamed of a weird ballet, and white ghosts rattling their skeleton arms. There was a banshee moaning in the pine woods; she could hear it sobbing,

screaming in the distance—then nearer and nearer, till it flew over the house top with a hoarse, whistling cry,—and she woke, startled, to hear the crash of a falling limb and the sharp ringing of the rain drops on the window pane.

She threw on a warm wrapper and pressed her face close against the glass Though the moon was at its full, the night was dark as ink, save at brief intervals when the wind tore a rift in the whirling clouds; then she could see the tall sycamore near the window bend almost to breaking, as it thrashed the air with blind, impotent arms. Louder grew the tempest; the frame house shuddered in its grasp, and the strained timbers creaked and groaned. Now and then sounded the dull thunder of a falling pine.

To be alone was unbearable. Hastily opening her door, she hurried down the passage to Mrs. Avenant's chamber, and tapping lightly, heard the summons to enter.

"Can you not sleep either, poor child? This is an awful night. I fear Hugh's crop will be badly injured."

"Did you know he had gone there himself?" asked Beatrix, hesitatingly.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Avenant in anxious tones. "Impossible!"

"Yes, a man came an hour ago with tidings of some trouble, and they went away together."

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" exclaimed the mother, "nothing was worth that risk!"

The long hours wore away, and the two women kept anxious vigil.

Towards dawn the wind fell somewhat, and blew in long, sobbing gusts, like a child that is weary of crying and ready to be consoled. Then Beatrix returned to her room with the pretense of trying to get a little sleep; but her resolve was already taken. She braided her hair with cold, trembling fingers, assumed a dark cloth riding habit, fastened a soft cap securely on her head, and waited impatiently for the day to break. The rain had ceased entirely, but at each gust the heavy drops fell in a shower from the drenched trees. The silhouette of the big sycamore began to loom up against the gray sky, and the leaf-strewn garden paths and storm-washed flower-borders showed more and more clearly.

She stole softly down the stairway, and out into the cold light of the pale, young day. No one was stirring.

A soft call at the stable, and an impatient rattling of the heavy door, brought old Bob's gray, woolly head to the loft window.

"Who dar?" he muttered, peering out.

"Come down, Bob," she whispered sternly, "come down at once, I want you."

Presently a shuffling step was heard descending, the door swung open, creaking on its rusty hinges, and the old negro limped aside as Beatrix entered and peeped into the stalls.

"Put the side-saddle on Buckskin, quick!" she commanded, with a stamp of the little foot by way of emphasis. Old Bob made feeble remonstrance, but she had domineered over him too often, as a child, to be deterred now. A moment later she swung herself lightly into the saddle, and splashed down the wet driveway and through the white gate.

The wind blew her hair into her eyes, and the overhanging branches dashed raindrops in her face as she galloped down the road. Was all the rest of the world sleeping peacefully, she wondered, as she flew past silent houses with closed blinds. The village was soon behind her, and the dense woods on either side shut out the feeble daylight. Her progress was checked, now by great splashes of water, now by fallen limbs; and now and then a huge, prostrate tree forced her to make a wide detour through the swampy, yielding ground that lay on both sides of the roadway. Each time she came upon one of these fallen forest kings, her heart grew sick within her. What was that dark object lying beneath yonder trunk? Only a great, ragged fragment of bark torn from its side. And those were the glistening limbs of some old dead tree, that the lightning had destroyed years

ago, which now lay in a shattered heap yonder,—yet at a little distance how fearfully they resembled the mangled remains of the good, gray mare who had passed that way in the night and storm.

On, Buckskin! The swamp on the left hand was brimming with water, and the torn lily-pads were beaten against the narrow causeway. Under the bridge the water raced in a boiling torrent, and the foam was forced up between the loose, rattling planks. Buckskin pawed them delicately, and threw up his head with a little snort of fear; but the whip in the girl's determined little hand descended smartly on his shoulder. He cleared it with a bound and a scramble. For a second his hind quarters sank with a loud splashing—but he was up and away again, leaving a black, yawning gap in the bridge, as the loose planks were whirled aside by the current.

On through dark woods and open, wind-swept field! The light was growing brighter as the sun struggled up behind a heavy bank of clouds. Down the long avenue, littered with broken branches and torn streamers of gray moss wrenched from the hoary limbs of the over-arching oaks—still they galloped on, the good bay horse and his little rider. The ribbon had fallen from her long braid, and it rippled out like a golden mane; the blue eyes were still wide with anxiety, and the little gloveless hands clutched the reins with nervous eagerness.

Before the tall, brick house, with its pillared portico, they paused at last; but all was silent there, the closed windows showed no signs of life. A great rose trellis was blown upon its side, and the tangled vines lay in green confusion across the wide, brick steps.

"Hugh!" cried the girl, in her clear treble. "Hugh!"

A comely negress approached from the rear of the building, and began to exclaim and ejaculate in the soft, low-country dialect. Beatrix cut her short with a hasty question.

"Down by de ol' flood-gate, missy," was the answer, and a brown finger was pointed toward the fields. "Lord, how dat chile kin ride!"

On the point of a jutting angle of high land, beside the crumbling brick walls of a disused flood-gate, stood two figures; one was a tall young fellow in mud-splashed boots and stained corduroys, his coat wet and torn, and his soft felt hat crushed down over his forehead; the other was Tony, the faithful water-minder, looking fully as dejected as his young employer. From their high vantage ground they could overlook the whole swamp, and the wide sweep of fair field that yesterday had been covered with yellow sheaves On the leaden waters of the river, beyond, the white-capped waves rose and lashed the encircling bank with fury, gushing over in several places into the low fields, filling them with a salt and ruinous tide, and sweeping the loose sheaves together in a mass of useless debris, when their force had spent itself.

"There is nothing we can do yet, Tony, till the tide goes down,—little enough even then. It's a bad outlook."

"De Lawd's han' is heaby on us dis day!" ejaculated the water-minder in response.

"It's a wasted year," continued Hugh, gloomily, "and a year is a big slice out of a man's life. A year of blighted hopes,' he added, in a tone of deep despondency, "the blackest year I have ever known!" He turned round as he spoke and perceived for the first time the bay horse and his pale little rider, for they had approached unheard over the soft ground.

"Trixie! What mad prank is this?" he exclaimed. "Your habit is dripping wet, and Buckskin's flanks are smoking. Child, how could you take such a terrible risk? Don't you know the danger of falling trees and limbs in such a wind?"

"Child, indeed!" retorted the girl, her pale cheeks growing pink at the sound of the old pet name, so long unused. "Since when have you become more than two years my senior?"

"But why did you do it?" Hugh con-

tinued with a little thrill at the sight of her tear-wet lashes and quivering lip. "Was it because——"

"Because I wanted to see if you were trying to drown yourself as well as your stupid old crop—and you looked as if you wanted to, just now. How dare you call this a wasted year, even if all your precious sheaves are washed away?"

"Don't you know what this disaster means to me?" he replied, dully. "Instead of paying off the last cent on Broad Acres, I am deeper in debt than ever. It will take two years of hard work to pull me out."

Beatrix twisted the reins nervously around her fingers.

"Hugh," she began, timidly, "I want to speculate in futures. I've always wanted to, and—and this is such a good chance. I'll buy your crop just as it is, at the same figure you expected to get when it was put on the market, and I'll feed the fishes with it. Do fishes eat rice? Or if they don't, I'll sow it broadcast along the river for the ducks to eat, then we can have splendid sport this winter. Won't you let me go ducking with you, Hugh? I'm not afraid of a gun now, though you used to call me such a coward, long ago—Hugh! Don't look at me that way, I can't bear it!"

His slight, straight figure was drawn up to its full height,—he lifted his hat, almost unconsciously, and threw back the wet, brown locks from his forehead, with a little proud, impatient toss of the head.

"I thank you, Beatrix—but do you suppose I would accept such a gift from you?"

The soft red lips quivered, and she held out a little, timid hand.

"Are you too proud to take what I would give you? Are you so determined to win back this old family estate by your own efforts? Is there nothing dearer to you than Broad Acres—except your pride?" and her voice broke in a half sob.

"Trixie!" he cried, starting forward, and seizing the little cold, outstretched hand. "What are you saying?"

"You dear, foolish boy," she whispered tremulously. "Won't you please take some of my Yankee dollars now, sir?"

A feeble sunbeam burst through the heavy cloud-bank, and lit up the storm-washed fields; it glistened on the torn, wet reeds by the old flood-gate, and sparkled on the raindrops in her yellow, unbound hair. Tony stood there, hat in hand, gazing in open-eyed astonishment—then suddenly his face lit up comprehendingly, and with a fine delicacy, he turned away his head.

At that moment Hugh's arms clasped the little figure in the dark riding habit, a shower of gold streamed over his shoulder, while something soft and warm, and light as the fall of a roseleaf touched his bronzed cheek.

"With your intelligent minds awake to the situation——"

COURTING BY LAW

By Flynn Wayne

MURDOCK it was called in the postal guide. North Horton was the name painted over the door of the little railway station, and Moquaw was the traditional christening still favored by the old settlers who antedated the building of the railroad and the establishment of the post office.

A town with three distinct names, but still of small proportions and of no particular pretensions, located in the middle west on the shores of a shallow river, whose shifting current made and removed great banks of sand along the water's edge.

Early in its history, the neighborhood had been inundated with quinine to ward off the shakes of fever and ague, which held its victims captive every alternate day, but as the swampy land advanced in value, the ague disappeared with mortgages.

The town was quiet and easy-going in every way. There were no class distinctions; none extremely poor, none extremely rich, and it boasted of one negro resident, "Aunt Sophia," who took in washing. The high-sounding titles of "mayor," "councilman," and "town clerk," were generously apportioned to the prominent citizens.

The present incumbent of the mayoralty was Ira Higgins, whose chief compensation was the honor of the dignified title, "Squire," which clung to him even upon retiring. He had served several terms in this capacity, and his long nose,

silver-bowed spectacles and linen duster were his insignia of office.

Sarah Hill, a maiden lady of unmentionable years, prominent in social circles, was tacitly understood to be the inseparable "company" of the Squire at all gatherings of note. In fact, it was a matter of history for some twenty years past, that they were engaged to be married, but just when no one would even venture a prophecy.

Sarah Hill was a devout Adventist, and she annually predicted the end of the world. The neighbors had come to consider it in the light of a good joke, but the Squire was differently situated, and the sober reality of the prediction was forced upon him for twenty consecutive years. It was the way Sarah had of talking whenever he mentioned the tender yearnings of his heart for matrimony.

Squire Higgins was a patient man, and he loved Sarah dearly, but when, on the night of Ocober 12, which marked the passing of the twenty-first courting year, he paid his usual visit, there was a wrinkle in his brow that suggested determination. Going up the steps, he gave the bell a sharp ring, and was met by Sarah's smiling face.

"Come in, Ira, dear," she said.

"No, I won't," were the words that resounded in her shocked ears. "Will you marry me to-morrow—not day after, nor next week—but to-morrow?"

"Why, Ira!"

"Well, I'm done with this nonsense. I've waited twenty years for you to get over your crazy notions about delaying, because the world's coming to an end, and I propose to have my way now one day, or quit."

"Oh, Ira, how can you talk so? It was only a mistake. I am positive that the end will come, and I am sure it will come next year, I—I know it will. If it don't then, Ira, I'll—"

"I've been a-hearing that same thing from you for twenty years past, and I want no more of it. Will you marry me to-morrow?"

"No, I cannot, you dear, foolish man, I—"

'Good day; sorry I've troubled you so long," broke in the Squire, and turning on his heel, walked away, leaving Sarah engulfed in her own tears.

When the neighborhood heard of the enstrangement they were curious to know the cause, for it was not dreamed that Sarah's predictions had played so serious a part in their love affair. The principal social topic was the extended period of courting, in a vain attempt to reason it out, and fix the blame on the proper one. They knew of no reason, nevertheless they talked.

Dana Reising, the village attorney, as he sat in his private office, (his principal occupation) wiped the prespiration off his bald head and thought, (an uncommon event). "There must be a reason—if not the lady can recover in a breach of promise suit. I will look into the matter," and straightway he went to call on the sorrowful Miss Hill.

The next day news of the attorney's visit to Miss Hill's home was talked of by every inhabitant of the village, and it was soon learned that the Squire had been served with a legal summons. Through the suggestion of her attorney, Miss Hall called on the local editor and explained matters.

The "Murdock Courier" established its importance as an exponent of justice by championing the cause of Miss Sarah, because the Squire had different political views, and now was the long looked for chance for the editor to get them. Public sentiment was greatly agitated over the matter, but, when the "Courier" was emitted from

its obscure place in the corner of a photograph gallery, with a full account of Miss Hill's suit against Squire Higgins, present mayor of the city, matters became stirred up considerably.

The peaceable village was divided upon the question, and under the championship of the "Moquaw Enterprise" the friends of the Squire took issue, and a newspaper war as well as individual arguments became a local feature, and everyone was blessed with the gratifying knowledge that he knew as much about it as any one else. It was all a matter of conjecture.

Even the small boys playing at marbles in the streets, with favorite shooters bulging both cheeks, managed to articulate occasional utterances on the all-absorbing topic.

"I say, Johnny," said one, kneeling on his knee to take sure aim, "What side's your folks on?"

"Don' know, 'ceptin' I heard Pop tell Marm that Sadie Hill's sued the Squire for some breeches he'd promised. He said she otter have 'em."

"Kentucky jeans?" inquired Johnny, and then the discussion was dropped for one more exciting relative to the position of "shooters" and unnecessary "fudging."

One of the village stores, which had been the rendezvous of the old and retired denizens of the village, now took on new life. Here they sat with their legs crossed and hands clasped over their knees, and argued the case with as much earnestness as the tariff.

The seventeenth of October—the date set for the trial—was bright and warm. The inside of the town hall, where village justice was dispensed, had grown old and musty from its lack of usage. In one corner stood Jack Brunson's old bass viol—a relic of the last orchestra practice; in another the bass drum and tuba horn told their story of neglected band practice dur-

"The principal social topic was their extended period of courting"

ing the hot summer months; and the newest of the lot, that is, the ones upon which the least amount of dust had collected, were the dress helmets of the volunteer fire laddies, which were left there on the evening of their annual ball. In the centre of the room was a long table used for general purposes. The seats consisted of ordinary wooden benches placed between the windows, together with a few scattering chairs, and their many coatings of white paint in places bore the

marks of soiled hands and clothes. Notches had been artistically cut in not a few of them by zealous whittlers, and here and there an initial appeared to relieve the sameness. The floor was passably clean, with the exception of a small area near the stove, where the dark-colored spots indicated a lack of saw-dust cuspidors, familiar in all regular law courts.

When Tom Jarvin, the village marshal, turned the lock in entering the hall this fine October morning, he was in a thoughtful mood. The circumstances of the peculiar trial, and his duties pertaining thereto, were a source of profound interest to him. With energy and enthusiasm he prepared the musty room for the day's work. The floors were swept, the bass viol hidden under the long table, the drum and tuba horn hung behind the door, and the firemen's helmets tacked artistically but insecurely above the jury box.

The approaching trial, from the prominence of the principals and the nature of the case, was one which attracted much attention. Even the women folks hurried through with their Monday washing, or "put it to soak," that they might be in attendance.

Gradually the seats in the little town hall were filled, and the window-sills and loose stove wood were utilized for seats.

"Tell you what," said grouchy Felix Saunders from his seat on an upturned maple stick, "I'd a heap rather sit here than on them benches. You ain't obliged to give up yer seat to ther women folks."

"Yer right, there," said his companion; "but what business hev women folks here anyhow? They might be to home."

Carlton Peters, the village druggist, carefully whittled at a toothpick and told his views to the new Methodist minister. Jim Thompson slid a pencil back and forth through his nervous fingers, and argued the case in low whispers with Ferdinand Cason, the blacksmith. The room at length became crowded, even to the standing room. A stir among those at the door showed the presence of the Squire, his counsel and favorite dog, who came in and took their seats on the right of the long table, the dog occupying a place on the Squire's lap. A little later Miss Sarah and Lawyer Reising elbowed through the crowd, and took seats on the opposite side.

Both attorneys were busily stirring themselves, gathering their papers together. Lawyer Reising's five-and-forty years had left him badly in need of hair restoratives, and little beads of perspiration sparkled on the cleared expanse. Nervously fingering his mustache during his low, muttering conversation with Miss Sarah, he glanced across at the defense with a look of vehement determination in his eye.

Bailiff Tom Jarvens stood watch in hand near the jury, earnestly counting the minutes. At last Judge Wilsey rapped for order, and instantly all in the court room became quiet, and the famous trial began. Witnesses were sworn and examined with the usual official routine. Every now and then the vigorous questioning and cross-questioning from the attorneys especially added interest, and the monotony of it all was periodically relieved by spirited objections.

"I object, your Honor; the question is incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant."

Willie Samuels, aged nine, who occupied a window sill, and whose ambition was to be a big lawyer some day himself, repeated this sentence with great satisfaction.

The detail of the case dragged; every

point was fought to the bitter end. At one time the proceedings were stopped for a moment by the plaintive mew of a kitten, and a moment later Sarah's favorite Angora crossed over and jumped into her lap—it having followed her to the trial. The spectators in the court room came and went like a shifting tide, and those tip-toeing out were replenished by the newcomers. When all the witnesses for the plaintiff had been examined, the defense rested and the lawyers prepared their notes for a battle royal in legal phraseology. The jury were sighing and yawning from the monotony, and they looked pitifully at their friends. Sarah gently rubbed the sleek back of her pet Angora, and the Squire patted his faithful dog absent-mindedly.

After a time Lawyer Reising arose and began his plea for the cause of justice to his client. He referred to the Squire in words not complimentary, and extolled the virtues of Miss Sarah until she appeared as the heroine in a deep and dark tragedy. Going over the evidence in hand he dwelt largely upon the important facts, and colored each to suit himself. His nervous temperament asserted itself as he

"Here they sat with legs crossed and argued the case with as much eagerness as the tariff"

Drawn by N. F. Ayer

progressed, and before long he was punctuating his remarks with vigorous blows, pounding on the jury railing.

"I say, gentlemen of the jury, what have we here? We have a case seeking right and justice;" and the louder he talked the more weary seemed the jury. "It is in your hands, not mine. You are to decide whether the ignoble treatment of my fair client is not worthy of a liberal recompense. Under God, there is a right and a wrong. I believe, gentlemen of the jury, with your intelligent minds awake to the situation—"

There was a pause. He had awakened them in an unlooked-for manner. His emphatic punctuation after the word "situation" loosened the firemen's helmets from their temporary fastenings, and they descended collectively upon the expansive brows of the unsuspecting jury. Confusion reigned. Saunders Wilson, six feet five in his stockings, with his inquisitive nature arose suddenly from behind the door, and, colliding with the bass drum, sent it crashing to the floor, bounding spitefully around the tuba horn, which followed. The pet poodle and loving cat each instinctively sought safety under the table, where on top of the big bass viol they met in mortal combat, and the prostrate instrument gave forth stranger and wilder tones than it ever had before, even in the hands of a novice.

Instantly all was a scene of greatest excitement. The Squire made haste to separate the savage warriors, and crawled under his side of the table. Miss Sarah, with a frightened "Oh, mercy me!" followed his example on the other side, seeking to protect poor pussy. In the melee the table was overturned upon Miss Sadie, and she promptly fainted. The judge rapped for order, and Bailiff Jarvens kept the crowd back. She was placed in a chair, her brow dampened with water, and she slowly revived. The Squire stood silently by, pale with exhaustion, and a fiery red spot burned on his cheeks, as a result of his exertion. Finally, awakening to a deep sense of emotion, he ruthlessly kicked his pugnatious dog out of the way and crossed over to Sadie.

It was not a time for words and the Squire knew it. He only gently took Sarah's hand in his own and looked down into her tear-dimmed eyes as she gasped, "Ira."

Then the Squire, melted by the tears, pressed the hand just a little bit, and said: "Will it be all right, Sarah?"

With a faint smile playing around her mouth, she answered: "Any time, Ira."

With this the Squire wheeled in his place beside her, and addressed the judge.

"Your Honor, I consent to a judgment for the plaintiff."

But Lawyer Reising, impelled by Miss Sarah's hasty instructions, interposed.

"Your Honor. My client desires that we dismiss this action."

The spectators in the court room were too astonished for even whispered comment; all they could do was to look at one another in their amazement. Judge Wilsey took off his spectacles, and wiping them with deliberate ease, said:

"In view of what has just been said, I think this case may more properly be adjourned."

The local papers the next week contained extravagant accounts of the wedding, stating that the common council attended in a body, and giving the name of Judge Wilsey as best man. The cause of the estrangement forever remained a secret, but the Angora and the faithful dog now dwell in peace together.

By George S. Hodgins

NEARLY every one is familiar with the appearance of things in general, as seen from the cab windows of a locomotive. Not that the majority of people have ever ridden on the modern iron horse, but with the advent of the biograph, the world as it appears to the engine driver is now faithfully reproduced in the marvelous moving pictures which are shown upon the screen. Two very good pictures taken each from the front of a passenger engine on the New York Central, are often shown. One being the "South gate of the highlands," and the other, called "Crack the whip," is taken among the curves near Bryn Mawr. These views show how the pilot or cowcatcher of an express engine eats up the miles of track, and how swiftly the telegraph poles fly past. Most people are familiar with the rush of the "Empire State Express" on the N. Y. C. or that of the famous "Pennsylvania Limited" or the "Black Diamond" on the Lehigh Valley road. But the real thing is different. The "eye" of the kinetograph, by which the photographic records are taken, looks ever ahead, and does not take any side

The American Mutoscope and Biograph Camera on a flat car, pushed by a locomotive at the rate of 60 miles an hour, making panoramic pictures for exhibition in the Keith theatres. First picture of the kind ever printed, and taken especially for "The National Magazine."

A perilous trip. G. W. Bitzer, operator of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co., taking a panoram scenic picture for exhibition in the Keith theatres. First picture of the kind ever printed, and taken especially for "The National Magazine."

glances, which are permitted to the occupants of the cab. In real life, unlike what the prearranged pictures show, the section men and spectators do not stand on one side of the track and wave hats and handkerchiefs, as the train flies by. No! All is much more prosaic in real life, and much more interesting.

The first time I had a ride on an express engine, I found out that what I had read in the newspapers about riding on an engine was very highly colored indeed.

The nearest thing to the truth was once said by the mayor of some city, when he was delivering an address of welcome to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. They had assembled in his city to hold their annual meeting. He told them he had recently had a ride on a locomotive, and that he had never before known how many things could get on the track in front of any one train.

I had the experience of a ride on an engine which pulled a fast passenger train on the "flyer-limited" from Floxam to Old Hull. "You had better muffle up well, Brooky," said my friend Wilton, while the brakes were being tested in the huge train shed at Floxam. "You know the wind is just awful on one of those flyers." I observed that the engineer was not muffled up, it being a beautiful June day. "Well," Wilton said, "he and the fireman are used to it, you know. They can stand it and it doesn't matter to them."

I had got my pass and permit to ride on the engine from the superintendent, and had duly presented them to the conductor and engine driver. They said they hoped I would enjoy my ride, and I hoped so too, even if I wasn't muffled up to speak of. I made a few random enquiries, which seemed to me fitting at the time, about the size and weight of the engine, our probable speed and the boiler pressure carried, and got a lot of information as to the "shape" she was in, which seemed to be far from perfect, though she looked all right, I thought. Wilton broke in again with, "You won't be able to walk around when you get to Old Hull, my boy," for he was determined to "see me off" on my perilous journey. "Why not?" I asked, perplexed, for that seemed to me to be an awful price to pay for one ride. Wilton explained that he did not mean permanently, but that he had always heard and read that such was the case with a novice. Many, he affirmed, could not walk for an hour and a half on account of the terrible jolting of the machine. This view he persisted in, though I assured him many engine drivers and firemen had been known to have succeeded in walking to the pay cars at a brisk pace, even after an exceptionally fast run. But that, I was told, was because they were used to it, and it didn't matter to them, you know. Wilton thought nothing mattered much to the engine crew, and I felt what fearfully reckless fellows they must be. However, I was in for it now, and had to be reckless too, so that things wouldn't matter to me either.

I took my seat on the fireman's side—the left; as I was instructed to do, and though I apologized for taking his seat he assured me that it didn't matter, so I thought Wilton might know more about the whole thing than I had given him credit for. It turned out that the fireman expected to be fully engaged in shoveling coal. I gave him a cigar which he put in his pocket, under his smock, and said he would smoke it, with my permission, at Old Hull.

When it was time to start, one of the many semaphore arms, which Dickens has likened to great wooden razors, "shaved the air," and made the line clear for us. Two short blasts from the air signal whistle in the cab, gave us the word of command. We were off. Wilton tried to wave a fond adieu, but was blotted out, and blown away and annihilated by the rush of steam from the cylinder cocks. In fact this steam so enveloped the whole engine that I who had imagined I would jauntily wave my hand at parting in a sort of a doesn't-matter-to-me-style, was doomed to disappointment. When I next saw the light of day, we were clear of the curved roof of the station, and off in earnest.

The cylinder cocks were soon shut, and the heavy beats of the engine quickened. A moment later there was a catch in her breath, so to speak, and a swallow of steam, I thought; with a click of the reverse lever latch, and the beats were softer but regular and our speed increased. The engine had been "notched up;" or in other words the reverse lever had been drawn

up several notches on the quadrant so as to give the engine the benefit of the expansion of steam in the cylinders.

Now we sped on over the high viaduct leading out of Floxam; past backs of houses; and slapped in the face by advertisements set upon close fences, which told all manner of extravagant lies, in the desperate attempt to get someone interested before it was too late. By and by we were out in the suburbs, where the cross streets were protected by gates. These were all shut as we passed, and a watchman at each, stood just inside lazily waving a white flag. These watchmen did not look at us with any interest, and seemed to wish we would hurry up and get out of the way and let the traffic of the streets go on again. What ignoble wretches, I thought, not to take sides with us, and let the city—nay the whole country wait, until we, the famous fast 9.36 a. m. limited flier—the much advertised "Morning Glory," of the road, had seen fit to rush by. As we went on, the suburban stations flew past, in the opposite direction, as if going up to Floxam pell mell. People standing well back on the platforms, looked at us with something approaching becoming respect, as they ought. As we rounded a curve on my side the fireman called out, "Alright!" but got no response from the engine driver. He (the engine driver) was nearly out of my sight on the other side of the boiler, which in this engine came right through the cab, leaving the fireman away back on the tender with two fire-hole doors, and plenty of hard coal to throw into the "Wooten" firebox. Again at another curve on my side, the fireman called "Alright!" "What's alright?" I shouted, as soon as I could catch his eye. He came up close to me, and with an onion and tobacco breath yelled, "The signal—I can see it first on my side, and it saves time, as Bill doesn't need to shut off. We need every second on this run." The great truth then dawned on me, that to make time on a flier it is not sufficient to have a fast engine and big wheels, but that every one on or off the engine, must be fearfully alert, and know how to play the game, with skill to take every advantage, and watch for every emergency. These men did that. I had not been long on the engine, but I was learning.

We seemed to be always increasing in speed. Our first stop would be Blakely and to reach it on time we, like the stag in "The Lady of the Lake," "stretched forward freer and far." Now the men on the line interested me. Groups of section men were passed frequently. They were slow-going fellows, and no mistake. They worked away, tamping up the ties, with a devotion worthy of a better cause. They never got out of the way until the end of the very last second. Then they moved as if they didn't like to, but did it just to oblige us. At first I was afraid some of them would be struck down and killed, but they got clear by the skin of their teeth, every time.

The bell was ringing as we met one or two trains on the other track; going in the opposite direction. Our bell rang out clear and true. Not so with the others. The bell on the approaching engines rang, first sharp, then true, then flat, as they came, and passed, and sped away. The sound vibrations coming to us from them, over ever lessening space shortened the interval, and was equal to a quickening of vibration; then as we came opposite, there was one true stroke, and the next was flat or lower in tone, as the flying trains dragged the sound waves apart, and gave a slower rate of vibration to the ear.

It was wonderful: the fearful force with which the trains went past each other, on parallel tracks can only be realized by one on an engine. You may see the other engine roll slightly and lurch; you see the plume of steam thrown up from the stack, beaten down by the fierce wind, and then the incredible rush by, and all is over—line clear, and your own engine flying on, eager to pass another.

The race is exhilarating. The separate and distinct beats heard at starting, are now blurred into what seems one contin-

uous rush of steam from the stack. The rush and tear of the flight—the absolute lust for speed, boils up in one's veins; and slow moving man has learned to fly! People looked at us now from the side roads men driving dog-carts and making what was once called a good pace. What despicable little affairs they were—pulled by a horse, or even two, driven tandem. They cannot rush along as we can. They simply crawl and are content with that. How very amusing!

Now Blakely is getting near. The distant signals seem to come to meet us. We are at top speed, rolling and rushing, with the water in the boiler bobbing in the gauge glass, and the wind blowing from the four quarters of the earth, full upon us. The side rods, as I looked down on them, quivered, one blurred, nebulous flicker of light, before the spokeless wheels. The reeling rocker-arm pushing and pulling the valve rod in and out of the steam chest with incredible rapidity—all acting according to the fixed laws of dynamics; coldly calculated beforehand by trained men,—we flung forward, and flew.

When the engine driver pushed home the throttle lever, the safeties fairly screamed with delight, and drowned the sound of the reverse lever clicking down in the "corner." The whish-wish of the air brake valve, steadily applied, produced just a noticeable slacking of the mad rush. Another whish, and a slow down. The side rods took shape, and the wheels seemed to have something more solid in them than rims. We came on up to the station, bell ringing; and shot past it, and had all the air out of the train line, and a touch of the reverse lever, before we halted, a car and a half too far ahead of the pile of baggage on the platform. "Infernal bad brake" said the engine driver to me; "it won't hold worth shucks; pistons all out full travel and slack not taken up; some one will sweat for this, you see."

But we were gloriously here! Stupid men looked languidly at us. Men who couldn't run like we had, and didn't know a good engine when they saw it. They looked at us uninterestedly! Confound them! We were the 9.36; from Floxam, south-bound; fast flier; limited; express; mail carrier; 72-inch drivers; scheduled 58½ miles per hour; and were here, on the 18th of June, and on time too. We had had no mishaps—nothing hot, and we had run like the Deuce to do it, and did it, and what did the people mean by not taking off their hats and cheering their betters! I felt I was part and parcel of this glorious machine, and had a worthy and just feeling of resentment against this ignorant worldly callousness.

The engine driver ran round the engine, as it stood with air pump panting sixteen to the dozen, thumbed the bearings, and hurriedly seemed to put a drop or two of oil here and there, and told the conductor the brake was no good, and got up ready to start again, as if he wasn't the greatest man on earth.

But why had we to get to Old Hull in such a hurry? The 117 miles between Floxam and that point would have taken an old-time stage at least two days, at very good going. We were given short time enough, with only one stop. Well, why? Simply because the traveling public grudge the time, and fail to see the glory of passing over this road, which offers to its patrons, "rock ballast and no dust," all the way. It was dollar-and-cent competition that had brought all this about.

Again the signal whistle spoke, and we were off once more in a cloud of steam; the injector at my side singing, and the sated air pump giving puffs now and then, for it had got the air pressure up again, which we had used to stop. Now we were off, over a long low trestle across the river Wewano. Again the catch of breath as the reverse lever clicked in the higher notches and the throttle stem came out a notch or two more as Bill adjusted things for the race to Old Hull. On over the trestle—the counter weights in the wheels made me bounce slightly on my seat, to the steady vibration, up and down

of the whole machine. I wanted to rush again, and at once, but we had a sacred duty to perform. We must go to Old Hull on time of course, but we must go safely and surely.

On we went, and the speed got up, and other trains went past us with a whir on the parallel track, and signals stood "line clear," and switches were set right for us, and locked, and everything seemed to be as it should be, though in these matters our safety was in the hands of others entirely, whom we could not see, or speak to or reach in any way. The line ahead was always empty. It seemed as if we were on the only train on the whole road going to Old Hull.

We came round a curve on a high embankment, with the track sloping evenly inwards, to counteract the centrifugal force of the train as we sped on. We swung out on to a long tangent—the double line of rails stretching away into what looked like a small box. That was a through bridge of six spans. As we flew toward it, it looked as if we could never get through so small a space. Instinctively I looked at the smokestack, to see if it would clear. I knew that this very train, the "Morning Glory," raced through that bridge every day in the year. When we got to it, the bridge was equal to the occasion, and to my startled fancy seemed to open up and rush over us and under, and all around. How the oblong frame opened out, with a flutter and flash of a thousand rods and beams and interlacing bars. Each span ahead growing to our size as we came on. I could see the ripples on the water below and some logs floating close to one of the piers. We were over and flying out on the embankment, leaving the huge bridge to shrink down into the insignificant little oblong frame again. I could not see the bridge behind me, though I tried to look back, as the cars obscured the view. We were isolated from our train completely except for the signal whistle and bell cord, though in sole charge of its speed, its motion and its safety. We saw none of the people who had committed their lives to our alertness, watchfulness and good judgment. I was beginning to realize the situation, and to see things as they really are, and the responsibility of it all came home to me clearly. We crossed a coal train at Bolton. She was standing at the station, steam was blowing from the cylinders and making a lazy cloud across our track. How our pilot zipped it up, and sent it over our heads like an interloper, who had no business on the right of way of the famous "Morning Glory." We were again on a long stretch of level tangent, or straight track, on a low embankment, with a cross road away in the distance. I could see the country all round for miles. Now remember we have all read that nothing ever happens on a long reach of straight level track, for everybody can see everybody and everything. It is as one rounds a curve, so the newspapers make out, that things happen; but it was not so this time. I saw away in the distance a buggy, drawn by one horse, moving along the road toward the track. As we could see them plainly, no doubt the occupants of the rig saw us. It appeared easy for the buggy to be over the track before we passed. The incline of the road up to the railway, however checked the speed of the vehicle slightly. I could see that there was a woman driving, and by her side was a little girl. The woman seemed anxious to get over, for she used her whip. Most strange to say, though there was time, the horse balked on the railway line—of all places in world—and stood stubbornly there. No amount of whipping—and he was lashed furiously—would make him move. Bill whistles for the crossing and the fireman gave the bell a pull. The horse at last moved a few paces ahead and drew the buggy all but clear. Instantly Bill had shut off and the pops screamed. The brake was on hard in the "emergency," and the reverse lever was in the last back gear notch, all done quickly and firmly at the first chance of danger. We slackened. The thought flashed through my head,

"The brakes are bad." Hardly knowing what I was doing or where I was I sat with eyes riveted upon the mother and child. Then I said to myself in a low voice, drowned to all human ears by the roar of the train, "Get out—stand to windward of the wreckage." The woman instantly stood up leaped out on the left side, caught up the child, and fell down the bank just as our buffer beam shouldered the buggy off the track, and flung it down. One of the shafts broke and the traces were torn off, leaving the horse free, which leaped away unhurt. He galloped up the road. We only passed the crossing by the length of the engine and about half the tender, as it was. Bill jumped down, and the conductor and brakeman came forward at once. When we were sure no one was hurt, the conductor asked the lady how it all happened, while she stood motionless, hardly able to speak. Bill looked at the broken rig, a smashed mass, then at the pilot, and instinctively utilized the moment to thumb the "big end," and make sure it wasn't hot. "Glad you ain't hurt, missus, or the child," said the conductor. "I'll leave this young feller here to catch your horse if he can and help you along, though no one can't mend your carriage," he added pleasantly. He turned to the brakeman, and gave him his orders in a more official voice, instructing him to do everything for the lady and get her name and address when she was less flustered. The woman looked too bewildered and frightened to take it all in. It had come upon her like a bolt out of the blue. She stared at the huge engine, and at Bill, who said never a word, and then she sat down on the bank and cried. As the bell was pulled for us to be off again, on signal from the conductor, the woman turned round and asked very quietly, "Who told me to get out on this side?" "No one, ma'am," said the conductor, taking off his cap. "We ain't had the pleasure o' speaking with you until it was all over." "Did you hear any one speak?" I asked her, and all stared at me. "Yes," she said, "I heard some one very plainly say, 'Get out—stand to windward of the wreckage.'" "That's one o' them interpositions o' Providence, sure as fate," the conductor interposed, as we began to move forward again. I knew it was mind communication simply, but I held my peace. We were off again with a whish of steam from the cylinders and getting up our old rush as if nothing had happened. I looked back and saw her with her handkerchief to her eyes and the brakeman examining the broken buggy. Why we hadn't taken her on board, and given her a Pullman car all to herself I did not know. But the conductor had done the best for her, as I found out afterwards. So on we went with a rush, trying to make up the lost time. We fairly raced, we bowled along, past grade crossings and everything and flung ourselves into Old Hull exactly three minutes late.

When I got down my legs were a little stiff, but I was able to walk about—why not indeed? After leaving the engine driver and fireman with many cigars and hand shakes, and one or two for the conductor of course—what traveler does not give a conductor cigars? I strolled off to the telegraph office to enlighten Wilton. I left a blank on the office desk prepaid—I always do that sort of thing very neatly. It read:—"To Septimus Wilton—Floxam—Wind just delightful—can walk beautifully,—A. O. Brookside."

REUNION OF THE NATION'S DEFENDERS

By Mitchell Mannering

THE annual convention of the Grand Army of the Republic at Philadelphia, September, 1899, marks the highest watermark of a series of splendid reunions which year after year have enlivened one of the many great cities of a Republic, which, whatever its other failings, has never ceased to make the re-union of the loyal soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, notable for lavish hospitality, splendid parades, universal good feeling and kindliness, and a renaissance of gratitude and honor for the surviving heroes of that supreme struggle.

Over three hundred and fifty thousand visitors, it is said, filled every hotel and hospitable dwelling, besides the five thousand tents at Camp Sexton, the numerous quarters supplied by suburban residents, and the hundreds of excursion steamers, yachts, canal-boats and other craft which lined the water front, and lay moored in the broad-bosomed Delaware.

On the first day many, and often most wonderful and affecting were the reunions which took place. Gray-haired officers and aged non-commissioned and privates met after long separation, or found a deeper sense of comradeship and affection in the recollection of more recent meetings saddened by the common sense of regret at the absence of some loved comrade who would nevermore witness a reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic.

On the river had gathered the fleet of Sampson, fresh from dry-dock and navy yard, snowy white as an angel of peace, but grim, massive, and enhallowed with the chrism of recent victory. In the streets hundreds of bands and drum corps marched and wheeled, filling the air with martial quickstep and ancient points of war.

The grand parade on Tuesday, mustered it is said thirty thousand veterans, gathered from every state in the union—Sons of Veterans and kindred organizations. Notable among these was a band of the women nurses, of the mothers, wives and spinsters, who had served in ward and hospital ship

the sick and wounded of the army and navy. There were but few of these who had not long left behind them the stately womanhood of middle life and not a few had passed far beyond the three-score years and ten, which the Hebrew psalmist assigned as the limit of an useful human life; but they arranged themselves in order, and block after block received the hearty and sympathetic plaudits of young and old, rich and poor, as well as of "the boys" for whose sake they had endured so many weary hours of labor, watching and apprehension. As if in striking contrast to these a company of red-cheeked, lissom Kansas girls, wearing uniforms of army blue with white facings, moved merrily and in perfect step along the line of march, cheered to the echo, and the observed of all observers. As in other cities on like occasions of late years, the school children were a prominent feature among the countless number of striking features of the parade. The public decorations were rich and appropriate, but could hardly excel the effect of the continuous vistas of varied and often striking display presented by the business streets and along the line by private residences.

President McKinley, surrounded by a splendid staff and many notables, reviewed the huge procession which for four hours and a half passed in unbroken array before him,

On Wednesday the ex-prisoners of war held a special parade, attracting much attention. They included in their number many who since their rescue or release from southern prisons had attained wealth, influence and eminence with the home blessings and comforts which must often suggest by the force of strong contrasts the Dantean horrors and sordid hopeless existence which once threatened them with hopeless misery.

On the last day the grand naval parade drew countless thousands to the borders of the Delaware. Five hundred river and ocean craft, it is said, gathered in order far up the river, gay with flags, crowded with merry voyagers, and carrying scores of bands and hundreds of musicians. At

A MEMORY OF '61.

a given signal the leading vessels, revenue cutters in full gala dress, led the advance of the splendid flotilla. A moving mass of flaunting banners, excited faces, gay raiment and gallant vessels, the cortege moved down past the wharves and buildings black with spectators who cheered and wondered as they passed the warships, the guns broke into the thrilling tenor and bass of popular cry, with fierce sharp barks and a deeper diapason, startling even brave sea-kings and tried mariners.

And as the guns roared and were silent by turns, they spoke to the

hearts and memories of hundreds, yes thousands of men, who well knew what it was to tread the reeling deck of a warship, to work the heavy guns or hold a staggering ship to her course, when the scuppers ran red with blood, and the corpses lay thickly apart from the flaming batteries. There too, were those who had passed through the gates of death at New Orleans, Mobile, and Port Royal, who had seen the concentrated circle of fire with which Beauregard, Ripley and Rhett, had driven back the monitors of Dahlgren at Charleston, and, proudest boast of all, some who had seen the coming forth of the "Merrimac," the fate of the "Congress" and "Cumberland," and the world-famous duel between the great sea-dragon and the little "Monitor."

Thus the gala salutes of the White Squadron were not only a fitting part of the day's ceremonies, but attribute to an audience such as never again will or can find in the thunder of American guns, such remembrances of the brave old days of a passed youth, of gallant comrades, and sturdy foes, and of battles greatly won in a righteous cause, and renowned for all time in the annals of naval warfare.

Philadelphia—worthy setting for such a scene—will long remember and recall it. So will those who saw the setting sun melt away, gilding the domes of stately buildings and splendid parks and gardens, as the day imperceptibly gave place to night. When the lights broke out, the great reflection swept city, river and suburb "like the eye of God." Through the city echoed the sounds of music and rejoicing, and above the soft radiance was rent by rockets, torn by exploding shells and radiant with myriads of fiery jewels and strongly colored flames.

On the last day Chicago was chosen as the next meeting point, and with the parting farewells and the scattering crowds, another page was turned in the records of the Grand Army of the Republic.

AUTO-ANALYSIS

Lo, I am but a harp through which the winds of passion sweep:
  Attuned to voice the melody of airs that whispering flow,
  Responsive to the ardor of the tropic minstrel's glow,
Exultant with the tiger gales that down the world-aisles leap.

My riches are the symphonies the God of Nature writes—
  The lyrics sung by zephyrs in the orange and the pine;
  The groan of Man in martyrdom beneath the sword divine;
The rapture of the lover on the throne of his delights.

Not mine the palace builded with the plunder of the mart;
  Not mine the haloed happiness of vine embowered home;
  Not mine through halls of learning and of artistry to roam,
But mine the mighty pulsing of the universal heart.

Frank Putnam

POETIC JUSTICE

By H. T. George

THERE is in the lives of all of us, an hour which differs from ordinary hours in that it is the longest which the glass of time has counted since its moulding. Miss Van Doerte glanced at the clock with impatient curiosity. She had always a great curiosity regarding the superlatives of existence. Existence as a rule is so sadly positive for the most of us—thus the gods make it endurable. For there is danger in even comparative happiness, and Miss Van Doerte was conscious of treading perilously near the heighths to-night. There was a glow of young color in her cheeks, and another light than that of the fire in her half-closed eyes. She knew this and was ashamed.

She threw herself back languidly among the many-hued pillows of her couch, and once she put up her hand and patted a yawn decorously, and then resolved the yawn into a careless little tune. Also, she turned her back upon a certain inviting mirror, in which, had she been a less sensible woman, she might have sought a witness to the general becomingness of a carefully chosen gown. All of which was manifestly superfluous in view of the fact that Miss Van Doerte was quite alone, and no one could have been the wiser if she had paced the room's length frantically, or laughed wildly aloud, or committed a hundred other primitive vulgarities, as she felt an amused consciousness of longing to do. But when one is twenty-nine and a Van Doerte of the Van Doertes, one does nothing so foolish.

Not even—not even, thought Margaret, drawing the ribbon at her belt lazily through her fingers, not even when one is waiting to meet her lover. And as she thought the word Miss Van Doerte blushed in coy, school-girl fashion. It was for the first time since she had received her first proposal, and that had been aeons before. He had proposed six times since that.

The first time,—Margaret checked them off upon her fingers, had been then, when she had blushed and cried a little, and wondered what method of self-destruction he would choose; the next time, a year later, when she was angry and melodramatic; the third, six months after, when she had laughed scornfully; and the next three at intervals of two years, when he had come back from his vacations, and she had learned to laugh good-naturedly, and to cling to his friendship. And the last time had been only a year ago and she had looked at him wistfully as she laughed her negation, and he had gone away wrathfully—back to that endless engineering in the far west. But she had taken a vague comfort which she would conscientiously have denied, in hearing the old-time defiant vow "to ask her again next time!"

For there are many women, marching with shut lips and resolute eyes—a little too conscious of the world's eyes upon them—straight on to the goal they have set for themselves; who yet smile in knowing that somewhere in the careless universe there is a heart which is lonely because of them. They do

not want the heart—in the life they have chosen they have no time for loving; but in the still nights when a woman looks into the heavy eyes of her soul, they are glad for being loved. And there comes a time, unless the woman has been cruelly endowed with that spark of divine genius which is sexless, when a first doubt of themselves is born of these dreams. That is when the day dreams begin to waver.

Miss Van Doerte's dreams had resolved themselves into very material and disenchanting realities. It was hard to acknowledge this and she had not acknowledged it without many inward tears—Margaret's tears always bubbled to the surface in laughter, which did not in the least take the sting from them—although it was the reason her dearest friends called her hard. No heart has so proven the bitterness of defeat as the beaten heart of a woman who has dared to stand before the sceptical eyes of her conservative world and proclaim her self-sufficiency.

Margaret Van Doerte had dreamed of fame; and in her dream had called her talent genius. And talent so misnamed sinks beneath the burden of its incompetency. The years had brought her, therefore, not fame, but that unwelcome notoriety among one's own poor circle of acquaintance which is the most pitiful burlesque of fame.

Then, too, the ephemeral success of her one published book had not brought her triumph. She had made the mistake of putting her whole soul into it, and a woman has but one soul, however many books she may wish to write. She had not "lived up to it"—its excellence hung like a dead weight upon the hands of her mediocrity. But she was an honest woman, and in the face of her success she read unflinchingly the fact of her failure, as many a lesser talent has not the courage to do.

At twenty-eight, thirty does not seem so hopelessly old; at twenty-nine one can almost persuade one's self that it is young, but Miss Van Doerte had begun to listen to the admonitions of those practical friends who take the place of one's conscience, and who were bluntly sure that it was more than time for her to settle down. Which phrase, in view of the fact that Miss Van Doerte was at no time a vagabond or a rover, except in her quest for publishers, could have but the one eternal significance. And Miss Van Doerte was not so very certain of the contrary. She had rebelled for a long time; she had been so sure of herself. But so long she had wooed fame, and fame, even as she at Teddy, had laughed at her outstretched hands. (The simile was rather a weak one, for Teddy had never proposed with outstretched hands. He generally pushed them deep into his pockets as though he were afraid he might forget himself and collar a lady)

Miss Van Doerte laughed again as she recalled it all. Laughed very tenderly and softly, confessing at last what it was that had softened defeat. It was Ned lounging in the background with his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pocket. And then she saw her own face reflected in the darkness against the window pane, and with a sudden movement she laid her cheek beside the cool glass.

"O, you poor thing!" she whispered compassionately—"You're just a woman after all! Just a woman who has wasted years in the dark out there, because you thought you did not need the light. But you did—you're just a woman like other women—and O, be happy, be happy dear, you're getting old and you've failed in everything, but you're the woman Teddy loves!"

And then she pulled the window-shade down sharply, remembering that only women in novels talk thus to

themselves, and that even in that world the fashion is obsolete. And she sat up very straight, turning the pages of a magazine with careful attention. There was a long article concerning "Women Who Succeed," and she smiled pityingly as she read the title.

What poor creatures they were! They were welcome to their secret, the secret she had tried so hard to learn. For there was another secret that she had just discovered, and the mystery of success was clear to her, as it was clear to the mother of women in the dawning of the world.

She put the magazine aside impatiently! Surely it was time! Surely he would hurry if he only knew! And he was going back again to-morrow, but in the meantime—the woman's eyes filled with happy tears which she did not care to brush away.

She heard the bell ring with the characteristic pertinacity which betrayed his finger on the button, and she heard the maid's step in the hall, and then he was standing in the doorway and she was putting her cool hand quietly in his.

"Well, Teddy?" she said, "Well, Margaret!" he responded; and then he had taken both her hands in his, and was shaking them hard.

"How glad I am to see you—how awfully glad!" he protested. "Jove, it's like getting back to the world again, coming home here and finding you waiting! If I shut my eyes and opened them quick enough, I could fancy that I hadn't been away at all, and was just saying hello again last year."

"You always had startling impressions," she said. "Now, I can't turn the years back that way. I'd be younger if I could. But I can be just as glad to see you as ever. Come over here to sit; it's your old chair."

When you looked at Miss Van Doerte's mouth you fancied her voice would be sharp and merciless; when you looked at her eyes you knew it would be just as it was, very low and very deep and very soothing. Ted recognized the element of restfulness in it as he sank into the wide chair with a sigh of masculine content.

"Just the same," he murmured confidentially to the firelight. "Just exactly the same. Not a bit more enthusiastic, is she? But she never was half so glad to see me as I was to see her. Gad, when a fellow's been digging away out there for a year, I tell you—"

"He's glad to see anything that hints of civilization—thank you!" Miss Van Doerte replied demurely. She had thrown herself back once more among her pillows and she did not look at him. Just then she would not, for her life, have looked at him.

"O, come now, you know what I mean. I'm trying to say, in some sort of fashion—you could say it better and prettier in a book of course—that I am utterly and idiotically happy. That is, I shall be as soon as I have a cigar. May I smoke?"

"And it is you who ask! You are wierdly ceremonious, Teddy. And if, strictly for instance, I object?"

"Ceremony ceases to be a virtue. I should defy you. But there is a family out in the Fargo where I drop in pretty often, and they're death on smoking, only when I ask real prettily, they think it wouldn't be just nice to say so, so I have got into a bad habit of being polite."

He shook his head solemnly over his delinquencies, and she sighed delightedly.

"It's good to have you back again; you're so nonsensical," she said.

"Yes, you always have a good deal of fun out of me," he acquiesced. "You ought to be very grateful to me.

But you are not grateful. It is one of your many deficiencies."

She was smiling blindly into nothingness, not hearing all he said—not caring to hear; only vividly conscious of little familiar phrases here and there, and of the vague protectiveness of his voice as he rambled on, sometimes laughing, sometimes serious, waiting lazily for her irrelevant replies. She was tasting, as only women taste who have fought leaderless battles, the full restfulness of leaning her weary womanhood against his crude masculinity. It was good to hear his voice, good to listen to his laugh, good to see his kindly face again—but best of all to note how strong he was, and full of honest life. And in the utter relaxation of the moment the flush of welcoming him died from her quiet face, and the old, hard lines crept back to it.

And then his voice changed sharply so that she woke from her dreaming.

"But say—look here, Margaret! Come to notice, you have changed. You're pale, and thin, and older looking. You're working too hard. That's what's the matter. Stop it."

A little foolish, wholly womanly thrill of pleasure came over her at the old, authoritative tone, at the loving care with which his sharp eyes studied her face. What if he did tell her bluntly that she was growing old? It was the truth, wasn't it?—a truth which her friends told her every day, more politely and quite carelessly. She smiled slowly.

"No," she answered, "I have not been working—not at all. I have only been—well, only thinking a good deal."

"It's those confounded books!" he said, wrathfully. "Look here, why can't you stow all that—take a rest? I wish you'd take a trip out West. It would brace you up, awfully."

"Would it? Well, perhaps I will some day. But as to the confounded books—why, you will be glad to hear it, Teddy—you will rejoice with an exceeding great rejoicing—I have given up the books. I have accepted the verdict of the publishers. I have decided that writing doesn't pay—and that means that it is not my forte. There is a difference, you know, between a forte and a penchant. You probably knew that before—I have grown old learning it."

Even then it seemed to her vivid consciousness that she had revealed her secret—her happy, bold, unwomanly secret. To say that she had given up her work, was not that saying shamelessly—many things? She held her breath a little as she waited for his answer.

"Given up your writing!" he cried. "Given it up for good? Oh, that's because you're worn out, tired. You must rest—a good long rest; but you mustn't give up! Accepted the publishers' verdict? Nonsense! Why, you've succeeded once. And that fellow—what's his name—that big bug that has just gotten out the new book, you know. I read that he tried twenty years before he succeeded. And you've only tried ten."

His hearty voice was full of good-natured encouragement. He did not understand.

"But ten years," she said, wearily; "ten years is a woman's life."

"Oh, fiddle-sticks!" he retorted, disdainfully. "When a woman has the blues she always thinks she's growing old. A woman's life? You've just begun yours. Why, see here, Margaret" —he leaned forward and took her hand gently in his—"I believe in you, and I want to be proud some day to say that I was your friend, even so early."

Three years ago, one year ago, she would have found her dearest triumph in his praise. One year ago, when he

had laughed at her book as she at his love. She had tried so hard to make him believe in her—in her genius, not in her womanhood. But now a sudden angry intolerance of his slow faith came to her. She drew her hand away, and clasped it in its fellow behind her head.

"You are very good," she said, softly. "But you are a trifle late. It's a bad time to begin believing in a person when he has lost his belief in himself. May I ask when you first arrived at a realization of my powers?"

He waived the sarcasm in her tone.

"Oh, I've been reading over that one book of yours. I know I laughed at it once, but you see I thought it was the only thing that stood in my way then. But lately I read it with a friend out West, and it's got good stuff in it —awfully good. She cried quarts over it, and she swears by you now

"Does she indeed?" Miss Van Doerte's voice was a trifle cynical.

"Thank her for me when you go back to her, will you? I hope she didn't cry on the cover, though. I admired the cover of that book immensely. But never mind, to have some one to swear by me—that has been my great ambition. And you?"

"I? O, I always swore by you, not in that way, exactly, though. But Margaret, I always said that you were the cleverest girl in the world, besides being the best and sweetest. I've impressed that upon you often enough, haven't I?" He laughed a little consciously. It was not like Teddy to be conscious.

"Faith, but I must have bored you, poor child."

Miss Van Doerte drew a long breath which might indeed have been of reminiscent weariness.

"Yes, Teddy," she said lightly, "You've bored me often enough to have a little mercy on me now."

Teddy smiled into the firelight. "I will," he consented reassuringly. "I promise, Margaret. I've come back this time to take up our friendship where you've tried to keep it. I've bothered you for eight years now. I've wanted you and swore to have you, and tried my very best, and failed, utterly and ignominiously. I couldn't see that you were too good for me—except, of course as you are too good for any man. I thought I could make you happy. I see now I couldn't. I knew you didn't want me —your sentiments on the subject were quite clear—but I thought you didn't quite understand how much I wanted you. But you knew your own mind perfectly—poor little girl!"

He laughed again appreciatively.

"But I sacrificed myself in a good cause—I gave you something to laugh at, didn't I?"

She looked at him with mocking eyes of sheer amusement. Miss Van Doerte's sense of humor was cruelly developed.

"O, Ted, you are so amusing! You are so naive—for a man. Yes, you made me laugh; you will always make me laugh, I think. But I'm almost sorry you won't propose again. It would be eight times, wouldn't it?"

"O, if it would entertain you," he said. "And if one could think of some new formula. But no, I won't propose again, honest. I've come to see things your way, now; come to understand that love does not always win love, not even if you wait for so many patient years. And come to understand that if a fellow can't have a girl for his wife he should accept her for a friend and be thankful. I think I'll make a first rate friend, Margaret, so if you please I'll just be that, as you've wanted me to be all along. The truest friend you'll ever have, dear, and the proudest of you. And if you ever do marry,

Margaret—you know you may sometime find a fellow who is good enough for you, a fellow with more brains than I, and able to appreciate your true worth (not but what I can do that in a way),—if ever you should marry, why even if I do feel just the least little ache in my heart perhaps, I'll wish you happiness with all my soul. And what's more, I'll wish the fellow happiness, as well. I can't promise any more than that, can I?"

The speech was half laughing and half sober, but it was quite honest, and he said it with his steady eyes straight on hers, and her own did not waver.

"Thank you, Teddy," she said evenly. "You were always a good little fellow, I'm glad you've grown so sensible."

Then she sat up and drew her tea table toward her. It is an instinct with women to turn for comfort to their tea-tables.

"I am going to make you some tea," she laughed, "I am such a confirmed old maid."

He leaned back in his chair, watching her firm hands busied amid the fragile china, and he sighed a little wistfully.

"If you had said yes last year, Margaret—but I think there never was a woman so changeless as you. I suppose it is because you are always right.

"Yes, it is because I am always right. It is a great thing to have a reputation like that; it almost compensates one for being generally wrong. But that is quite enough about myself. Concerning a person who is always right there can be very little discussion.

And then she leaned forward in her turn and looked in his face commandingly.

"Tell me now about a much more important personage, Teddy; tell me about her!"

"Who?" he asked, clumsily. A woman could have asked it inquiringly. Being a man, he might as well have shouted her name straightway.

"Oh, the one; the girl you read my book with, which is the one great proof that you have something to tell. For an interest in my book was necessarily subservient to an interest in the girl who cried over it. Confess now, Teddy. You take two lumps, don't you?"

He confessed lazily, a little shamefacedly, playing with his absurdly small cup. And sometimes when he looked too steadily at Margaret, his words halted for an instant, and his eyes were troubled.

"Well," he said, "I think I liked her first because she had your name, only we call her Meg. She's a—well, she's a Meggy sort of a girl, you understand."

"Lucid," Margaret murmured, "but I quite understand."

"Yes, she's that sort of a girl—pretty, deuced pretty; the kind of a girl you want to kiss when you look at her."

"And when she cries?" Margaret suggested. She was triumphantly conscious of the utter calmness of his tone.

"Yes, of course. And then I found out that she had read your book and liked it no end; and she found that I knew you and had your photograph, and she just went wild. And so—well, because I wanted to talk to some one about you, I got to calling at her home, and we never talked about anything else. And then we read your book over together, and she understood what you were trying to say to the world—what you did say so gloriously. And when I came to understand you, why it took my breath away to think that while you were writing things like that, I should have dared

to hope—what I did hope. I never gave you up till I read that book of yours, and understood. I think you put your soul into it, Margaret—and perhaps it is hardly a fair test to measure any man by a good woman's soul. But I gave you up, then. I didn't go back to the hotel that night, Margaret. I stumbled around the lonesome little town till morning, thinking hard, and trying to adjust myself to the new order of things. It wasn't easy. It seemed as if a big piece of something had gone out of my life. But I'd think of how you would laugh when you knew, and then I'd laugh, too; and so after awhile I felt better. And Meg helped me, of course, because she's a sweet little thing, even if she isn't much on brains. She's nearer my size, you know. And so—and so that's all.

"Of course, if you were some women, Margaret, I couldn't tell you all this; but you are not some women, and you will understand how I feel about you and Meg. I hope Meg will never quite understand—because she thinks a good deal more of me than any girl ought to think. And that's a bit of a change, you know. It's really rather pleasant, after you've spent the best years of your life loving a girl, to find suddenly that some girl loves you. Even if you can't quite stop, all of a sudden, thinking in the old way of—"

"Never mind, Teddy," Miss Van Doerte interrupted sharply. "The old order changeth, and the new, in this instance, is eminently more satisfactory."

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets, staring at the firelight with a half frown on his face.

"It's a deuced queer thing to explain," he complained. "I don't know that I really care to explain; but still —I tell you what it is, Margaret, I don't want you to think that I'm the kind of a fellow that's off with the old love and on with the new all at a moment's notice."

He looked toward her pleadingly, and then laughed whimsically.

"But you could hardly be so unjust. How many moments in eight years, Margaret? And you never yielded an inch, did you?"

Perhaps it was because the firelight in her face traitorously betrayed it, perhaps because he was not worthy of the trust he had put in himself, but he leaned suddenly toward her, his elbows on the tea-table, his laughter dying, his face flushed a little.

"Would it be the same answer always, Margaret? If I asked again? I never meant to say it again, upon my soul I didn't, dear—"

"And you won't say it now, being a sensible boy and in your right mind."

She felt a strange, impersonal shame for his weakness, as if the heart of the girl out West were dominating her. But the scorn in her voice was not of him, but of herself. She could not help it that he did not understand this, and she was scarcely sorry. It was so altogether best that he should not understand—to-night.

He sat up very straight, with a sharp breath that was half pain, half resentment for the mockery in her tone.

"No, I won't. I'm neither a knave nor quite a fool, I hope. And then there is Meg. You know I was never weak enough to break my heart—I have Meg."

There was a little boyish bravado in his voice that made her smile wearily.

"But do you know"—he rose and pulled his gloves from his pocket, straightening them carefully, finger by finger. "Do you know, I believe I'll go now. There's Meg, you see, and—you are such a wonderful woman, dear, and—and I think my head is a little turned by getting home to you. I'm quite fond of Meg, truly, you know.

She's a darling, of course. It was because—well, I had asked you seven times, I suppose. Habit is strong, you know. You don't think the worse of me, do you, Margaret? You'll make allowances for my being—"

"A bit demented to-night, Teddy, or merely the slave of a habit?"

She pushed back the tea-table as she rose, laughing again because there were tears in her throat that hurt her.

"And, Ted, I'm glad you've found the right girl, who loves you, and whom you dearly love. And tell her I am a good friend of hers."

His face cleared relievedly, as she put her hand steadily in his, and he pressed it hard.

"That'll make her awfully happy, Margaret—what a sensible girl you are to be sure. I'm sorry I can't come up again before I go back; but Meg will be jolly glad to hear about you. And Margaret, don't give up your writing—your work. Remember there are two people away out West who believe in you, and know you will succeed. Promise me you won't give up? I shall be so proud of you!"

How could she explain again? He would never understand; never. So she only said.

"Leave it to fate, Teddy. Fate always brings things around some way—the way it wants to."

The words sounded a little dreary in spite of her, and he looked down at her hesitatingly, as if the tired quiver in her voice were an articulate pleading. But when she lifted her eyes to his they denied the quiver so resolutely that he thought he had not heard it.

"You'll feel different about it after a while," he said assuringly. "I know you better than you know yourself."

Which is a remark men are fond of making to a woman, and which they implicitly believe.

"And so good-bye, dear girl, good-bye," he said.

"You say it so solemly," she answered lightly. "Good-night."

Then when he had gone, she went across to the window to watch him as he passed under the glare of the light on the corner. It had begun to rain very softly; a quiet October rain, and she saw him turn back, hesitating. A slow flush crept over her face. If he came back—nay, what if he came back?

But he went on, turning up his collar and pulling his hat low. The light, dancing in the slanting rain, threw his shadow in a long, gamballing fantasy that made her laugh gently.

She turned back into the room then, and was glad of the bright glow and happy firelight. If one is quite alone such things are good. Not in real life do the desolate seek shadows. She wondered a little if real life had never any wholly tragic tragedies; tragedies without the broad touch of comedy that adds bitterness to the pain. And she wondered too if she ought to cry, if some women would not cry. But instead she smiled again, thinking of the girl out west—the girl who cried over her book.

"Your poor little one book," she told herself. "That was your mission in life, you see. And you, you had your chance — had it seven times."

She sat down in the chair they had called his, and looked blindly at the burned out end of his cigar, thrown into one of the dainty cups.

A small heap of white ashes lay about it, and she leaned forward and stirred them with one finger with grave interest.

And then her lips quivered suddenly, and she hid her face in her outstretched arms.

How Seven Men decided between the Devil and the Deep Sea.

BE JOLLY

What's the use of being sad?
  What's the use of sighing?
What's the use of getting mad?
  What's the use of crying?

Sadness does not cure the ill,
  Sighing will not mend you;
Anger is a bitter pill,
  Tears no aid can lend you.

Work your case of "blues" away,
  Smile when troubles fret you;
Cheerfulness will always pay,
  Laugh when things upset you.

What's the use of anything,—
  Wisdom, life, or folly,
If it does not seem to bring
  Happiness? Be jolly!

Ellis Parker Butler

FOR HER SAKE

GUISEPPE CRISPI was poor, but he could play. The trouble was, no one knew it, for he could not get a hearing from any of the opera house managers. Milan was a large city, and bread was very cheap, but there were times when Guiseppe was hungry. The money he had saved up for six years had all left him one day; it went to buy the Cremona which had been hanging up in stingy old Ferrari's window all that time. And of all the bag full of gold sequins and silver soldi, there remained only enough for a few months' rent of the garret where he lived. Still, he married about this time, for he thought that Fame and Money would both stretch out their hands to him when he got the Cremona, and besides, he had waited as long as he could. And little red-cheeked Nina was willing to live on water and a crust with him.

Nina could sing—marvelous strains which set Guiseppe to wondering. In their little garret together at night he would take the melody from her lips as it fell, and send it out again from the strings of his violin. It was prettier than the music from the thumb-marked pages over which he poured; newer, and possessing a strange burden which made his heart quiver.

Money was scarcer all the time and still Guiseppe could not find an ear that would listen to him a moment. The shabby figure with long hair and an old violin under its arm had become familiar to all the orchestra leaders and theatre managers, and most of them would wave him away without giving him time to speak. Tramp fiddlers were too numerous.

The day soon came when he put his long thin hand in his pocket only to find one soldo, and when that was gone—

It went, and Guiseppe Crispi and his little wife slept that night without their crust, and for two more nights—then Guiseppe grew desperate. The roses had gone from Nina's cheeks, and the lillies were in their place. She was so weak that when she started to rise from her cot the evening of the third day, she fell back. Guiseppe shook his hands in the air and cursed, then turned and knelt by her.

"*Carina mia*, sing to me! One more song, if you have the strength, *ma bella!* Then to-night we shall feast!"

He placed the pillows under her head and picking up his violin, stood by her.

"Sing *carina*, sing!" he whispered.

Softly she sang, for her voice was weak from hunger, but Guiseppe leaned over her so that not a note might be lost, and took down upon the strings of his Cremona the melody, storing it away in his memory. When it was done, he stooped and kissed each pale eyelid where it had fallen over the weary eyes, then tip-toed, bare-headed, from the dusty little room.

"Sudden death of Signor Guido Lucci!" a newsboy shouted in his ear as he reached the street.

Guiseppe reeled against the wall, and put his hand to his head, trying to think. Lucci—Lucci! Who was Lucci? Ah! Yes; Lucci played at the theatre two blocks away. A celebrity, and this was to have been his second night. And Lucci was dead! Some one must take his place. Oh! If—

Down the street he sped, hoping, despairing, but with the desperate determination to make himself heard. He sought a rear entrance, and glided to one of the wings. The manager was striding about like a maniac, issuing contradictory orders, and vowing that Lucci's sudden death would be his ruin. Unseen, the slight figure in the wing put his violin in place and began to play very softly. The strange, appealing notes stole through the hubbub, and then there was silence for a moment. The manager stalked forward.

"Who are you?" he demanded, almost roughly.

"Guiseppe Crispi? I have come to take the place of Signor Lucci."

"Some one must appear to-night. Can you play like that for an hour and a-half, at intervals?"

Guiseppe's "yes" was so husky as to be barely audible. Could he play an hour and a-half! He could play till morning—forever!

The house was a sentient mass of humanity when the manager stepped before the curtain to make his explanatory speech, announcing and regretting the unexpected death of Signor Guido Lucci. He concluded by saying that he had found a genius in rags, who would engage their attention that evening, and that his performance was marvelous. Guiseppe did not hear any of this. He was leaning against a table, the picture of a woman's face in his mind, praying for physical strength—he had no fear for the rest. A glass of wine was thrust in his hand by some one, and he drank it. An instant later he found himself standing alone a half dozen feet away from a glaring row of footlights, and felt, rather than saw, the gaze of thousands of eyes. There was a titter, and then a deep hush. In his mind was swaying the song little Nina had sung, and his finger-tips were throbbing with the prisoned notes. Mechanically he swung his violin up, and his chin fell to the old, familiar place. He did not see the vast audience as the first rich notes trembled out, like the fluttering wings of a wounded bird. His mind was back in the garret, where she had sung, and where she was waiting now for his returning. At the thought as-

surance came, and his lithe body swayed, as the music swayed his soul. Those who looked saw not his tatters, but were lost in wonder at the infinite yearning of those quivering strings. Oh! how he played! He had waited so long—hoped so long, and now all the agony of his stifled soul was borne away.

Was he standing there long? He did not know. He did not know what or who was around. At last the cruel bonds had been cut away, and he could show the world that Guiseppe Crispi was no "tramp fiddler." The bow of the violin drew his life out, note by note, as it had been for the past few years; and there was a tear and a sob in every sound. Then came a shuddering wail of horror and despair, and women shut their ears. Quickly it passed; then came the yearning song of sadness, which an hour ago Nina had sung into his eager breast. The strength of the player was going, for his thin limbs were quivering now; but his eyes were bright and there was a smile on his pale lips. Mingled with the sobbing of women came the violin's tones, and their blending created an effect which wrung strong men's hearts. Some one rose from his seat in a box and cast a heavy purse at the feet of Guiseppe. It flew open from the fall, and gold pieces rolled about the floor. Guiseppe saw them blinking at him—then knew that they were meant for him—for Nina. Overcome, his hands dropped. Then a wave of feeling bore every one away, and diamond necklaces, rolls of bills, rings, gold, rained at the feet of the ragged figure with the old Cremona.

When Guiseppe Crispi climbed the stairs a half hour later, it seemed to him that there were wings on his feet —though his pockets were heavier than they had ever been before. The garret door was open for a few inches, and he could see that the candle was burning low. Poor child! She had done it; her song had brought the crisis. He thrust both hands deep into his pockets and drew forth—oh, how it all glittered and shone!

"*Carina!* Wake—wake! *Carina mia!* See! Did I not tell you we would feast?"

He stopped; violin and jewels crashed on the floor together.

She was lying on the cot, with her face to the door, as though to greet him, and her eyes were open, but—

He had won both fame and wealth with the swan-song of his love!

E. Carl Litsey.

CUPID AND THE LARK

One day I looked up to the sky—so blue,
And what do you think was there?
Why, Cupid! astride of a lark's swift wings,
Flying up, up, up, in the air!

His arms encircled her neck—so soft,
And his face was rosy with fun;
His golden hair streamed out as he flew
Far up toward the glowing sun.

"Now what do you mean by this flight —so wild?
And why do you laugh with such glee?"
They were gone; but his answer fell faint from above—
"I'm off on a lark," said he.

Carol Schetky Turvey

SPEAKING OF FARMING

"When I was a boy an' lived in Iowa," said Uncle Joshua, "a feller come erlong an' took up a quarter-section in th' next township an' started in to show th' old settlers how ter do farmin'. But he come from Connecticut an' didn't jest understand how ter handle productive soil, an' luck was agin him from th' start.

"First place, he planted a big field of squashes, an' 'stead of trainin' th' vines ter grow in a circle as was customary in them parts he left them ter their own devices, an' th' pesky things grew over most of th' township. Yes, sir, he had ter walk eight miles ter pick some of them squashes, an' had ter carry a ladder erlong ter use where they'd growed over trees and houses.

"Then he planted a lot of Champion of England peas an' stuck green cottonwood brush in th' ground fer 'em ter climb on, an' blamed if thet brush didn't take root an' begin ter grow. Yes, sir, it was a reg'lar tug of war between th' brush an' th' peas, an' some of th' brush growed so fast thet it pulled th' peas up by th' roots, but mostly th' peas got th' best holt an' pulled th' brush up, so he had ter go round every few days an' stick it back in th' ground agin.

"He put phosphate on his 'taters, same's he'd always done in Connecticut, an' th' result was somethin' wonderful. They grew so big there wasn't room for more'n two in a hill an' th' rest 'had ter lay round on top of th' ground. He was mighty tickled over them 'taters, an' bragged a whole lot erbout 'em, an' it broke him all up when he come ter dig 'em an' found they was all hollow. Yes, sir, every blamed one of them 'taters was nothin' but a shell. They'd growed so fast they didn't get time ter fill up.

"But th' most curious thing thet happened was what made him give up farmin' in disgust an' go ter preachin'. He had a big field of likely lookin' corn, an' right erlong side was erbout a acre of Lima beans. Well, sir, I'll be dog goned if them two crops didn't somehow get mixed in the shuffle, an' when he got ready ter harvest his corn in th' fall, he had erbout eight hundred bushels of as fine succotash as you ever see." *M. LeRoy*

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST"

"PIERRE, you will be careful?" and two clinging arms crept around his neck.

"Yes, sweet." Pierre Loti knelt by the bedside and kissed the pale face of his young wife.

"And—you will come to me as soon as the performance is over?"

"Surely, love."

"I was never afraid before. But do be careful, my Pierre. And don't forget Wallace for a second. He is a treacherous brute, and I don't trust him."

"I will remember, dear," said Pierre, patiently. "I never yet saw the lion I was afraid of. I will come back to you safely, little one."

Half an hour later, Loti, the lion-tamer, stood in the cage of the wild beasts. Handsome and fearless he looked, in his tight-fitting suit of green, that showed the perfection of his manly form.

At his command the tawny beasts leaped and knelt and went through the various tricks they had been taught. In their midst stood Loti, erect, alert, keeping his eyes ever on the great animals, unheeding the crowds that watched with breathless fascination the display of the power of man over brute.

Wallace, the huge African lion, was in a sulky temper. He obeyed the commands of his trainer slowly, as if half-minded to refuse altogether. At last—the performance was nearly over—Loti's attention was given to the two other lions, and for a second or two his glance was turned away from Wallace. The great lion's rage had been gathering, and he saw his opportunity. With a low growl he crouched a moment, his tail thrashing nervously from side to side, then he sprang toward Loti. Pierre saw—or felt—what was coming: he turned on the

instant, and even as the huge brute was in mid-air, the man had taken one quick step aside. One step—but it was enough, and the lion passed so near that his hot breath fanned Loti's cheek, and one paw just grazed the trainer's arm. Then Wallace, slipping and sliding along with the force of his leap, turned with a low growl of baffled rage, his tail twitching. his eyes gleaming with hate, his whole form trembling with excitement. There was a gasp from the audience; several ladies fainted. Amid a deathly silence, Loti, without showing a trace of fear, even to the quiver of an eyelash, slowly approached the great beast, keeping his eyes fixed steadily upon him. The lion trembled, and crouched against the bars of the cage. Loti kept his eyes upon him. "Down!" he said, sternly. The lion made no move to obey. "Down!" repeated Loti, advancing nearer, and raising the whip he carried threateningly.

With a low, almost inaudible growl, the lion sank down, shrinking away from the terrible gaze of those stern eyes. Loti struck him once, twice, with the whip. Then he gave a command, "Leap." The lion obeyed. Loti followed him closely, and gave him one or two more commands, which were sulkily obeyed. Then Pierre, satisfied, turned to the audience, made his bow, and left the cage, amid thunders of applause.

When Pierre Loti stood outside of the room where his wife lay, he heard a sound that thrilled his heart as no lion's roar had ever thrilled it. It was a small sound, a feeble wail, but when it reached his ears the strong man leaned against the wall, faint and trembling. Francesca? Was it well with her? What if—? He pushed open the door and entered.

The doctor, a short, fussy little man, came forward with finger on lip, but with beaming smile.

"Yes, it is all right, sir. A boy, a fine fellow,—weighs ten pounds."

Pierre looked anxiously towards the bed. Francesca, very pale, but with a look of perfect happiness, met his glance with a smile. "Yes, Pierre. Bring the little one to me. I want to see you both together." Pierre, blushing and awkward, leaned over the small bundle on the nurse's lap. A little red face with blinking eyes looked up at him. His son! Their first born.

Loti held out his arms awkwardly for the precious bundle that was laid in them. "I hardly dare to take him, Francesca, mine. He is so little, I am afraid—"

Francesca laughed, a feeble little laugh. "My Pierrot! Thou! Art never afraid of a lion, but dare not take our son in your arms."

Pierre slowly and carefully made the short journey to the bedside, proudly bearing his son and heir. He sank on his knees, kissed his wife with passionate tenderness, and then looked down at the little fellow in his arms. "Ain't he a buster, Frannie? See what a grip he's got on my finger," as one crumpled rose-leaf baby hand closed tightly around the lion-tamer's finger.

Ida Kenniston

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

OCTOBER

OCTOBER is the most cultivated month of the year. It has sown its oats, wild and otherwise, and now reaps them, gathering a rich harvest of experience, beauty and truth.

Like the gentleman of actual, unaffected culture, October harvests knowledge as a means rather than an end. Her grain is not stored away in a miserly spirit, but with a view to its further disposition, to its drawing compound interest of thoughts. October's mind is matured and touched with the inevitable sadness of experience to be read in all middle chapters of life.

The month has a noble beauty of both mind and body. There is a brilliant afterglow upon garb and spirit. The sun is setting, but its dying light glorifies every leaf and thought. Hitherto life has been lived in a hurry both glad and sorrowful, but now in the Indian summer days there comes a peaceful time to think.

October's rich maturity fascinates. It sounds a call irresistible, enchaining from the depths of a nature whose girlhood has blossomed into a wondrous flower, seductive, sun-like, steeped in heart-blood. "Nature is here in my heart! Look! Look! Listen! Listen!" she calls, and we take her in our arms for a wonderful moment before she goes.

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SOMETHING ABOUT NEGROS

IF Mrs Stowe were here to witness a negro lynching, she in all probability would question with a shudder the outcome of her crusade in behalf of freedom. The shudder would be the natural expression of her deeply emotional nature, but a wide experience with the characteristics of the African race must indicate to her reason, or that of any other mind acquainted with both sides of the facts, that the negro is not altogether blameless for his present condition in the south. He cannot in fairness be held entirely responsible any more than can the moth for its corruptible tendency. It is the nature of the moth to be corruptible, it has no higher vision, and it is the nature of the negro to have done that which at the beginning incurred the temper of the mob. Until he has by a mental growth surmounting his animal tendencies left behind his present racial condition he must be held in a measure responsible for the tragedy of his present outlook. Education is the one and only means of rescue for the colored race. This is plainly demonstrated by viewing as a class the negroes of Boston, where they inhabit in great numbers, living in peace and progress owing to their individual and collective understanding of cause and effect, generally designated as right and wrong. In several northern localities the negro not only thinks, but he has also grown into some perception of what racial unity means, and thus doubles his rightful strength. In these communities the negroes "work together for good;" in the south where they have comparatively meagre advantages of education they work separately for bad, and as a general thing show even less respect for each other than they evince towards a white man or woman. The great mass of negroes feel more contempt and jealousy than

kindness and gratitude towards those among their race who, owing to natural ability and education, stand out pre-eminently as leaders or instructors.

Let a northern man contemplate a situation extending as far north as Lexington, Kentucky, where a white woman cannot in safety walk alone the streets of a village or city after sundown, nor go into the country unattended in daylight without risk of personal violence from negro men, and he will understand why any southern man stands ready to protect his own by extreme measures if milder means will not answer the purpose; then let the northerner go still further by admitting that in but few instances have any southerners other than the off-scourings of humanity participated in the outrage of lynching, no matter how genuine the provocation, and he will realize that human nature on both sides stands behind these proceedings, and nothing but an eager listening for the dictates of a wisdom higher than our own can rectify the errors existing. The negro does wrong because his thoughts and experiences do not yet lead him right. Patient education of his powers of thought and self-control will be his moral and spiritual salvation. Give him an ideal that he can understand and his mind will in good time cease to dwell in the body alone. With the negro, as with the Indian, a good example would teach him more of morality than a library of books on doctrine. Every lynching makes another lynching. Set a brute to teach a brute and a school of infamy results.

The strengthening of civil authority over the mob element rife in every community, a wiser patience with the race of black children for whom we stand responsible, and compulsory education are component elements of a policy that will cleanse our national record. The negro is beyond everything else imitative. He shapes himself after the model of the strongest influence about him, attaining growth from without, not from within, thus laying upon us as the master mind a weighty responsibility. When the colored man is at last taught to think, the day of his salvation will be at hand; but as he now stands, the whites are continuing to do his thinking, and with what result?

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THE MAN AND THE BOY

THE paramount influence of the mother in the rearing of boys is generally conceded, but small recognition is given to the unconscious influence of the man over the boy in his formative state, irrespective of parental duty. Every man who touches the life of a growing boy at even a remote point becomes an influence for good or evil upon the future of the boy. This is so because of the strong sex egotism predominating all things masculine. A boy loves his mother, but he struts about in imitation of his father. No money could bribe him to sign away his right of sex entitling him to a certain indisputable sovereignty, no matter how tattered.

As the father to the son, so is the employer to any and every lad in his employ. To the young mind the employer stands out as an example of a successful career, irrespective of methods, and from this early instructor a boy most likely receives indelible impressions of the color of the world.

When a business man teaches his office boy the commercial value of a lie, that boy, at first considerably puzzled, begins shortly to construct a train of conclusions militating against the interests of truth in all relations.

The boy is frequently taught that lying to an employer is one matter opposed to all law and order, but lying to a customer is another—something accepted as essential to all codes of trade. The boy at first reflects and wonders about this two-handed arrangement, but lamentably soon he accepts and appropriates a code of business honor that apparently has brought about the worldly success surrounding his young, receptive life. On the other hand, employers are responsible for many fine, manly qualities developed by boys who

are watching and imitating their every action.

In both large and small things the employer bears always with him a weight of conscious and unconscious moral responsibility towards the men and boys working in his service. He teaches integrity by his own conduct of life more successfully than by word of mouth. Each man is the general of a small, busy army of boys, whom he leads to conquest or ruin. In every relation the extent of human responsibility one to another is appalling, but the most painful feature of the man's relation to the boy lies in the tardy recognition he gives his own responsibility, and his careless acceptance of results once recognized.

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PERSONAL RIGHTS

AN indefensible element of selfishness is disregard for the rights of others. This is demonstrated every day; particularly in small matters concerning which most people are either too careless or too masterful. We make an appointment with a friend and keep him waiting indefinitely, regardless of any feeling he may have about economizing his own eternity, and in so doing we rob him as effectually as if we were to make off with his money purse, for in homely words, "Time is money."

A redeeming feature of the character of the worst man I ever knew was his punctilious observance of the minor rights of others, therefore, in calling him "the worst man" the appellation applies only to his relations with himself—for he was no other person's enemy. A man's life is his own in so far as its conduct harms only himself—his own to live and to suffer for, but the instant any act of his causes unhappiness to another he oversteps the bounds of personal right. Human relations are wheels within wheels running the pendulum of existence whose each tick signifies a life coming in or going out. These wheels make contact so often that no cog remains untouched during a revolution; no point of life shines entirely alone. This being the case the moment one cog or one wheel obstructs another a hitch comes in the gigantic machinery, hardly perceptible, but enough to retard the wonderful whole during one flash of time. We are not responsible for our brother if while walking along the road he stumbles on a stone, unless we put the stone in his way, then we are not only responsible for his fall but also for ensuing results. If we are not blessed with the temperament which promotes happiness, we at least can strive not to interfere with its natural bent. The rights of others to live in their own way, to love in their own way and to die in their own way should be sacred in our sight, even when for ourselves we choose a different path, because no man can read the handwriting on the wall of his neighbor's heart, no man has even a speaking acquaintance with another man's soul from whence comes the impulse of his life.

There is no greater show of egotism displayed than in the attitude of the majority, who in believing themselves right about every trifle, condemn all opposing belief. Just such conviction is the impetus of all Anglo-Saxon egotism, success and bad manners, but conscience pays the penalty and strikes a balance with many good qualities. The stablest factor in men's friendship hinges upon a masculine capacity to mind its own business and keep its finger in its own pie.

The provincial mind turned loose in a great city at once decides that everybody is going to the devil because city ways are not country ways. The countryman would limit the sky line of creation to his own horizon, and accordingly he makes himself troublesome and amusing. A family will rouse the entire neighborhood into a ferment of talk over the way Smith or Jones waters his grass, when at bottom no one is responsible for the life of that grass but Smith or Jones, who possibly may know more about sod than any of his critics.

A Glance at New Books

Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"THE ARCHBISHOP'S UNGUARDED MOMENT"

"THE Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, and other stories," are a group of humorous and bright sketches of various dilemmas and happenings concerning bishops. As purely imaginary stories they are excellent, and we enjoy them. There is human nature in bishops, as well as the rest of mankind, and these stories are told at the expense of this nature, combined with a superfluous dignity in his type. They are very amusing—only occasionally becoming strained and too much overdrawn to please. They are original, and Mr. Oscar Fay Adams has conceived some very funny situations, which he has quite cleverly enlarged upon. L. C. Page & Co.

"CONSTANTINOPLE,"

THE mysterious, the remote, around which hang great volumes of history and legend, rising from almost every spot we touch, from every tower, palace and mosque which meets our wondering eyes, is the subject of a work by Mr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, who has written a very exhaustive book on this interesting city, giving us much valuable history, through which he has woven, in many places, bright bits of legend, connected with palace, tower, or person, and which lend a charm always to more serious facts of history. It is an excellent book, either to read before visiting the city of the East, or as a book with which to refresh one's memory after once having been there. All the principal haunts of interest Mr. Grosvenor has touched, and many times with almost poetic appreciation, always bringing to the stronger light some half-forgotten bit of legend or history. The book is profusely and finely illustrated, and has an introduction by Mr. Lew Wallace. Little, Brown & Co.

"PRETTY MICHAL"

IT is Maurice Jokai who has certainly exceeded himself, in so far as description goes, in his latest production, "Pretty Michal." The book deals almost exclusively with the methods of torture as practiced in the seventeenth

century, adroitly inserting a little of the popular superstitions and brigandage of those doleful times. Unlike Charles Reade in his great novel, Mr. Jokai leaves nothing to the imagination, but every expression and ejaculation made by the victims, in response to extreme physical torture, is too faithfully and minutely described; nothing is suggested, but everything is given, even the smallest detail. It seems a little vulgar to revel in such descriptions, a little too great an attempt to produce a sensation. Jokai is always vigorous, and has a certain impetuosity which imparts somewhat to the reader, and carries him along like a straw on a strong current; but there is a lack of finish—every picture is framed in blood, and appeals not to the sense of the beautiful or good in any instance. The selection of a headsman of the seventeenth century as a leading character would cast a gloomy headlight over any book. L. C. Page & Co.

YALE ON THE FIELD OF BLUE

A NEW book on "Yale," her campus, class rooms and athletics by Mr. L. S. Welch, justifies the name appropriately applied to it as a glorified catalogue. It will certainly be of interest to all Yale men, for as a catalogue it is complete, with here and there good bits of history and biography which would be interesting for any one to read. The book is of small importance outside a limited circle of readers. It is profusely illustrated with excellent cuts of the presidents, the professors of the many departments, the boat crew, etc. It will please Yale men, and increase, if possible, their permissible self esteem. L. C. Page & Co

"THE QUEEN OF THE SWAMP"

THERE have been comparatively few stories written dealing with the pioneer life of the middle west, though it cannot be for lack of material or of interest in the early life of these states, as there is a fascination about it, a a simple merriment which affect us of to-day—contrasting as it does with our rush and crush and complex way of living. Stories like that of "The Queen of the Swamp and Other Plain Americans" by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, touch us with their pathos and amuse us with their simple, unaffected humor. They are wonderfully true in detail and the types are accurately reproduced. There is color in every picture, and they evidence the fact that Miss Catherwood is a story teller of the first rank, and possesses the essentials for a writer of short stories, which are to-day in such demand. This book is a collection of stories which have been published from time to time, and have recently been gathered together and form a very complete and amusing book of scenes of early life in the middle west. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ON THE BIRDS' HIGHWAY"

"ON the Birds' Highway" is a series of sketches by Reginald Heber Howe, a keen observer and bird lover, a combination which must inevitably insure something readable. He has not only good eyes for the "feathered tribe" but good ears as well, and the too short chapters on songs familiar and unfamiliar, reveal a true delight in his observations. The book may well be of value and interest to bird lovers generally. Small, Maynard & Co.

NOTE—Inquiries have been made by many of our subscribers as to the most desirable books to purchase to keep up with current literature. Beginning with next month a carefully studied and selected list of the best books recently published will be given, with name of publisher and price of book.

"THE LION AND THE UNICORN"

A FRESH volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis is always welcome, although the tales therein have been served first to the public through various periodicals. Mr. Davis' style is peculiarly his own, and "The Lion and the Unicorn," and "On the Fever Ship," are decidedly the best of this latest volume; and the latter is probably the best bit of descriptive writing Mr. Davis has done in a story. The sensations of delirium are most vividly described, and the pathos is moving, and not in the least mawkish. "The Lion and the Unicorn" is extremely pretty, although the title is obviously chosen for effect, rather than from any bearing it has on the story. One regrets that the young playwright's choice does not fall on Marion, instead of the unappreciative Helen, but men seldom do marry the women best suited to them, or most devoted to their interests. And there is one line in which Mr. Davis has no peers, and few rivals: his abiilty to handle love scenes. Chas. Scribner & Sons, New York.

"SEARCH LIGHT LETTERS"

IN the "Search Light Letters," by Robert Grant, the writer discourses in a charming fashion upon the various phases of American life, much after the manner of his earlier works: "The Reflections of a Married Man," and "The Opinions of a Philosopher." The Search Light is cast upon men, women and ethics, by a kindly, yet firm hand; and there are some fine bits of humor, and some really inspiring passages.

Perhaps the most naive is the one in which a modern woman's career in society, with the thousand and one demands on time and health, the toying with philanthropy, the feverish pursuit of every new fad, the attempt to stand sponsor for all reforms and frivolities is so pitilessly and pitifully set forth. Modern life is so progressive; so crowded with things really valuable and interesting, that if Judge Grant's daintily disguised sermon will have a restraining effect on even one woman, hovering anxiously on the outskirts of that whirlpool of unrest and emptiness, known as "smart society," he is deserving of hearty thanks. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

"LETTERS OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS"

THE "Letters of Captain Dreyfus to his Wife," written during his imprisonment on L'Isle du Diable, are especially interesting, in view of the great wave of indignation sweeping over the civilized world, as we go to press, because of his re-conviction at Rennes. The letters seem very timely as revealing the character of the writer under stress of a great affliction. It is in such straits that the real self, or inner soul of man, comes to the surface. This correspondence is moving; eloquent of an indignant sense of wrong-suffering or injury; but it is not, as is often the case, under such circumstances, sentimentally pathetic. The reason for this lying in the lack of magnetism or warm-hearted human nature in Captain Dreyfus, himself. The letters are monotonous in theme and style, naturally enough; and their very power to move the reader so profoundly, proves that mere feeling, however sterile, truthfully and naturally portrayed, is mightier than any style or dressing up of a subject. Harper & Bros., New York.

Membership in this class is free to all. Send for blanks.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar

PRIZE WINNERS FOR AUGUST

First Prize: Mrs. Albert Fowler, 100 Washington street, Cumberland, Maryland.

Second Prize: Jennie Whitney, 16 Loomis street, Burlington, Vermont.

Third Prize: Mary A. Washburn, 26 Harrison street, Taunton, Mass.

Fourth Prize: Miss Mary Geneva Rathbun, Mystic, Conn.

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN AUGUST

Literature.

1. There has not been for years anything in belles-lettres quite so satisfying and beautiful as the almost daily letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Browning in 1845 and 1846, which were given for publication by their son. These letters could go under the title of "A Literary Courtship," for this is what they amount to.

2. Edmond Rostand has given the world one of the finest pieces of literature in his famous "Cyrano de Bergerac."

3. The sage of Monticello was Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, whose country seat was at Monticello near Charlottesville.

4. The "Satanic School" was a class of writers in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, who showed a scorn for all moral rules and the generally received dogmas of the Christian religion. The most eminent English writers of this school were Bulwer afterwards (Lord Lytton), Byron, Moore and Shelley.

5. The Portico of Octavio, a large rectangular space enclosed by a double line of columns, was built in honor of Octavio by her brother Agustus on the site of the Porticus Metelli founded in 146 B. C. The whole group was one of the most magnificent in Rome, and contained a large number of works of art by Phydias and other Greek sculptors. Now a church.

Art.

1. The general belief that St. Luke was an artist as well as a physician, rests on Greek traditions, and can only be traced to the tenth century. A picture of the Virgin found in the Catacombs with an inscription, to the import that it is "one of seven painted by Luca," is regarded as a confirmation of this belief concerning the evangelist Luke. Two most celebrated, "The Bambino" in Ara Coeli and "Madonna" in Borghese chapel.

2. Pope Julius II. invited Michael Angelo to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine chapel with frescoes. With extreme reluctance he consented to execute this undertaking in an untried branch of art. He was not a painter but the Pope's request was a command so he made the casting, constructed the scaffolding, and also invented a curious little paper cap which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work at night.

3 Raphael's sketches, pictures, all that constituted his artistic property, became the heritage of his two favorite pupils, Giulio Romano and Gian Francesco Penni, burdened only with the injunction that they should complete the unfinished works. Each of his servants received 300 golden ducats. A sum of 1000 crowns was devoted to the purchase of a house, with which the Pantheon Chapel, founded by the painter, was endowed.

4. Hans Memling, or Hemling, a Flemish painter born probably near Bruges, about 1425, and who served under Charles the Bold of Burgundy, was admitted into the hospital of St. John at Bruges, penniless and disabled by wounds, and painted for the institution some of his finest works.

5. The palace of the queen of Holland, called Huis in t' Bosch (House in the Wood), which lies on the outskirts of The Hague, is in the midst of a mighty wood, and is especially worthy of notice for the tapestry, and the frescoes and other paintings which it contains, by Rubens and several of his most distinguished pupils.

General.

1. The most notable occasion upon which St. James (Sant Iago), the patron saint of Spain, appeared to lead the soldiers of Spain, was in the year 939 when King Ramiro determined not to submit longer to the tribute of one hundred virgins which was annually paid to the Moors. From that day "Santiago," has been the Spanish war cry. Represented in victories mounted on a white steed and bearing banner of victory.

2. Sansculottes, literally "without breeches," a low, riff-raff party in the great French Revolution, so shabby in dress that they were termed "the trouserless." The name was afterwards assumed by the patriots as a title of honor.

3. Peter the Great of Russia worked in Saardam or Zaardam, Holland, in disguise as a ship carpenter for a short time in 1697.

4. Cipango was a marvelous island described in the "Voyages" of Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler. He described it as lying some 1500 miles from land. This island was an object of diligent search with Columbus and other early navigators.

5. According to a Scandinavian legend, the swallow hovered over the cross of Christ, crying, "Svale! Svale! (Cheer up! Cheer up!)" and hence it received the name of svale or swallow "the bird of consolation."

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER

Literature.

1. What event in his life suggested to Oliver Goldsmith the writing of "She Stoops to Conquer?"

2. Which one of the French poets was called the "French Burns and the poet of St. Honore?" What honors were paid his memory when he died, and where is he buried?

3. Who was called the Ettrick Shepherd?

4. Who founded a famous printing establishment at Antwerp?

5. Why is a "Library" so called?

Art.

1. What four painters of Florence were called "the Weepers," and why?

2. Who was Tommaso Guidi Masaccio?

3. What Dominican Monk painted a grand picture that Ferdinand II. paid $15,000 for and that is now in the Pitti Palace, Florence?

4. Who was called the "Columbus of the Catacombs," and what valuable work did he accomplish?

5. By what means did Sir Joshua Reynolds strive to discover the technical secrets of the early Italian painters?

General.

1. What was the Roman Cap of Liberty?

2. What are the "Gates of China?"

3. What was the famous royalist song during the Hundred Days, "Paire de gants?"

4. How is the German Reichstag made up?

5. What was the Peace of Westphalia?

PRIZES FOR SEPTEMBER

First Prize: Handsome Oxford Bible. Illuminated edition.

Second Prize: "Dorothy Q" and other poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Third Prize: The Fall of Santiago, Thos. Vivian.

Fourth Prize: Bound Volume X. of National Magazine.

Publisher's Department

IN these days of haste and bustle, the American utilizes every moment to the best possible advantage, and business is conducted on the time-table plan. How much the railroad man absorbs in that glance at a watch, regulated and re-regulated every week to keep time to the fraction of a second! And in the advent of the "railroad age," we may partially account for the unseemly haste and high tension of business activity at the present time. Who can conceive of our stately forefathers bustling about, with those huge and cumbersome timepieces in their hands—calculating, with a scowling brow, as to whether there was time to cover so many appointments before a stage-coach left its moorings, and the prancing leaders galloped away! No! we are living in an age when time appears to have more value than ever, and with all this endless calculating of "meeting points," and making "schedule time" in everyday life, why does the philosopher seek further for the cause of the "nervous prostration," which so frequently finishes a race, ever strenuously chasing the phantom of wealth or fame, which is held up as the ideal of life. But there is no use in trying to sweep back the tide—but we may, at least, raise, here and there, an occasional dyke, to protect the pursuit of happiness, in its purest and loftiest sense.

THE passing of the horse, and the coming of the automobile, is another cog in the wheels of that progress which tends to crush out individuality in both man and beast. The time was when Jones' mare, in its placid joy, or Thompson's colt, in its cautious canter, had as distinctive an individuality on the country road or village street, as the owners. Even the dashing roan that carried the doctor had a medical method in his gait, and a specific and material place in public estimation. And who can forget the days of the street car horses, who blinked wearily as they were favored with a brief breathing spell, and seemed to long for the good old days on the farm.

The old one-horse shay may pass away, but there are others being built, and no process of invention can crush out the relation of man to the faithful horse, whose bridle rein has been a cable tow in forming ties of association which no electric current and steam piston can sunder. Our fathers thought the railroads would banish the horses—but they are still with us, as a part and parcel of human progress; still the friends of man, and ever imparting, to those who observe them, a rugged trait known as "horse sense."

WHAT is horse sense? How did this apt expression originate, and just why is it so often and so appropriately expressed? The American people have many idioms that express feelings and thoughts concisely—if somewhat brusquely. In fact, the custom is growing so common that our English cousins will pronounce our language as quite distinct from the mother tongue. Only a few weeks ago an English cousin visited among us, and he was quite at a loss at times to know the meaning of our peculiar colloqualisms and use of words. The "rare steak" he insisted was only "underdone"; the "rails" were "metals," the "napkins" were "servitors"; in fact, it was all "rummy" to him. The spectacle of eating corn on a cob, and serving butter in individual dishes, were moral departures from strict English custom. There was always a carefulness in his selection of words which Americans overlook, and we ought to be thankful to our English cousins for preserving English "as she is spoke," for our every day abbreviated idiomatic intercourse is drifting into another tongue. And yet, could we part with these expressive Americanisms that say so much, and say it so directly?

Do let us be ourselves—our own native, barbarous selves, and speak with the hearty genuineness of natives, and not imitate or affect imported English, simply because it is imported. Our very ears rebel at such a prospect!

IF we are to measure the future by the past, the imagination is appalled when it attempts to foresee the probabilities of human attainment a decade or quarter century hence. The world truly moves, as Galileo insisted, and it moves in more ways than upon its axis. The congealing process in business has begun, in the way of Trustism. The ossification of all personality is quite as threatening as that which engulfed Pompeii in the lava streams of Vesuvius, for human sympathy and human impulse seem about to be entirely eliminated from all business life; to be succeeded by a business war, unrelieved by chivalry, generosity or pity, and carried on by mercilessly mercenary methods, to the most sordid ends. And when these ends are achieved, how can their results be made stable, or materially perpetuated? The pendulum will swing back, because the human heart is not altogether fettered with the greed of gain, and human needs will break over any dam which fraud and force may throw across the stream of human desire and aspiration. Every one of us has a duty to perform, in keeping pure and sweet the nobler and more humane ideals expressed in individuality, despite the crushing force of commercialism.

We cannot turn back, because there are already too many pillars of salt who make life a failure through a hopeless pessimism, but must resolve that the future, with its illimitable possibilities, shall be kept open to the fair competition of the average man, and not made a feudal preserve for the aggrandizement of a handful of monopolists.

"WHAT masks are these uniforms to hide cowards" said the Duke of Wellington. The pulpit newspaper or periodical must be dumb indeed, which does not utter a bitter and strenerous protest against the infamy at Rennes in the conviction of Dreyfus. It is one of those world events in which every right-thinking individual feels a personal interest, and the pressure of an injustice which earth cannot endure.

The question did not turn upon the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus, but upon

the survival or destruction of a system of race hatred, which has obliterated every impulse of justice or humanity in a large portion of the French people. The question now is, can France save France from herself? "The National Magazine" had a correspondent, Mr. McCottor, at the famous trial, and an article from an eye-witness, written after cool reflection and a keen observation of conditions in France succeeding the trial, will be a contribution of absorbing interest.

ONE little girl, residing in far-away Kansas, has written the editor, asking him to tell her about the battlefield of Lexington. "I am studying about it, and want you to pick some lefes from one of the trees and send them to me to put in my history and tell the teacher about it." The wish of the little student has been complied with, and a sketch of the trip will be published in the November issue of "The National Magazine." There are many places of historical interest in New England, that will be described in subsequent issues, for our western readers. A stone's throw from the office where this is written, are the old homes of Daniel Webster and Wendell Phillips, and the "Old South," and State House and Faneuil Hall are almost within hailing distance. There should always be a live, wide-awake interest in American history, and the personal aspect in describing these places, always affords an enthusiastic interest to those who are just beginning to learn of the nation which has become a power in the world. We must not forget that the children of to-day are the people of to-morrow.

AND here is another opportunity to earn money. Of course, it goes without saying that every reader of "The National Magazine" reads the advs. in each number. There is some information we desire from our readers, concerning the advertising department. Two prizes will be awarded on Christmas. The first prize will be $10 and the second $5, for the best answers to the following questions, according to your observation and belief:

1. Who are the closest readers of magazine advertisements, men or women, and why?

2. What is the most attractive advertisement in this issue of "The National Magazine," and why?

3. What is the most convincing advertisement in this issue? Would it influence you to purchase the goods advertised, and, if so, why?

4. Do women chiefly influence the purchasing for the men of the family, and which is more effective in inducing women to purchase, magazine or newspaper advertising, and why?

5. Do you hold a magazine in the right or left hand, when reading, and does a right or left hand page first attract attention, and why?

There is a common ground where readers, advertisers and publishers meet, and we are all interested in information concerning advertising results, as this is the reason why publishers are enabled to furnish periodicals at so low a price.

Now, do not delay in sending in the information asked, addressed to "Advertising Expert, National Magazine," Boston, Mass. Information is what our expert exists upon, and we want this information, as well as any other suggestion you have to offer in reference to the magazine. Remember, the prizes will be awarded on Christmas day, and we want you to make a study of "National Magazine" advertisements. A number of the best answers received will be printed in our January issue.

THE continued introduction of new labor-saving machinery into modern manufacturing continues to be an ever-disturbing element in industrial evolution. While those individuals directly concerned, and all in sympathy with them, find it difficult to realize that all these changes are for the betterment of the general conditions of the race; this is nevertheless the incontrovertible experience of the past. Labor troubles have done much to stimulate invention along the labor-saving lines, and the patentee enjoys a guaranteed monopoly of his invention; yet the archives of the patent office reveal thousands of inventions upon which more money has been lost than those upon which the fairy millions have been realized. So again the law of Equity appears. The passing of the drummer also has its pathetic aspect of injustice; and all these upheavals are due to the alarming development of Trustism—both of labor or capital, and the question of the hour is to keep the blaze under control. The employer, arbitrarily deprived of his legal rights in the conduct of his affairs, is quite as much entitled to protection as any who suffer from Trustism in its most blighting sense. Inventions will keep pace with the necessities of the age, and the problem, as in all other sweeping changes incident to the times, is to have each new condition as speedily and equitably adjusted as possible, and to keep off the vultures, which prey upon the employer and employe alike.

AMONG the large number of kind letters received the past month, expressing appreciation of "The National Magazine," one enthusiastic subscriber says, "I like the tone and individuality of your publication—it stands out distinctly by itself, a composite of all that is progressive and lofty in current periodical literature. But most of all, the distinctive Americanism, and the refreshing vigor of the new authors you are continually bringing out, appeals to me. 'The National Magazine' is a publication of power and influence and long may it continue to prosper."

Letters written in this tone are an inspiration, and we are especially gratified to note that our policy of using only the contributions of American authors and artists meets with general approbation, because "The National Magazine" is the only periodical that has exclusively adhered to this policy, without an exception. There have been criticisms that it narrowed our scope because literature and art are universal, but we believe that America will never take her true place in universal art or literature, until our own publications cease chasing the freaks and celebrities of foreign lands in the same spirit that Barnum inaugurated, and give American talent consideration. Yes, we are American to the backbone, and if you don't like it, buy an English or Anglo-American magazine.

DURING the past few years there has been a notable improvement in the quality of American literature. This is not, perhaps, strikingly apparent to the general observer,—but it is a fact apparent to any publisher. The manuscripts received are constantly improving in tone and quality—as well as quantity, and great things may be confidently anticipated in the American literary world within the next few years. "The National Magazine" proposes to be an active factor in this development. Prizes amounting to $200 will be awarded for the best story touching some new phase of American life, not exceeding three thousand words; one for the best article on the Trust problem, two thousand words; one for the best poem, not exceeding five hundred words; and the best illustrated article of general interest to American readers. The chairman of the committee in awards will be a prominent American writer, and all manuscripts must be received prior to December 1st, so that prizes may be awarded in February or March. Manuscripts available for our purpose will be purchased at our regular rates. All contributors must be subscribers.

We have secured a limited number of copies of this famous painting in platinum, which will be sold to readers of "The National Magazine" at the special price of 50 cents for 8x10 size, and $2.25 for 14x17. Sent postpaid to any address. This painting, the Siebel Madonna, is considered one of the best of the modern school, and is unequalled as a Christmas gift.

THE · NOVEMBER · MARKET

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XI. NOVEMBER, 1899 No. 2

STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL STRUGGLE

By Alfred Hastings

LESS than four months ago I saw President Kruger on Commerce street in Johannesburg. He was then under a weight of care, resulting from perplexing problems, and the embers of a decided war-spirit were smouldering among the young and progressive Boers. There is no doubt in my mind at this time, from what I learned of the situation, that President Kruger was more worried over the opposition among his own people than over Chamberlain's ultimatums. Kruger is like one of our old Vermont farmers, full of common sense and shrewdness, and has passed through an ordeal the past few months which has given him a pre-eminent place in modern statecraft. General Joubert, the commander of the army, was also for peace, but he was very unpopular, and his influence tended rather to incite the younger party. His present attitude in relation to President Kruger is not unlike the past relations of Secretary Alger to President McKinley.

There seems to be very little known of the real inside of the situation. The sympathy with the Boers is universal—in fact, I felt it strongly while there, although connected with English interests, and compelled to endure the inborn dislike of Boers for Uitlanders. A feeling of sympathy is also shared to a large extent by their neighbors in the Cape colony.

At the battle of Majuba Hill, in 1882, the Boers proved their prowess in arms, even against the impregnable British regulars, and the glory of that victory is naturally intoxicating to the young Boers of to-day. To have served in that war is a mark of distinction that yields as decided an influence in obtaining public position, as the Union soldiers in the North enjoyed after the Civil War ended.

England granted an independency in local affairs to the Transvaal, but retained a suzerainty, which included the privilege of controlling all the dealings of the republic on foreign affairs.

The Uitlanders, or outsiders, chiefly English, came to the country in swarms, attracted by the newly discovered gold mines, and in the indus-

*Mr. Hastings has recently returned from South Africa, and has prepared this article especially for "The National Magazine."

trial development of the country nearly ninety per cent of the capital utilized developing the country is foreign.

This naturally aroused the fears of the Boers that they must look sharp after their interests, or they would be overwhelmed by the Uitlanders, and they sought to tighten the reins of control by refusing outsiders the right to vote, although they were paying the larger part of the taxes which supported the government.

Concisely stated—and I say it in all sympathy with the Boers, as an American—and despite the general popular feeling of sympathy for the little republic, the Boers are somewhat at fault. They will neither go ahead and develop the wonderful resources of their country, nor will they allow the Uitlanders to do so by granting them franchise rights accorded by any civilized country on the globe.

I do not pretend to be a literary critic, but would say that one of the best descriptions of the Transvaal of to-day is "Oom Paul and His People" by Howard C. Hillegas, recently published by D. Appleton & Co. It is the best book which has yet appeared on the Transvaal. He relates the facts and situation there more vividly and comprehensively than any author who has published a book, although I might feel hesitancy in accepting some of his conclusions. The book has the stamp of sincerity and result of keen perceptive and comparative observations. The interview with President Kruger is certainly a strong statement of the situation.

MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA

From the "Review of Reviews"

With war against the British actually in progress, it will be interesting to know of the hermit Boer. A hunter by profession, he loves his native veldt, and now that the great heat of summer, which dries up all the streams is past, he goes to war with all the renewed energy of his being. In corduroy, flannel and broad-brimmed hat, he is a striking picture, inasmuch as the average heighth of the Boers is over six feet. His religion, according to the Old Testament, comes first and the prayers in camp recall the days of Cromwell. The church controls the state and the Progressives who sing hymns are frowned upon by the Conservatives at the Nachtmaal or Communion which is held late

MARKET SQUARE IN JOHANNESBURG

in the year at the Capitol, and which is a veritable Mecca, as the people all come to this event and camp about the city.

It is truly interesting to see the Boer families move about with their great wagons and eight span of oxen, after the dry season begins, hunting new pastures and water for their flocks.

All eyes are turned on Uncle Paul Kruger, one of the most unique characters of the century.

All the struggle may be centred in the one thing called the "root of all evil." Kruger is said to be worth millions, and Cecil Rhodes millions more, and it is a fight to the death between these two millionaires, who cordially hate each other.

Whether the game is worth the candle the future can only tell. I think all Americans who have been there will agree that it is no country to fight over as a permanent place of residence. The description given by Mr. Hillegas of Johannesburg as the "City of Surprises," is certainly pertinent. When one contemplates the fabulous cost of the buildings in transporting every brick and timber from other continents, there is only one explanation, and that is in the gold mines discovered in 1854, by the British officer who is said to have died in an almshouse in England. His possessions, which cost him a life's savings of $4,000, were seized by the Boer government in 1882, because he had borne arms for his native land in the fight for Transvaal independence. Jan Marais, a German, was also bought off by the Boers for five hundred pounds to keep his secret of the discovery of gold in 1854. It was only as late as 1884 that the discovery was generally known.

In 1886 the Boer government opened nine farms to miners which are to-day nine famous gold properties on the Randt, and the Transvaal produces one-third of the world's entire product of gold. The prosperity that united the country was unprecedented, but there always comes the reaction, and the foreigners or Uitlanders had practically gained control of the industrial properties and mines. American individual interests have greatly increased the past ten years until now the United States holds second place in trade relations. An army of American traveling men have captured the trade of the

country and the American spirit of "hustling" is greatly admired there, although a license fee of $350 is required to make a trip of all the colonies. But all the mining and electrical machinery bear the imprint of American makers.

The Transvaal was well prepared for this war, and it seems scarcely possible that a country of 30,000 voters could cause England such a struggle and regular expense in years past to keep peace, while the little republic has expended over $9,000,000 in preparing for war.

The great warehouses, storing ammunition and supplies in mammoth refrigerators, have enabled the Boers to prepare for the worst. There has only been one engagement in all these wars in which the English defeated the Boers, and that was at Bumplaats in 1848, where the British had heavy artillery to use against the Boer flintlock. In his book Mr. Hillegas gives the following interesting facts concerning the President of the Transvaal:

"Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, or Uncle Paul, the Lion of Rustenburg, is a man of most remarkable characteristics. As a boy he had pronounced ability as a deer-stalker, and it is related of him that before he had reached manhood he had killed more lions than any other man in the colony.

"'We were shooting rhinoceros one day,' said he, 'when an old gun exploded in my hands. It cut my thumb so badly that I saw it could not be saved. I borrowed a dull knife and cut the thumb off, because it prevented me from holding the gun properly.'

"The President proceeded slowly and between puffs at his great pipe, spoke determinedly: 'When I was a child we were so maltreated by the English in Cape Colony that we could no longer bear the abuses to which we were subjected. In 1835 we migrated northward with our cattle and possessions and settled in Natal, just south of Zululand, where by unavoidable fighting we acquired territory from the Zulus. We had

TYPICAL GROUP OF BOERS

ALONE ON THE VELDT

hardly settled that country and established ourselves and a local form of government, when our old enemies followed, and by various high-handed methods made life so unendurable that we were again compelled to move our families and possessions. This time we travelled five hundred miles inland over the trackless veldt and across the Vaal River, and after many hardships and trials settled in the Transvaal. The country was so poor, so uninviting, that the English colonists did not think it worth their while to settle in the land which we had chosen for our abiding place.

" 'Our people increased in number, and, as the years passed, established a form of government such as yours in America. The British thought they were better able to govern us than we were ourselves, and once took our country from us. Their defeats at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill taught them that we were fighters, and they gave us our independence and allowed us to live peaceably for some years.'

" 'They can not starve us out in fifty years,' broke in Commander Smidt, Secretary of War, and a veteran of Majuba Hill, 'for we have sources of provender of which they cannot deprive us. We have fortifications around Pretoria that make it an impossibility for any army of less than fifty thousand men to take, and the ammunition we have on hand is sufficient for a three years' war. We are not afraid of the English in Africa, and not until every Boer in the Transvaal is killed will we stop fighting if they ever begin." The interview from which the above excerpts are taken, as it appears in Mr. Hillegas' book in its entirety, is a strong presentation of the situation.

THE WONDERFONTEIN

The white population of South Africa, south of the Zambezi river, is nearly as large as the population of the city of Philadelphia, about one-half being Boer, or of Dutch extraction, and the remainder consisting of the other Afrikanders and the Uitlanders. The Afrikanders are those born in the country but of European descent, while the Uitlanders are the foreigners who are, for the most part, only temporary residents.

HERIOT, JUMPERS AND GELDINHOUSE ESTATE MINES

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HOUSE

About the time when America was being wrested from the Indians, the discovery and first settlement of South Africa occurred; but instead of a people united in making her a great nation, political intrigue, racial antagonism and internal jealousies are rife, retarding the natural growth and development of the country. This bit of verse, current in the Transvaal, is significant:

"The rivers of South Africa have no waters,
The birds have no song, the flowers no scent;
The child that you see has no father,
The whites go free, while the negroes pay the rent."

The most uninhabitable part of South Africa is the inland territory of sun and plain, the Transvaal, with no redeeming feature save its underground wealth. None but the oppressed Boers could have looked on the country as fit for settlement.

Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, is a modern city of fifty thousand inhabitants, mostly English, and was the metropolis of the country until Johannesburg was born and eclipsed it with a population of 100,000, while Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, has only 5,000 inhabitants.

The Orange Free State lies in the plain or veldt district, and is of little commercial importance. When the Kimberly diamond mines were discovered on Free State soil, England purchased the claims of a native chief which had been disallowed by a court of arbitration. The Free State, being weak, forfeited its claim for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The mines have since yielded more than four hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds.

The natives will work only a few months in the year, and then only from fear of punishment for non-payment of hut taxes. Should the half millon Zulus break out in concerted action, the whites would be swept from the country. King Khama is the leader of the only tribe of natives that has been in a measure civilized and he is England's strongest friend in South Africa. He is now about eighty years old, and writes and speaks the English language.

The Transvaal, owing to natural conditions, is the only great producer of money in South Africa; therefore, Cape Colony, Natal and the Orange Free State are her dependents. All foreign freight that enters the Transvaal through Cape Colony is subject to high customs' duties and freight rates, so that consumers are compelled to pay for the same things from three to five times as much as would be paid in England or America.

The slavery question was one of the indirect causes of the first clash between the Boers and the British government. In 1815, a Boer farmer who refused to appear in a local court to answer to a charge of maltreating a native was found in a cave and killed upon his refusal to surrender. This infuriated his friends and caused an uprising. Five of the leaders were captured and hanged on the same scaffold at a locality afterward named Slagter's Nek, in commemoration of the ghastly scene.

Curiously enough, we have the singular historical spectacle of just retribution. England is to-day contending in South Africa against identically the same principle, "taxation without representation," which was

overthrown by the American patriots in 1776.

When one travels through the Transvaal country, the Boer life is not impressive. It has something of cruelty and stupidity. They have wrested their land from the natives by atrocious warfare, and, in consequence, the black hordes on the northern border are ready to swoop down and pay back the debt of slaughter and massacre of a few years ago.

The young Boer is unexcelled as a soldier. The gun is his plaything in childhood, and every opportunity is offered him in manhood to practice on helpless natives, which throws a shadow on the picture of peace of the oppressed Transvaal. With my knowledge of the existing conditions there to-day, I believe it was Kruger's policy to make a brilliant and opportune stand against the English, which he can do for a short length of time, and then obtain his terms, by the moral support of the "powers," which he shrewdly observes comes more readily in behalf of the weaker party after a test of armed strength.

No one can doubt the fervor and earnest patriotism of the Boers, which connected with their deep religious belief, certainly forms a unique picture in this realistic age. I have heard as devout prayers offered by whole regiments, as were ever uttered in a sanctuary. Their sincerity cannot be questioned, and their firmness never wavers.

From all that I could learn, there never has been a settled state of affairs since Majuba. On market days I have watched the sturdy burghmen, leaning up against the patient ox, of whose nature they seem to partake—earnestly talking of the time when the Transvaal should overwhelm England in a fair test of arms. Having traveled very little, and not being much taken to books, the Boer has a divine belief in himself and his country. As an American, I will confess that my residence there made me quite out of patience with the Boers in their utter disregard of the development of their own country—the rich possibilities they would not recognize—nor should others do so. They have in them some of the old Puritan intolerance, believing in divine rights to their

A BOER TOWN

RISSICK STREET, JOHANNESBURG

homes, because of the sacrifices they had made when pushed to the interior by the onward march of civilization in the cape colony.

The United States can never give aid to the Transvaal, no matter how much our sympathies may prompt, because of its denial of the fundamental principles of our government—the right of citizenship to individuals in every way qualified to claim that right. And in the development of the wealth of the world, as demanded by the increasing multitudes of civilized peoples, which is the primary motive of civilization, the Boers cannot stem the tide which has set in on the dark continent, no more than the red man could hold the western hemisphere. The Mormons sought the arid plains of the west, much as the Boers settled the Transvaal, and the comparison is, in a measure, analogous; and supposing the Mormons, entitled by right of possession and preownership, had sought to deny franchise to Gentiles in Utah, and yet demanded their taxes to support their government?

The earlier history of the annexation of the Transvaal is a blot on English history, and even on the fame of Gladstone, who refused to undo what Beaconsfield unscrupulously began. The Boers' noble struggle for independence, following the time when the flag was raised, on December 16, 1880, is one of the heroic epochs of modern history. About this event and the splendid struggle at arms is all that ideal patriotism could inspire. But it is difficult to enthuse over the idealism of this epoch, when one is a foreign or Uitlander resident of the Transvaal and the glamour that enshrines these heroic events in history has been changed by the fanatical intolerance of these same heroes towards other human interests than their own. The same spirit, however, found expression in our Puritan forefathers in the banishment of Roger Williams and the hanging of witches.

HOME COMING AND AFTERMATH

By Peter Mac Queen, M. A.*

O the readers of the "National Magazine" I wish to give my hearty thanks for their kind appreciation and watchfulness of me as I have wound my way around the world. It seems but yesterday, although a year has elapsed, when Mr. Chapple and myself parted at the Park Square station, and as he signed the commission to visit the Philippine Islands for "The National Magazine" on my back, there was a feeling that we were parting for life, and yet every moment since I have left the haunts of "The National Magazine" office, I have felt that every reader of the periodical was among the "friends at home." This feeling was an inspiration in all the hardships endured and now that I am actually home again I hardly know how to express myself. I have been used to the long-range perspective, but in the hearty hand-grasp of a home-greeting, I feel that it extends personally and individually to every reader of "The National Magazine."

Often, down in tropical Luzon, when copies of "The National Magazine" came into camp, I noted the eager faces of the boys, as they looked over the pictures or read about their own brave deeds. They freely paid forty cents, and as high as $1.00 each, for single copies of "The National Magazine," and the enterprise shown by that publication was greatly appreciated.

"The National," an honest magazine, appealed to honest soldier hearts. Although, in some few cases, our soldiers in the Philippines departed from the high standards of Americanism, yet as a body of men, I have never met a more inspiring, honest, open-hearted set of fellows. I followed the flag around the earth, and everywhere beneath its folds I felt at home. From General Lawton to the

* Mr. MacQueen was commissioned to make a trip around the world by "The National Magazine" one year ago. On this trip he visited the Philippine Islands, and was the first exclusive staff correspondent of any American periodical to go to the front in the Philippine War.

humblest private I was treated with courtesy and chivalry. In the silent valleys of Luzon, beside the rivers of Panay, in cities of Cebu, in jungles of Sulu, the American soldier, when untainted by the bad passions of conquest, remains ever the true gentleman, the simple, modest hero.

I brought a Filipino flag from Luzon. It is red, white and blue, a blue and red stripe, blue at the top, the red at the bottom, and a triangle of white, on which are the emblems, the rising sun of liberty and three stars representing the Tagalo, Visayan, and Morro tribes.

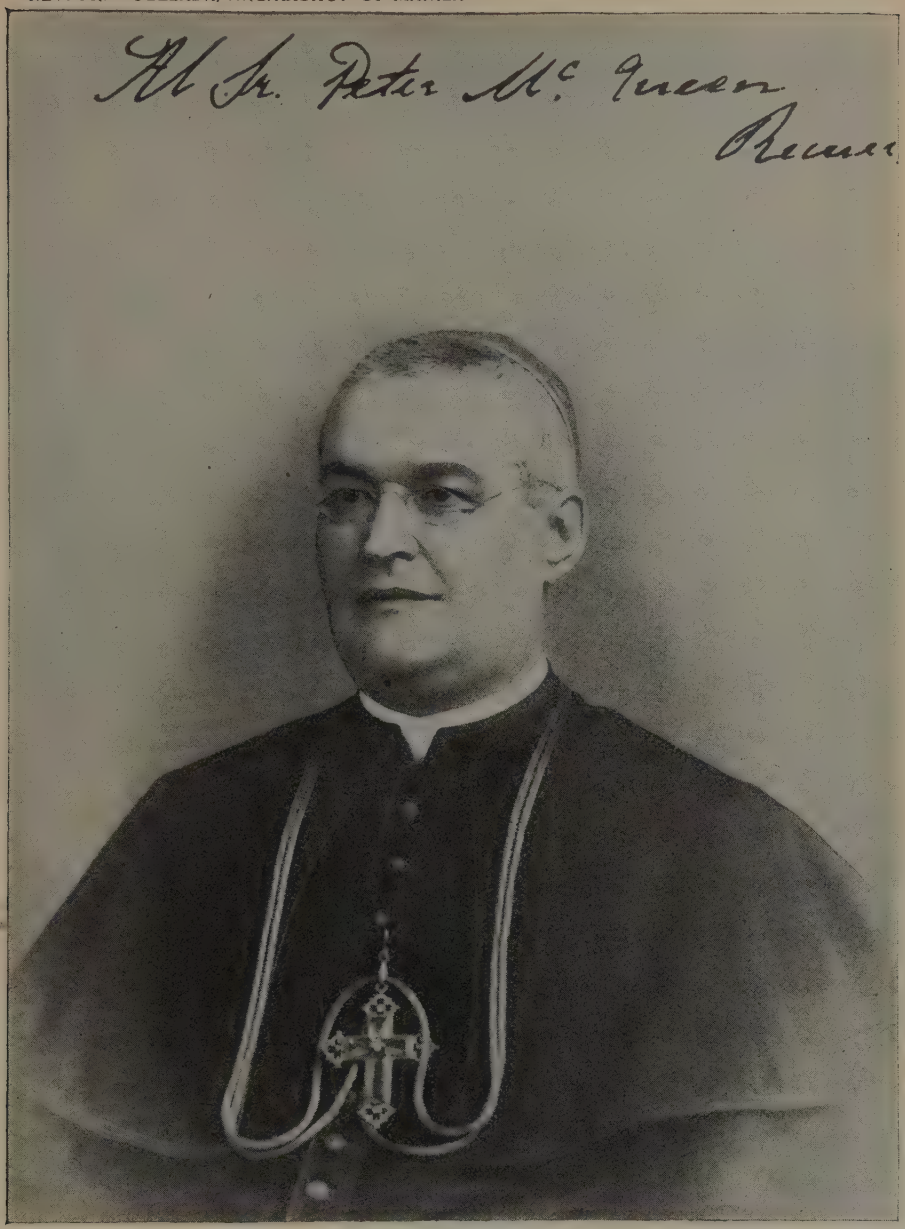
It was in the latter days of July that I left Manila on the U.S.S. "Sherman," and sailed for home in company with the First California Volunteer Infantry and the California Heavy Artillery.

A FILIPINO LADY

They were a splendid set of men, under Colonel Du Boce and Major Rice, and the days passed quickly until we reached the city of Nagasaki, in southern Japan. We passed the Island of Formosa, and entered the picturesque realm of the Japanese. The entrance to this harbor is a winding channel, surrounded by green hills, that meet a sky of violet blue. Along these hills are pretty cottages that look like Swiss chalets. The smoke of the city rose from a land-locked inlet of the sea, betokening progress and comfort. A torpedo boat, with a speed of thirty-one miles an hour, flashed past our steamer, suggesting also power. A motley assemblage of sampans and rakish looking boats, beside the white lines of a Russian transport, filled in a busy foreground. Upon the forehead of a hill a great commercial sign-board sprawled white letters across the green, showing an enterprising spirit, if not an artistic one. Along the waterfront of Nagasaki are the European houses, banks, warehouses and hotels, and in where the city runs towards the hills and valleys, we can see from our steamer the native roofs. On the hillsides which rise above the city in graceful terraces, well cultivated to their topmost limit, you may discern the farmer's house, or glittering from the leafy shades, the quaint roofs of the Shinto temples rise, like an offering to the gods.

In our party were Father W. D. McKennon, the chaplain of the Californias, and three Filipinos — Captain Araneta and his little bro-

REV. FR. NOZELADA, ARCHBISHOP OF MANILA



ther, and Ramon Lacson, the sons of prominent men in the island of Negros. As the Japanese curio-venders clamber up the sides of the ship, they look a moment in surprise upon the Filipinos. One of them came up to Ramon and said to him in English, "Filipinos no good, no civilized." Ramon looked at him in his unconcerned Malay way, and pointing to the jinrickshaw men upon the shore, he replied with appropriate haughtiness "In

the Philippines we have horses to draw our carriages, we do not use our men like that."

The soldier boys were let ashore and enjoyed themselves to their full capacity. They felt like school boys, escaping from distasteful tasks, or like men, coming into the sunlight, from a hideous cave that dripped with horror If in their enthusiasm and abundant exhilaration they gave way to a little boisterousness, it was only natural.

The Nagasaki people reaped a golden harvest, and many a curio shop was ravaged and ransacked by these earnest disciples of the antique, seeking strange marvels to take home to the loved ones, from whom they had been separated by cruel time and angry seas.

GENERAL GREGORIO DEL PILAR

With the three Filipino boys and Father McKennon, I made a journey of eight hundred miles across the country from Nagasaki to Yokohama. The railroad carriages are fairly comfortable, the stations are neat and handy. A soldier is on hand at every stopping place, much as you will see in German towns. The people who traveled with us were pleasant, self-respecting Japanese. The fare for eight hundred miles was only ten dollars for a first-class ticket. The route through which we passed was wonderfully interesting and beautiful. No other country I have ever seen presents such an aspect of universal cultivation. From sea verge to mountain top no spot as large as your hand but seemed to glow with emerald verdure. The towns and villages through which we passed presented the aspect of a happy, thriving populace. The Japanese people looked at our Filipinos and believed at first that they were fellow countrymen. When told of their mistake, the genial little Japs asked us if they were prisoners. When told they were our friends they

IN JAPANESE COSTUME

Capt. Araneta and his brother Father McKennon Ramon Lacson, B. A. Peter Mac Queen

looked incredulous, and said, "How can that be? Your country is at war with them."

At different stations when we wanted food, we could not find any lunch counter, but instead, the boys came out with baskets, from which they sold us a real Japanese lunch. This lunch consisted of a box of well-boiled rice, another box containing small portions of meat and fish and pickles, and on the top of all a paper bag was tied containing a serviette, a pair of chop-sticks and a toothpick. The whole cost something less than twenty cents. One of the luxuries of this railroad cuisine is a little teapot, filled with a delicious brewing of tea; the teapot, cup and saucer with the tea cost you four cents.

The Filipino boys were interested in all they saw in Japan. We passed through Shimoneseki, Kobe, Kioto, and Tokio, to Yokohama. Every mile of the way was varied by hill, or wood or mountain stream. The "Sherman" met us at Yokohama, where our volunteers were given another vacation. The Filipino boys declared that they saw nothing in the towns and cities of Japan which their kinsmen at home could not do equally well. A cartoon in a Japanese paper representing Uncle Sam as having disturbed a beehive, and being pestered by the irate bees, gave the Filipinos great fun.

On the way from Yohohama to San Francisco we sailed on the great North Circle, and went far up toward the cold regions of Alaska. As the boys drew nearer San Francisco and felt that they would soon be mustered out their faces brightened with the light of independence and the love of home. In time the white sands of the Golden Gate came into view, the great hills

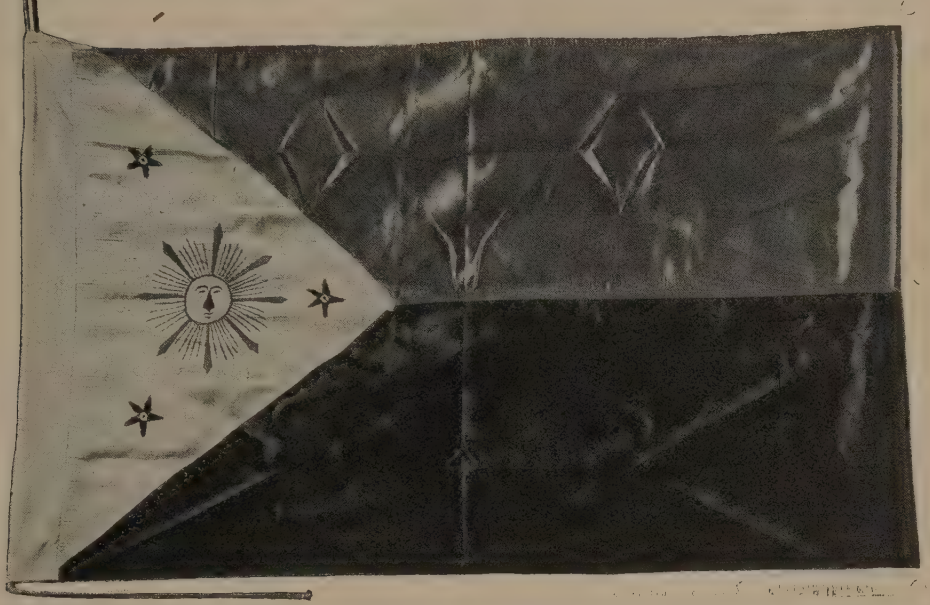
wreathed with mist, like the forehead of old saints. The Cliff House and the railroads and the public park were soon discerned by the eager throng. Then a great host of ships came out to meet the returning Californias, for it was their native city. Such a reception had never been given before in San Francisco. The air was tortured by a hundred thousand voices, and flashed into color, at the passage of many flags. When the shouting and the tumult were at their height Ramon Lacson asked me, "What would these people do with Aguinaldo, if he were here to-day? Would they hang him?" I replied in all sincerity, "Hang him; why no, they would send him to Congress."

GENERAL TOMAS MASCARDO

The illuminations, the parades, the receptions which the Californias received showed how deeply the heart of the people was touched by the heroism of their volunteer soldiers. At the Presidio, outside the city, the white tents of the returned regiments gleamed above the waters of the bay like silent sentinels guarding the peaceful town. Though there were only one thousand soldiers of the regular army on duty in the United States at that time, the Great Republic seemed to live without a fear. It was an omen and an augury of the day when they will study war no more. These noble warriors laying down their swords and turning their aspirations from the red fields of war to the white harvest of human peace and progress were a grander sight than all the armed camps of the world.

I had a delightful interview with Nozelada, the Archbishop of Manila, and the highest church dignitary in the Philippines. He impressed me as being a man of great tact and wise diplomacy. In appearance and carriage he somewhat resembled our beloved Phillips Brooks. The American priests were all high in his praise. He told me that he saw the victory of Dewey, and that he expected it. "It was wood against iron; your 'Olympia' alone could have plowed through the entire

FILIPINO BATTLE FLAG, SECURED FROM THE FILIPINOS BY PETER MAC QUEEN, AND REPRODUCED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME



Spanish squadron." The archbishop thinks the Islands will be healthful for American boys and young men, but not for women or men who have grown elderly in the temperate zones. He is a believer in the public schools, and has great hopes from the American occupation of the Philippines. He presented me with his picture, which is here first published in America, for "The National Magazine."

In a great many houses in the insurgent villages there were elegant pictures, articles of vertu, rich array of fine china and cut glass, many pieces of furniture of precious inlaid work, and family photographs. Some of these photographs were scattered in the streets, and I picked up in Santa Cruz, upon Laguna de Bay, the picture I herewith present the readers of "The National Magazine." It will be seen that in their dress and features they have a pleasing, tasteful appearance. The family life is very pure among the Tagal women, and the respect and affection shown toward children and women is in marked contrast to almost all the races of the Orient. The Tagals whom we are fighting are the most refined and Christian nation in the East.

During my stay in Manila I became very good friends with the brother of Aguinaldo's private secretary, and gained from him many views as to what the Filipinos really think of us. This man (whose name I withhold) told me that he was in the employ of the American government as an "amigo." He said, however, that he detested the Americans, as our soldiers had run bills at his store and ruined him. He averred that for America to attack the Filipinos was like a carabao bull attacking a child. "Your people are made up of too many races. Some are good, and some are worse than fiends. You will never conquer the Tagals. Aguinaldo may die, and his successors may perish at the hands of the American oppressor; but there are millions of

GOBIERNO REVOLUCIONARIO DE FILIPINAS

Presidencia

Núm. 188.

POR la presente queda autorizado el español peninsular José Hugo Campos, cuyo retrato va pegado al dorso de este pase, para trasladarse libremente de Malolos a Camarines por asuntos particulares.

Y por tanto encarezco á las autoridades de mi mando no le pongan obstáculo en su viaje.

Malolos 14 Enero de 1899

El Presidente

E. Aguinaldo

Pase nº 188

A free translation of the pass is as follows:

"The bearer, a peninsular Spaniard, Senor Hugo Campos, whose photograph is attached to the back of this pass, requests authority to pass freely from Manila to Camarines on private affairs; and I order the authorities under my command not to place any obstacles in his way.

Malolos, 14th. January, 1899.

The President, E. Aguinaldo.

Revolutionary Government of the Philippines. Capital."

other Tagals who will take his place. You want money; you are bigger thieves than the Spaniards, because you have more guns and can better collect your infamous taxes. Your peace commissioners tell us old wives' fables; they do not believe what they say; and they have no power. The war costs us nothing but the hearts' blood of our citizens; but we have plenty of blood, and by and by the drain on the money-bags of the American government will tell with the people, if the sense of justice will not. We are all young men; you send out old men and thieving officials. We have nothing left to steal; so you will have to steal from one another. We do not fear you, and we never will love you. You are not a good nation like us. You have the thieves of all the human race, and you are the big bullies of the world."

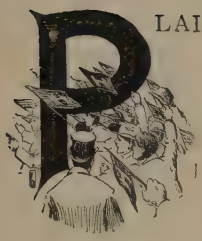
This speech explains to me how that after we have pacified many towns, the mayors are found helping the enemy. They make peace with us only to get breathing space to begin the war again.

There is much in the aspect of things in Manila to justify the Filipino opinion of us. Lawton should be given entire command of the army. He would break up the insurgent army enough to bring in most of the leaders. Then we should grant the Tagals and Visayans home rule, and at once withdraw the soldiers, holding enough ships and soldiers in the coast towns to insure order. If we do not do this the Tagals and Visayans will raise abortive revolutions, until our people will be worn out and wasted with expensive wars. We can get all the trade we desire by being friendly with the native government. And unless we want to adopt Weyler's policy of extermination, we shall not keep the Tagals in subjection. They will wait till we get into real trouble and then will help our enemies all they can. This is a question for diplomacy—not for bayonets.

I sent my Tagal friend through to Aguinaldo and got a very civil reply and a pass for three—a German, a Russian, and myself. Being lame at the time I was not able to go. My two friends made the attempt and passed through safely. I reproduce the form of an insurgent pass.

THE WRONG MR. BROWN

By Helen Ray Kent



PLAIN John Brown—plain as to name, but very handsome as to person—stood in the Park Square station, watching the crowds of people, gay with college colors, rushing for the trains that were to take them to the great football match. His eyes had an absent look, as he smiled and nodded to the many friends and fellow students who recognized him in the throng. That he was not going to the game—the game about which they had been betting, hoping and arguing for the past ten days with a feverishness only equaled by that attending a great national election—he could not realize.

Yet in his breast pocket was the fateful telegram saying: "Have failed in business. Everything lost. Wind up affairs and come home as soon as possible. Father." And he knew that the winding up with keenest management would bring him barely enough money for the long, expensive journey. He could not go—nay in his inmost heart he did not wish to go to the game, for the bad news from home had shaken him to the very marrow of his being. But because of this very blunting of his sensibilities for jolly, care-free amusement he had come to the station to watch the throng of happy, enthusiastic spectators off, much as the singed moth hovers about the candle. And when the brilliant, hurrying panorama was actually before his eyes, when he had become a part of it, he was seized by a burning desire to go with the throng; to lose himself just once more before the smash or change became final.

"It's no use: you can't go," he told himself, grimly, watching the waving crimson flags and ribbons, as a band, followed by a crowd of fellows in his class, pushed noisily by.

"Hi, Jack! Come along, old man," shouted Courtlandt, as he passed. And a moment later John turned away that his own especial coterie or set might not see him, as they rushed along, looking for him on the way.

As he turned he came face to face with Castor and his crowd of friends—the class butterflies—who were making for the special car young Castor's father had sent over from New York for his son's use. Brown's lip curled a little as he thought how much an extra twenty dollars would mean to him that morning, and how little ten times that sum would be to these fellows who could gratify every whim. How queer life was; and how exasperating! Perhaps something of his thought showed in his face, for Fred Castor paused a moment as his friends swept onward, and approached Jack, saying in that cordial manner which had made him popular in spite of, not because of, his money: "Off for the game, too, are you? I suppose you've got your tickets already; but if you haven't, I'd be glad to have you come along with us." He stopped, hesitating. Something in his class-mate's face had told him that Brown was in trouble, was not going; and his kindly nature caused him to give an involuntary invitation that the acquaintance

between the two men did not warrant. "Thank you, no," replied Brown, a little stiffly, adding with a smile, "I was—I'm going with Post and the rest —see you later. We're sure to meet at the celebration afterwards, you know." And both men laughed, as they separated, at the involuntary assumption of victory.

"Mighty good of him," thought Brown, curtly, as he strolled out to the gate to watch the trains off. "But I couldn't take it—now. Dope and the rest would have just made me go—its lucky they didn't see me. I beg your pardon," and he raised his hat as a young girl, apparently barely eighteen, accosted him nervously. The girl was pretty, with a piquant, sensitive face and lithe, symmetrical figure. A middle-aged colored woman, evidently in attendance, stood between her and the rapidly congesting crowd.

"Are you Mr. Brown, Mr. John Brown, of Chicago?" went on the newcomer, hurriedly. "Yes? I thought you must be; for papa said he telegraphed you to meet us here at the gateway. He can't come—papa, I mean. Isn't it too bad? He had a telegram that he must be in New York to-day to see about some very important business; so he had to start at seven o'clock this morning. I'm awfully sorry, for he cares almost as much about seeing the game as I do—not quite. At first I thought I couldn't go at all, but he said he guessed you'd be willing to take care of me. Isn't it funny, when we've never seen each other before? But then, if a girl lives 'way out at the tip end of Nebraska, it's not strange she doesn't know even her first cousins. Of course, I know all about you. Papa told me. You see, you were eight years old the last time he saw you in Chicago—do you remember it? I'm so glad you chose Harvard—do you know, I almost wrote you a letter to tell you so—not quite. And papa said one of the first things when we decided to come way east, 'Well, we'll take in that Harvard and Yale football game, Cleo, and take Johnny,'" blushing nervously, "'with us.' We meant to get here before, but were so late—until last night—that we hadn't time to hunt you up at all. The message explained it all, though, for I wrote that part myself," and the girl laughed merrily. "You never can trust a man to explain things in detail, and—Oh! the train is starting. Come quick. Good-bye, Margaret. Hurry!" And just laying a gloved finger tip on the astonished Brown's arm, she hastened to the rear of the slowly moving "last train for Springfield."

John followed her as in a dream, still in a state of amazement. The surprise, coupled with the fact that in his disappointment he had neglected to eat any breakfast, made him mentally comatose for the minute. His cousin! Could she really be an unknown relative, projected upon his vision for the first time like a meteor from the unfathomable west?

The girl gave a little scream as the car began to go faster, and held up her hands despairingly to the brakeman on the rear platform. With the dexterity of long practice the agile trainman swung her aboard the car, and she in turn from the vantage of a secure footing, looked apprehensively around for her whilom relative.

To desert her now was not to be thought of; and in an instant Brown was beside her on the steps.

"That was a close shave, wasn't it?" asked his companion rather tremulously, as the brakeman discreetly retreated.

"Here are the tickets. I hate to be bothered with such things," blushing a little. "I feel as if I was shaken to pieces," she added, as John, with the

remark that they would better try to secure seats, led the way into the car.

Luckily, there was one vacant, in which they installed themselves. Brown took a casual survey of their fellow-passengers, recognizing some dozen people. That they did not stare at him open-mouthed with amazement struck him as odd, at first. Then with an effort, he righted himself mentally, and realized that it was not strange—nay, that it was very natural that he should be accompanied by a young lady. As to lack of a chaperone, was it not a free country?

He turned and regarded his companion; who, on her part, was looking at him shyly and remarked, with a slight embarrassment of manner: "Doesn't it seem funny; the whole thing, I mean? And how near we came to getting left, didn't we?

"I don't believe I ever saw you before, even when I was little. At least, I asked papa, and he said he thought not—only Uncle Robert. How do you like the east? What do you mean to do when you get through Harvard? I suppose you're so tired of speculating about this game that you'll be glad to talk about anything else. We must get acquainted, you know." And again she smiled, showing her pretty, white teeth.

"There's something rather fascinating—no, charming, about her," thought Brown, as he plunged into a conversation which continued with zest until they reached Springfield.

"I won't let on until the day's over," he decided. She—we might as well have a good time out of it, and it would break her all up—Cleopatra! The idea of giving a girl like her such a name. 'Our western love of romance,' she called it. But Cleo is rather pretty. She's bright, too. I've got a good deal to live up to in my name, have I? It's the funniest scrape I ever got into in my life; and I've seen some pretty lively ones. Rather lucky, for me. Well, the last ought to be the best," and he sighed.

"Wonder who and what her cousin is, and why he doesn't turn up? Pretty narrow shave, that, when I came near letting out that I was a senior. Freshman, indeed!"

While they were waiting their turn for dinner at the crowded hotel, however, John discovered the reason for the non-appearance of his namesake. In strolling about the office, he came upon a group of fellows, evidently in great glee, who were listening eagerly to one of their number. John caught the name Brown. Idling about, under the pretense of reading a time-table, he was able to gather that this was indeed his fair charge's cousin, who had received the telegram, but rebelled hotly against carrying out the invitation. "They can look out for themselves," the boy concluded. "And do you suppose I was going to miss coming with the gang? Not much. Catch me poking along with a girl I've never seen; and my uncle. I'll go in to their hotel to-night—or to-morrow, probably," with a knowing grin, "and fix it all up with them." And the group scattered.

Brown took a good look at the fellow.

"I'll know you when I see you again, young man," he told himself grimly' "And I rather guess you'll have to make that call to-night—with me," smiling at his thoughts, as he sought Miss Brown, or Cleo, as she insisted on his calling her.

John's disappointment over the result of the game was largely atoned for by the pleasure he found in explaining and pointing out things to his companion. She was naive, interested, and did not bore him with too many questions. Not once did they

run across any of his intimates; so easy is it to miss people in a crowd. The whole day was delightful; and with every passing hour came a keener regret that it was so nearly over, and that he must confess his identity. Cleo, for her part, found "Cousin Jack" delightful.

It was with difficulty that he tore himself away from her and the invitation to dine, at the hotel entrance, when they reached Boston. "I'll be in to-morrow evening, when your father has returned," he promised, groaning inwardly as he rushed down Tremont Street in search of the other Brown, who had come up on the train with them. After a three hours' hunt John found the young man in Cambridge. When he had introduced himself and made his confession in a few hasty words, the Freshman did not seem to comprehend its meaning at first; but later, realizing the truth, he rolled over and over in paroxysms of laughter. When his mirth was somewhat spent, he readily agreed to accompany John on the morrow, and help explain matters. As is the usual case, he knew all about John, although the latter had not been aware of his existence.

The next twenty-four hours passed somehow. While they were awaiting Mr. and Miss Brown the following evening, the boy eyed John keenly. "Brace up; it'll be over now in a few minutes," he remarked comfortingly, his eyes twinkling with merriment. "You look as if you were in for a big dose of medicine. They won't mind much, except at first. Rather queer we should have the same complexion and coloring, too. It'll be all right. I know it will."

John smiled faintly. "I hope so," was his comment. "Anyhow, we had a good time."

And it was all right. Mr. Brown, at first, rather indignant, became almost apoplectic in his whole-souled, unsuspicious western amusement. Miss Brown, almost overwhelmed with embarrassment, was at length put at ease, or at least in a measure consoled by the tact and deferential courtesy of the impostor. Indeed, Brown thought that the interview was really hardest for the true Cousin Jack, who was obliged to fabricate various reasons for his non-appearance, as in an unguarded moment he had admitted receiving the telegram.

Quite by chance, it came out that the Nebraska magnate desired, among other things, to pick up a secretary or private clerk on his eastern trip. Realizing the necessity of immediate employment, after a little hesitation and consultation with the Freshman cousin, John applied for this place and was duly accepted. That Cleo's attractiveness had something to do with his choice of business as well, may be surmised from the fact that although her name is still Brown, she is now Mrs. And in moments of rare mischief the young husband and wife address each other as "Cousin Jack" and "Cousin Cleo," which is often rather confusing to strangers, especially since, as the former admits laughing, "John Brown is a rather common name."

STATE HOUSE, CONCORD, N. H., ON "OLD HOME DAY"

THANKSGIVING AND THE OLD HOME WEEK

By Henrietta H. Williams

WHO is there that has reached the meridian of life or thereabouts, who has not felt the impulse to want to visit the scenes of his early childhood?

Ever associated with the day of national thanksgiving are the well-loved scenes in the old New England farmhouse. The literature and plays of the period which have given us glimpses of the picturesque in New England farm life tend to associate in our minds the typical "old home up in New Hampshire" with the convivial spirit of Thanksgiving cheer, and in the "old home" idea New Hampshire has touched a chord that is national and universal.

Who that can remember when as a boy he was one of those gathered round the long oaken table at the old farmstead on Thanksgiving day, but what looks back through the dimming years as to the brightest, happiest period of his life?

And now—when the sulky plow, the whirring mowing-machine with its six foot swarth, the patent seeders and planters and tedders and reapers and binders, and all the wonderful agricultural implements of the age have sup-

HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN, MAYOR OF CONCORD

planted the old regime of hand labor on the farm, the spirit of the olden time has vanished, and with it to a great extent the typical farm types of our boyhood days.

But the kindly memory of their passing lingers with us, furnishing the key note that inspired Governor Rollins to send forth the cordial invitation to the sons and daughters of New Hampshire to gather for an "Old Home Week" amid the mountains and lakes, where the dawn of a new prosperity shines brightly forth, and the chords by which a new music has been sent vibrating through the portals of time are attuned to the dominant sentiment of New England folk—the love of "Auld Lang Syne."

Old Home Week bore with dignity the honors of its initial celebration, and witnessed the arrival of some twenty thousand guests to the old granite state. The men foremost in formulating and perfecting those details which made it the success it avowedly was, became a part of its fabric, and the event will continue to interest the lover of history long after the Old Home Week has ceased to be a new theme; and the monuments which shall stand as ensigns to its practicability will be pointed out to the children's children of those who participated in the joyful renewal of "old acquaintance" and refreshed "fond recollections" by viewing the scenes of childhood.

By a natural process of selection the presidency of the Concord Old Home Week Association and the office of vice-president of the state association devolved upon Hon. Joseph B. Walker, one of the oldest, wealthiest and most scholarly citizens of Concord. The spirit of Colonial times lingers in every nook and corner of the fine old library of Mr. Walker's Concord residence, which was also his birthplace and the house of the first minister of the province when Concord was under Great Brit-

WILLIAM FISKE THAYER

HIS EXCELLENCY FRANK W. ROLLINS, GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

ain's rule. It is replete with rare collections of books, portraits, armorial equipments and relics of the domestic appointments of two centuries.

Conspicuous among these are the engravings of the Count and Countess of Rumford, who were among the distinguished ancestral occupants of the house in provincial days. The whole house breathes an atmosphere of reminiscent provincialism, and forms a fitting background for the personality of the Old Home Week executive.

His Excellency Frank West Rollins, Governor of New Hampshire and originator of its Old Home Week, is known as a man of clean and wholesome record, and presents a visible evidence of what robust, manly, Puritanic birth and breeding offers in to-day's record of New Hampshire's distinguished sons. The state which sent forth General Stark, Daniel Webster and Horace Greeley has in Governor Rollins a fitting representative.

When the shrewd, far-sighted men of New Hampshire considered the question of a treasurer for the State Home Week Association, their choice fell quite naturally upon General Harry Hubbard Dudley, of Concord, who, although the youngest official member of the Association, has grappled successfully with many financial situations which have taxed the ingenuity of men far beyond his years.

In Hon. Edward Nathan Pearson, Secretary of State, the Old Home Week idea found an able supporter; and his forethought, enthusiasm and rare tact

made his assistance in the plans of great value.

Another who did much for the success of the occasion, was Hon. Nahum J. Bachelder, of Andover and Concord, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and of the State Home Week Association.

Mr. William Fiske Thayer, president of the First National Bank of Concord, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Old Home Week, is one of the careful, methodical workers, whose efficiency comes notably to the

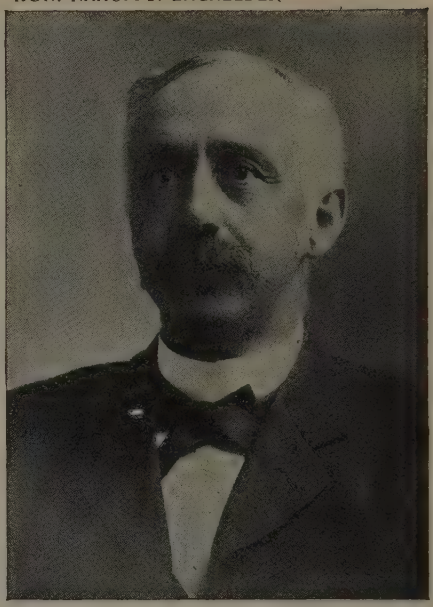
GEORGE H. MOSES

fore in handling untried schemes, and on all occasions of general import.

Of the younger men who shine in the intellectual field of the Granite State, none, perhaps, are more promising than Mr. George H. Moses, editor of the Concord "Evening Monitor and Independent Statesman," and secretary of Concord's Home Week Association.

Cordial and inspiring was the greeting given the guests of Concord's Old Home Day by the mayor of the city,

HON. NAHUM J. BACHELDER



Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin, and scarcely a more appropriate host could have been chosen.

To the men who, on this occasion—for the first time in years, perhaps—returned to the homes of their boyhood

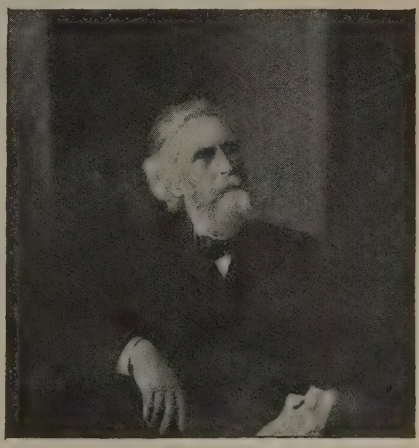
HON. EDWARD NATHAN PEARSON

MAIN STREET, CONCORD, N. H., ON "OLD HOME DAY"

there came crowding recollections of tender import. They fished again the same old streams and trod well-remembered pathways. But the passing years have left their impress over all. The old farmhouses are many of them deserted; the fences down; the paths sprung up to weeds. The farmers' sons are merchants in the cities, and the old folks are at rest on the hillside.

The spirit of the age has cast its transforming shadow on the scene. Where once were quiet country villages are now bustling towns and cities; and the slow-moving stones of the grist-mills of our memories, and the up and down saw of the water-driven sawmill, have given place to a thousand busy factories. The farmers are buying western beef and western stoves and western wagons. Broader educational advantages prevail.

HON. JOSEPH B. WALKER



TYPICAL NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMHOUSE

Schools and colleges, libraries and churches, have sprung up and are molding the citizenship of the State. In the towns the progressive spirit of the age shows itself in the spacious parks, elegant roadways, and modern conveniences of every kind, yet in no other State has greater care been taken to preserve the historic monuments of the past.

The idea of the Old Home Week first received public expression at a meeting of the New Hampshire club, in Boston, last spring. Governor Rollins of New Hampshire gave hearty approval and actively promoted the undertaking. State organizations, embodying many enthusiastic committees, was established and it was not long until nearly every town was doing its utmost toward securing the success of the project. Urgent invitations and notices were sent to persons of New Hampshire birth wherever their addresses could be obtained.

HON. HARRY HUBBARD DUDLEY

On the evening of August 26, hundreds of bon fires lighted the hill tops and blazed forth from the mountain sides. For a week, parades, banqueting, speech-making, hand-shaking and renewals of old acquaintances were in order.

SCENERY ON THE YANGTSE KIANG RIVER

AMERICA'S SUPREMACY IN IRON AND STEEL

By Guy M. Burnham

IT was no less a person than James J. Hill, the projector and builder of a great continental railroad, who told me that the vital factor in modern commercial supremacy is cheap transportation.

In this statement alone we find the key to the situation which has made the supremacy of the United States in the iron and steel trade of the world, one of the notable facts of the closing years of the century. It is a subject not for the statisticians alone, but one of vital and fascinating national interest at this time, as commerce follows in the wake of the iron and steel trade with a barometrical certainty.

The great iron mines in this country have only been developed within a few decades, and even after the accidental discovery of soft Bessemer hematite ore in northern Michigan (the Colby mine), through the upturned roots of a forest tree, there was yet a greater problem to solve. That revolved about the simple proposition of transportation.

How well I remember the early days of iron ore discovery on the Gogebic range. The boom was equal to that of Klondike or a rush for gold. Options were secured on every plat of ground within a hundred miles of the first vein of hematite; which has the appearance of red dirt, and the hills of the Porcupine mountains bordering on Lake Superior were dotted, among the piney timber, with the heaps of red earth, resembling anthills, where shafts were sunk—and fortunes, as well.

In the earlier days, many shipping mines were developed, but when the collapse of the boom occurred there was general stagnation. The best of the properties were purchased by outside capitalists. There were a number of "open pit" mines, in which the ore was secured as easily and with as little expense as obtaining ballast from a gravel pit. Even in the halcyon days attending the opening of both the famous Gogebic and Mesaba ranges, the problem of transportation was still unsolved. The ore was sent to the docks in cars and dumped into huge hoppers, and from there shot direct into the vessels. The product was brought down a heavy grade at very little expense, but there was still the specter of a $3.75 rate per ton on ore from Lake Superior to the docks in Lake Erie in 1887. As the outside capitalists began to secure the mines, they commenced building mammoth barges and steamers, and instead of vessels carrying from 800 to 1,000 tons each, the capacity was increased to 7,000 and 8,000 tons, and the rate dropped to 45 cents per ton. This single fact of a reduction of nearly ninety per cent in the cost of transportation of Bessemer ore from the mine to the furnaces indicates where, when and how Americans were enabled to assume their supremacy in the iron and steel trade of the world.

The discovery and utilization of the mineral wealth of the Great Lakes region, together with the unprecedented

A GROUP OF MINERS OF THE GREAT GOGEBIC IRON MINES

cheapening of production and lake freight rates, has brought about a maritime growth which is without a parallel in maritime history.

The following table shows the average sized cargo of iron ore shipped from a typical Lake Superior port from 1894 to 1898 inclusive. It illustrates the rapid increase in the size of vessels, and their increased carrying capacity and the consequent cheapening of freight rates.

1894	1916 tons.
1895	1791 "
1896	1926 "
1897	2996 "
1898	3713 "

Seven men is the average crew on one of the great lake barges, carrying 7,000 tons of ore from Lake Superior to Lake Erie. The small cost of transportation may be realized from the fact that this crew of seven men have charge of a cargo which is carried nearly a thousand miles in three days. The day of small vessels is past. Especially is this true of the Great Lakes. In 1868, there were 5,365 sailing and steam vessels in the Great Lakes, with a tonnage of 695,604, while in 1897, the number of vessels had decreased to 3,230, but with an increased tonnage of 1,410,102. In the entire merchant marine of the United States, including all coasts in the former date, were 28,167 vessels, against 22,633 at the present day, while the tonnage was 4,351,759, against 4,768,020 in 1897. Vessels are not only constantly increasing in size, but sail vessels and wooden boats are being rapidly replaced by large iron steamers and sail barges. A vessel using its own sail as an exclusive motive of motion is a rarity on the Great Lakes to-day. The geographical distribution of our merchant marine is as follows:

	No.	Tonnage.
Atlantic and Gulf coast	16,442	2,553,739
Pacific coast	1,754	496,767
Great Lakes	8,256	1,437,500
Rivers	1,253	261,720

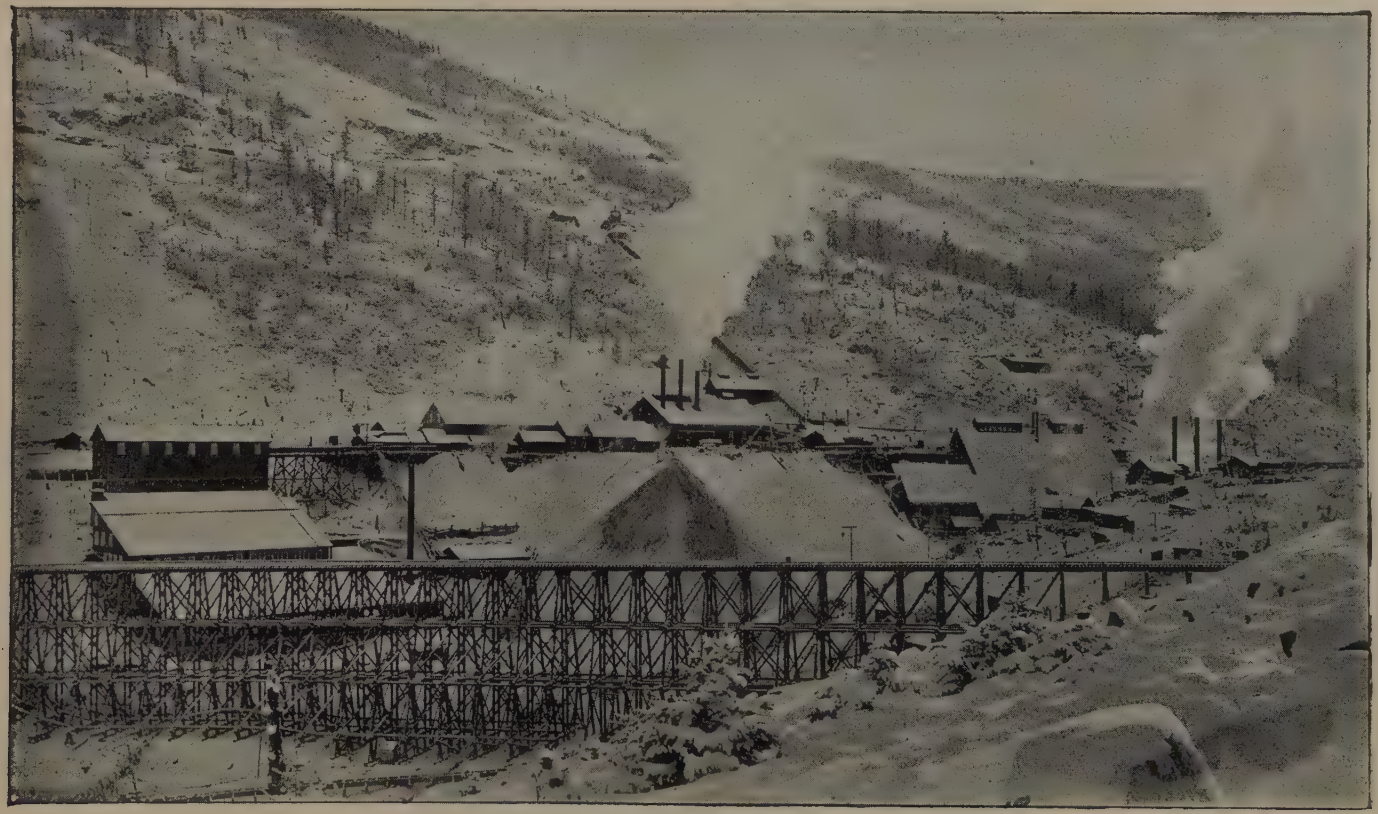
The Great Lake fleet of the United States, alone, is greater than that of any foreign nation except Great Britain or Germany.

About 75 per cent of the iron ore production of the United States comes from the Great Lakes region. The total production in 1898 was 19,278,369 long tons, of which to exceed 14,000,000 was the production of the Lake Superior mines. The total output by states was: Michigan, 7,346,846; Minnesota, 5,963,500; Alabama, 2,410,748; Pennsylvania, 773,082; Tennessee, 593,227; Virginia, 557,713; Wisconsin, 509,645; Colorado, 318,480; New Jersey, 275,438; New York, 179,91; Georgia and North Carolina, 160,083; Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming, 55,969; Missouri, 50,000; Ohio, 43,868; Kentucky, 12,913; Connecticut and Massachusetts, 20,251; Texas, 9,705; and Maryland, 5,941.

There was a time when it was believed that Mahomet would go to the mountain—in other words, that the furnaces would come to the mines. But that has not yet been done, except in the case of charcoal furnaces, in which the wood of the northern forests takes the place of coal in providing fuel. The charcoal iron is always in great demand, and the charcoal kiln represents a large industry among the farmers settling upon lands in northern mining districts. It is a picturesque feature of the iron industry. But the coke of Pennsylvania is the magnet that holds the steel industry. The mines on Lake Superior now furnish 75 per cent of the supply of the iron ore of the United States, and with a rate of 45 cents a ton, it is not difficult to see why the United States occupies an impregnable position in maintaining her supremacy in the iron trade.

The mines are indeed a revelation.

AN AMERICAN MINING SCENE



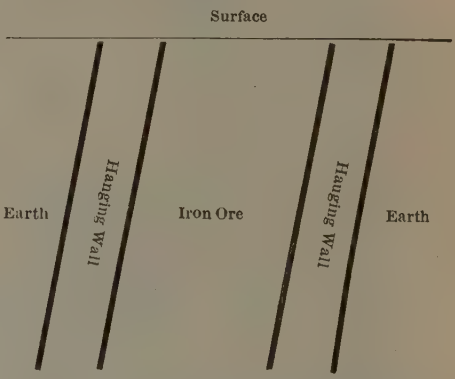
The Norrie, with its twenty miles of tunnels, in which are employed over 3,000 men, produces nearly a million tons of ore a year. It is the largest iron mine in the world, and the ore in sight shows no abatement of this production, which has been maintained for a decade past.

The main artery through this great ore traffic flows is the Sault Ste. Marie, or "Soo" canal, joining Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and as the season of navigation only continues a little over six months of each year, the checking of traffic by the sinking of an iron boat in the channel, even for a few days, represents a heavy loss.

The same economical methods adopted in mining the ore and loading it into vessels continues in the unloading and transportation to the furnaces. The sinking of the steamer "Douglas Houghton" in St. Mary's river, during the month of September, 1898, caused a loss of considerably over a million dollars in the seven days that the channel was obstructed. Nearly 150 delayed vessels were assembled, waiting for the obstruction to be removed, and it was indeed a magnificent sight, to see this fleet, every vessel of which flew the American flag, passing down the river in stately procession.

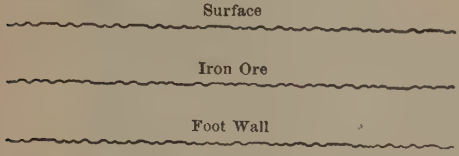
A. L. Norrie, the discoverer of the Norrie iron mine, packed through the woods from Ironwood to Ashland in 1885, and was refused a night's lodging at an Ashland hotel. He had no money, and hotels are not run for charity. Mr. Norrie at present lives on Fifth avenue in New York City, with an income of about $200,000 a year, and the mine he discovered is worth fabulous sums and is the largest underground mine in the world. Mr. Norrie's old father in England, who sent his son the last installment of money before his find, made the stern injunction: "I will send you this money, the last you may expect until you have quit chasing rainbows and go to work." He is now said to have considerable regard for his son's judgment. The Norrie is a typical iron mine. It is situated in the village of Ironwood, Michigan, in the heart of the Gogebic iron range. It is practically continuous with the East Norrie, and, in fact, all of the forty-seven mines on the range are from the same deposit of ore.

Experts say that the ore from the Gogebic range extends out under Lake Superior, how far or how deep, no man knows. Some great convulsion of nature has set up on edge a great granite wall—not perpendicular—but slanting toward the north at an angle of sixty-five degrees. It outcrops at the surface in places. This is called the foot wall. From forty to three hundred distant is another wall called the hanging wall, and between them the ore lies like this:



It will be seen by the foregoing drawing that shafts on the Gogebic range are dug, not perpendicular, but slanting. How far down the hanging wall, the foot wall and the ore go, no man knows. On the Mesaba range, in Minnesota, is the best example of open pit mining. Here there is no hanging wall. The foot wall lies hori-

zontal, upon which rests the body of ore, extending to the surface of the ground, thus:



The formation on the Vermillion range, in Minnesota, the Gogebic range in Wisconsin and Michigan, and the Menominee range, of Michigan, is practically the same in each case, excepting that the foot wall and ore deposits on the Vermillion range dip south at an angle of sixty-five degrees, while that of the Gogebic range dip north at the same angle.

The five Lake Superior ranges that have revolutionized the iron trade of the United States are: The Marquette range, Michigan, opened in 1845, first shipment in 1856, shipping ports, Marquette on Lake Superior and Escanaba on Lake Michigan; the Menominee range in Michigan and Wisconsin, opened in 1887, shipping ports, Gladstone and Escanaba on Lake Michigan; The Gogebic range, Michigan and Wisconsin, shipping port, Ashland on Lake Superior; The Vermillion range, Minnesota, opened in 1854, shipping port, Two Harbors on Lake Superior; The Mesaba range, Minnesota, opened in 1892, shipping ports, Duluth, Two Harbors and West Superior on Lake Superior.

LAKE SUPERIOR ORE DOCKS AT ASHLAND, WIS.

The total shipments of ore from the Lake Superior iron mines since they were opened up, are as follows:

Marquette range	52,378,261 tons.
Mesaba range	16,964,158 "
Menominee range	27,453,706 "
Vermillion range	11,763,858 "
Gogebic range	25,545,484 "
Grand total	134, 105,467 "

An average sized ore train contains fifty cars, with an average of twenty tons to the car—1,000 tons to each

train—each car averaging twenty-four feet in length. The enormity of iron ore lake shipments from the Lake Superior mines may be readily seen from the fact that they would completely fill twenty-seven solid trains, the cars standing end to end, extending from the Arctic ocean to Cape Horn, a distance of 11,260 miles, or twelve trains extending completely around the earth at the equator.

Assuming that the distance around the earth is 25,000 miles, this ore would fill a fleet of vessels loaded with an average of 3,000 tons each placed one mile apart, extending around the earth one and 5-6 times. All this ore has gone into the markets of the world during the last fifteen years. No wonder the iron district of Lake Superior has revolutionized the iron trade of the world.

On the five Lake Superior ranges 288 mines have been in operation, some of them intermittently, the majority continuously, as follows: Marquette range, ninety mines; Mesaba range, twenty-eight mines; Menominee range, sixty-three mines; Vermillion range, four mines; Gogebic range, forty-four mines; but the greatest of all these is the Norrie, which, alone, has shipped over seven and a half million tons of iron ore.

The following table shows the great decrease in freight rates on iron ore, taking three large ore shipping ports as examples. The ports taken are Escanaba, Marquette and Ashland:

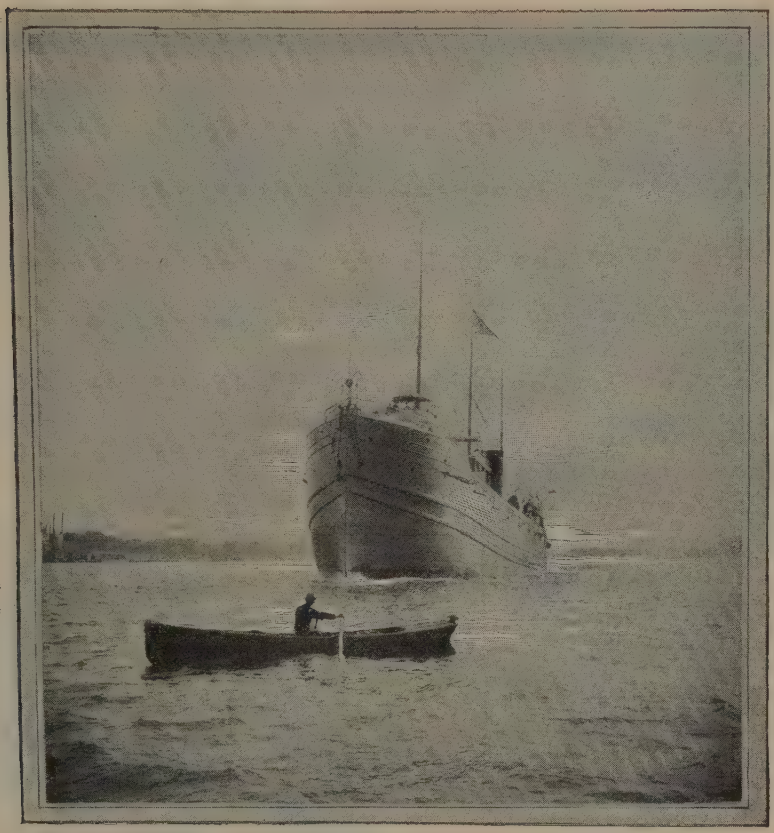
Year.	Escanaba.	Marquette.	Ashland.
1887	$1.40	$1.63	$2.00
1891	.65	.90	1.00
1895	.55	.75	.80
1897	.45	.65	.70

In 1898 the wild rate from Ashland dropped to 45 cents, but in 1899 the extraordinary demand for iron has raised the rate to $2.00. The cheapening of freight rates is largely due to the increased size of the vessels, which formerly cleared from Lake Superior loaded to a depth of fourteen feet, six inches, but which now, owing to the deepening of St. Mary's river, load to a depth of eighteen feet.

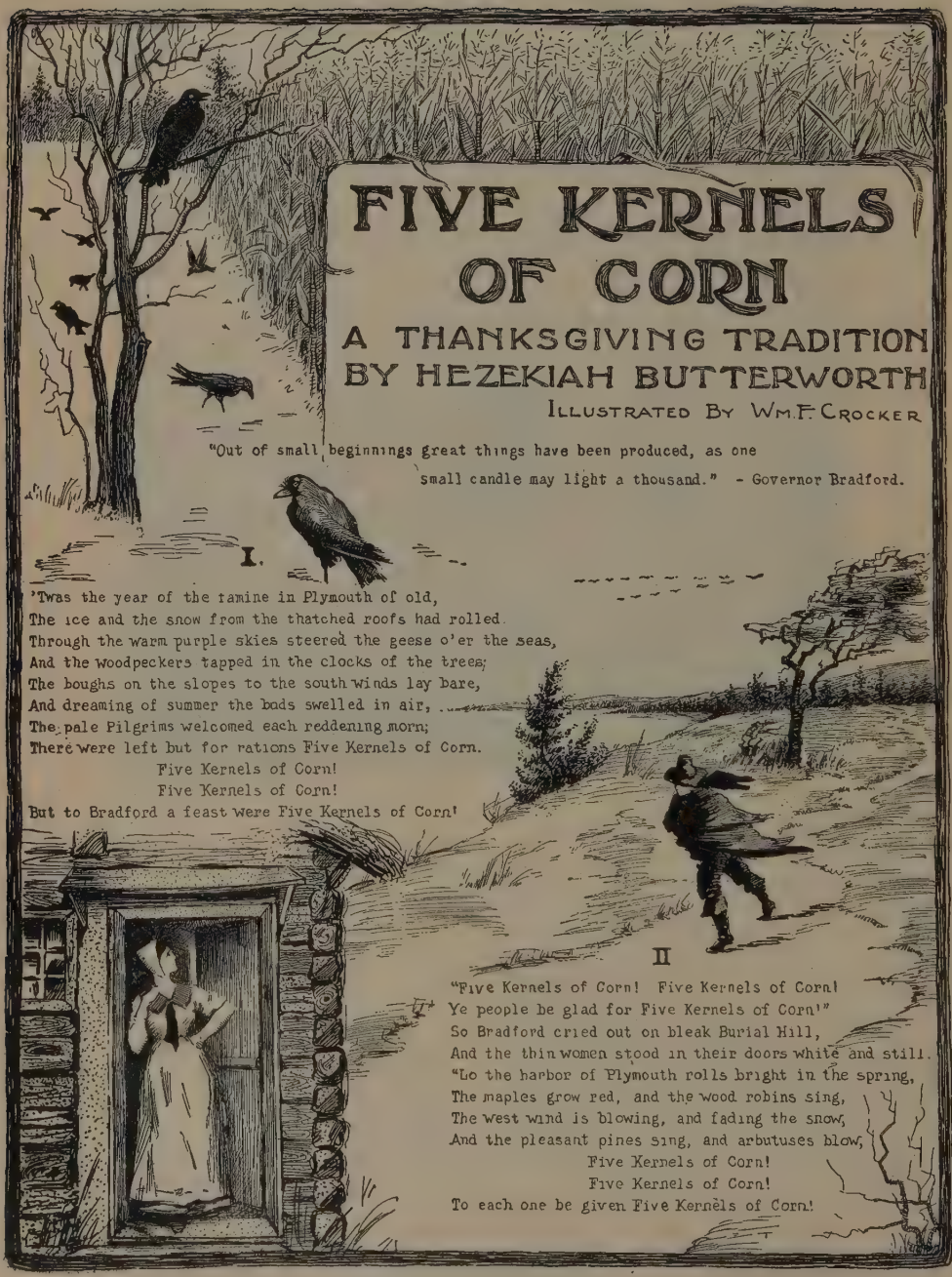
THE ASHLAND MINE

The great problem of the near future, is to secure an uninterrupted deep waterway channel from the head of the lakes to the sea. There are two outlets to the ocean from the lakes. One is by the Erie canal, and the other is down the old-fashioned Welland canal, and thence down the dangerous rapids of the St. Lawrence river. Either route is entirely inadequate to

A LAKE SUPERIOR ORE CARRIER



the growing demands of commerce. The question of cheaper transportation will not be settled until vessels can load at Chicago or at the head of the lakes and proceed directly to New York city without reloading. Governor Roosevelt, of New York, is wrestling with the canal problem, and the report of his canal committee will decide whether or not the Empire State will abandon the Erie canal, after all the millions spent upon it, or attempt to deepen it to the requirements of commerce. This is not a question for New York to settle, however; it concerns the farmers of the northwest, the ore producers, the shippers and the consumers, from Montana to the Atlantic ocean. The question of fresh water way transportation will not be settled until the waters of Lake Superior, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Erie, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "flow unvexed to the sea," and the ore carriers have water way to the coast cities.



FIVE KERNELS OF CORN

A THANKSGIVING TRADITION

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. F. CROCKER

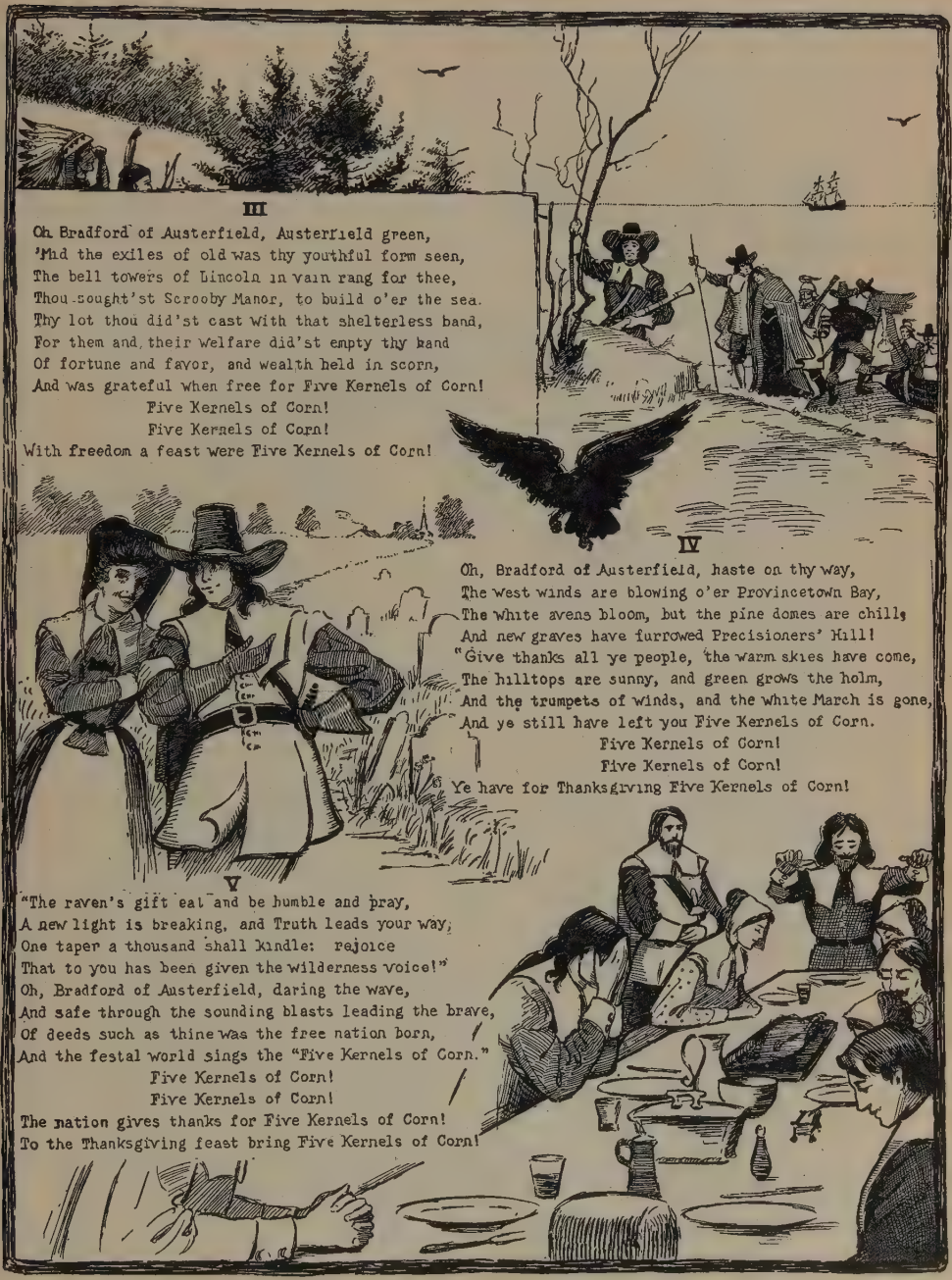
"Out of small beginnings great things have been produced, as one small candle may light a thousand." - Governor Bradford.

I.

'Twas the year of the famine in Plymouth of old,
The ice and the snow from the thatched roofs had rolled
Through the warm purple skies steered the geese o'er the seas,
And the woodpeckers tapped in the clocks of the trees;
The boughs on the slopes to the south winds lay bare,
And dreaming of summer the buds swelled in air,
The pale Pilgrims welcomed each reddening morn;
There were left but for rations Five Kernels of Corn.
Five Kernels of Corn!
Five Kernels of Corn!
But to Bradford a feast were Five Kernels of Corn!

II

"Five Kernels of Corn! Five Kernels of Corn!
Ye people be glad for Five Kernels of Corn!"
So Bradford cried out on bleak Burial Hill,
And the thin women stood in their doors white and still.
"Lo the harbor of Plymouth rolls bright in the spring,
The maples grow red, and the wood robins sing,
The west wind is blowing, and fading the snow,
And the pleasant pines sing, and arbutuses blow;
Five Kernels of Corn!
Five Kernels of Corn!
To each one be given Five Kernels of Corn!



III

Oh Bradford of Austerfield, Austerfield green,
'Mid the exiles of old was thy youthful form seen,
The bell towers of Lincoln in vain rang for thee,
Thou sought'st Scrooby Manor, to build o'er the sea.
Thy lot thou did'st cast with that shelterless band,
For them and their welfare did'st empty thy hand
Of fortune and favor, and wealth held in scorn,
And was grateful when free for Five Kernels of Corn!
Five Kernels of Corn!
Five Kernels of Corn!
With freedom a feast were Five Kernels of Corn!

IV

Oh, Bradford of Austerfield, haste on thy way,
The west winds are blowing o'er Provincetown Bay,
The white avens bloom, but the pine domes are chill,
And new graves have furrowed Precisioners' Hill!
"Give thanks all ye people, the warm skies have come,
The hilltops are sunny, and green grows the holm,
And the trumpets of winds, and the white March is gone,
And ye still have left you Five Kernels of Corn.
Five Kernels of Corn!
Five Kernels of Corn!
Ye have for Thanksgiving Five Kernels of Corn!

V

"The raven's gift eat and be humble and pray,
A new light is breaking, and Truth leads your way,
One taper a thousand shall kindle: rejoice
That to you has been given the wilderness voice!"
Oh, Bradford of Austerfield, daring the wave,
And safe through the sounding blasts leading the brave,
Of deeds such as thine was the free nation born,
And the festal world sings the "Five Kernels of Corn."
Five Kernels of Corn!
Five Kernels of Corn!
The nation gives thanks for Five Kernels of Corn!
To the Thanksgiving feast bring Five Kernels of Corn!

WOMEN'S CONGRESS OF THE WORLD

By Medora Robbins Crosby*

LIKE a great oscillating pendulum which, swinging back and forth marks the period of time, so the International Congress of Women establishes another epoch in its progress by the Quinquiennial Council held in London the present year. Being primarily an American organization, the outcome of a society founded in Washington, D. C., March 31, 1888, there is pardonable pride to American womn in the prominence it has attained.

Its object is to bring together the progressive feminine minds of all nationalities in order that the best good of humanity may be advanced and greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose accomplished. Through the instrumentality of the council, means of communication between women's organizations all over the earth have been established.

That the high-minded and lofty purposes of this organization are being carried out, was more than evidenced at the meeting last summer. Among the subjects which came in for the most exhaustive discussion, were new ideas for education and employment of women; civil and political liberty; the care of the destitute and the correction or eradication of existing social evils.

To Lady Aberdeen and her corps of able assistants, is due the credit of bringing to a highly successful issue this important gathering. Weeks were devoted to preparation and the social and literary meetings, where plans were discussed, were exceptionally brilliant. Sir William Wedderburn, who took a keen interest in the convention, defined the congress as "the consolidation of the influence of women and the guiding of that influence in the right direction," while John Stuart Mill, after advocating the cause of the council declared that "the present unfair position of women was the greatest obstacle to the progress of the human race."

Sir Richard Temple also interested himself in the preliminary arrangements, and recommended that the coming deliberations should proceed upon clearly defined lines; and Mrs. Montifiore stated that in admitting men as speakers in the council, an effort in the proper direction would be made to right the wrongs.

Lady Aberdeen herself, was untiring in her labors. She called attention to the fact that women from such countries as Russia, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germanv Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Belgium, France, Spain, and the United States, as well as the English provinces, would be present, representing every phase of woman's work and the outcome might lead to tremendous changes, possibly a revolution without the "R".

So much enthusiasm was excited that the English ladies not only opened their homes but subscribed so liberally

*The author was present at this famous congress and prepared this comprehensive and entertaining account for the readers of "The National Magazine."

LADY ABERDEEN

One of the most notable personages connected with women's work in the world, and the leading spirit in the recent Women's Congress of the World.

to the fund that the committee was enabled to make arrangements for holding meetings on a scale never before attempted by English women.

Westminster Town Hall, on Caxton street, off Victoria street, provided facilites for holding two or three gatherings at a time. Then there was St. Martin's Hall, between Charing Cross Road and St. Martin's Lane, near Trafalgar Square and Queen's Hall, Portland Place, that were similarly utilized, while Convocation Hall, Dean Yard, near Westminister Abbey, was devoted to the discussion of Social Reforms.

These various gatherings were presided over by the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Battersea, Mrs. Creighton, wife of the Lord Bishop of London, Lady Laura Ridding and many others of note.

The meetings were systematically arranged aud divided. The educational section dealt with such subjects as "India and the Colonies;" "China;" "Japan;" "The Universities of Europe and America;" "Technical Education;" "Co-Educatlon" and "Modern Educational Experiments in the United States, Great Britain and Germany."

The professional section discussed the varions occupations open to women. The meeting devoted to "The Drama" was presided over by Mrs. Madge Kendal; and Mary Shaw, the well-known actress, spoke on the "American Stage." Miss Shaw's comprehensive remarks were listened to with the closest attention. She gave an historical outline of the drama from the earliest period of persecution and neglect, to its present proud position as a modern social factor. There were in America, she said, some 3000 women employed on the stage, but the field was not as extensive or profitable as many supposed.

Mrs. H. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Genevieve Ward also contributed valued opinions and Fraulein Mina Mardor, of Germany, complained that actresses of her country were not compensated as liberally as the actors and were liable to dismissal on entering the married state.

In this professional section ideas were also advanced on the work of women as inspectors; the training of women journalists and their economic position, the paper on the latter topic being read by Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, one of the American delegates.

The training of women in agriculture, another subject before the professional section, evoked quite a discussion and brought out many opinions which resulted in a special visit to the Horticultural College at Swanley, where about sixty young ladies were receiving a practical training in horticulture.

The legislative and industrial section treated topics on special labor legislation for women; the scientific treatment of domestic service, marriage and divine laws and the ethics of wage earning.

The political section was presided over by Mrs. May Wright Sewell, and Miss Susan B. Anthony read a highly interesting paper, followed by others from the delegates from Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France, Italy and Great Britain. Other subjects which came under this section were the responsibilities and duties of women in public life and woman's status in social government.

The social section was chiefly devoted to reforms and opened with prisons and reformatories, the leading paper being by the late Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson of this country, on "The Treatment of Women in Prison."

The sad and sudden death of Mrs. Johnson while in London, was the one distressing incident of the Congress.

Then came rescue work and the treatment of the destitute classes, the Rev. Ida Hulten speaking on this topic. Mrs. William B. Lowe gave a paper on women's clubs and Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) who took part in the discussion, characterized a club woman as "one who wanted to know things."

The subject of "Social Settlements" was also touched upon, but the plans suggested seemed rather visonary and impractical. The question of the social necessity of an equal moral standard for men and women, called forth one of the most animated discussions of the Congress, and the meeting ended in some little excitement.

Other timely topics were the "Public Control of Amusements," "Temperance and Public Control of the Liquor Traffic," "Provident Schemes," "Pension Schemes for Old Age and Emigration."

The meeting for the protection of bird and animal life called out many enthusiastic English speakers, but I regret to state that not a single representative from this country raised a voice in defense of the dumb creatures.

For one of the closing meetings Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, had prepared a paper on the housing of working women, but a sudden illness prevented him from reading it personally. The scheme suggested was the building of blocks of houses called "Maisonettes," and the writer believed such an idea could be made to pay a revenue. So impressed was the audience with the plan that steps were at once taken to set on foot a movement with such an enterprise in view.

Soon after the opening of the Congress it was voted to send a telegram to the Peace Conference then sitting at the Hague, and on June 28, 1899, the following despatch was forwarded:

"The International Council of Women, at a great meeting held in Queen's Hall, London, last evening, representing women from many countries, formally identified itself with international arbitration and requested me to send a telegram to the Conference at the Hague, expressive of the most earnest good wishes for the success of its labors.

"(Signed) Isabel Aberdeen.

"President International Council of Women."

In matters pertaining to the advancement of women, the Anglo-Saxon race seemed to have made greater progress than other nationalities. In Germany women are not permitted to form political associations, while in Russia neither men nor women can band together in any organization of a political nature without special consent of the Imperial Government. In Holland such an act is unconstitutional, but in France, long before French women displayed any desire to study medicine or obtain a university education, the doors of scholastic institutions were thrown open to them and even English and German women availed themselves of the privileges of becoming graduates of the University of Paris.

While the council was in session, information was received that the legal profession had been opened to the women in France.

The private and official entertainments that were offered to the members of the Congress surpassed all American ideas of hospitality. What influence could be brought to bear on the wife of a millionaire, who owned fine estates near any large city in this country, not only to open her home but provide elaborate entertainment and personally receive two or three hundred club women from all parts of the earth.

Yet this is what the nobility of England did, notwithstanding the oft-re-

peated assertion that the English were self-centered and narrow minded. Possibly some of quinquiennial meetings may be held in New York and it will remain to be seen if the Goulds, the Astors, the Vanderbilts and other wealthy families will receive and entertain as lavishly.

On Monday evening, June 21, the formal opening of the social side of the Congress began with a reception held at Stafford House, St. James, London, through the courtesy of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The Duchess herself and the Countess of Aberdeen received the guests, who began to arrive soon after nine o'clock. The English custom of announcing the guest from the door by a solemn footman, was quite awe-inspiring, to say nothing of the necessity of making a graceful appearance in crossing the long drawing-room alone, to where the receiving party were standing, where another usher asked to have the name repeated.

But Stafford House is one of the finest private mansions in London, and the visitor soon forgets himself and is lost in admiration of the lofty rooms and corridors, filled with collections of valuable paintings, antiquities and curios.

To many the customs of the English ladies were a novelty, for in London it is almost de rigeur to appear after six o'clock in bare shoulders and arms.

The following Wednesday evening, Lady Battersea held a reception at Surrey House, but one of the most delightfnl entertainments was a garden party given on Saturday afternoon by the Lord Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton, at their residence, the celebrated Fulham Palace, which has been the home of bishops of London for more than seven hundred years.

It is a comfortable rather than a showy house, built of brick and contains two courts entered by an archway The grounds are large and have many fine trees and flower beds which are enclosed by a moat, a mile in circuit and crossed by two bridges. The guests were permitted to explore this fine building and view the portraits of former bishops adorning the walls of the library. A handsome but small chapel was added in 1867.

It was a beautiful day and the lawns were covered with marquee tents where refreshments were served in generous quantities. It is quite the custom in England at all receptions to conduct the guest on arriving immediately to the refreshment room, where, after supplying himself to his heart's content, he remembers his hostess, who can then receive his undivided attention. This is not such a strange idea when one recalls the scant civility guests sometimes exhibit in the zeal to reach the supper table.

On July 3, the Society of American Women gave a luncheon at Hotel Cecil to which we were invited, besides the members of the council, many of the notable women of England, among them Sarah Grand and Mrs. Humphreys Ward.

July 4 was celebrated by attending the grand garden party given by Lady Rothschild and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild at their estate Gunnersbury Park, a short distance out of London. Several special trains carried the guests to the station at Acton, Mill Hill Park, where brakes were in waiting to convey the people to the house, a delightful drive of about a mile. Along the route the roadside was lined with interested crowds of villagers.

Gunnersbury Park is beautiful beyond description. Money had been lavishly expended to add to the many natural glories of the spot; artificial lakes and water-lily ponds; palm gardens and grounds, acres in extent, laid

out in flower-bordered walks, presented a most entrancing picture. All through the park, in every available spot, tables were laid with liquid and more solid refreshments, while in the house an elaborate collation was prepared. A programme of vaudeville was also provided, contributed to by artists from the leading music halls of London.

That same evening was the closing reception of the Congress, given by the Countess of Aberdeen at the Royal Institute of Water Colors in Piccadilly. This event was what might be termed a fashionable "crush," for all London was there. Lord Aberdeen and his daughter assisted the Countess in receiving. During the reception a farewell address was made by Susan B. Anthony, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Lady Aberdeen for the success of the different meetings and the pleasure she had given to so many, through numberless courtesies.

The final and in many ways the most interesting event of the Congress was the visit to Windsor Castle through the special invitation of Queen Victoria, on Friday, July 7. A special train left Paddington about three o'clock in the afternoon for Windsor, and there were some 200 ladies in the party.

On arriving at the station the ladies proceeded to the Castle, which lay within easy walking distance. Lady Aberdeen was met by the Queen's private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge, and after a little delay, the Queen's carriage, drawn by two dashing bay horses, drew up before the entrance.

Then Her Majesty appeared escorted by the Princess Beatrice of Battenberg. The company formed a line on one side of the quadrangle and the ladies were thus enabled to see and be seen by the Queen, who stopped at the place where Lady Aberdeen was standing and expressed her regret that she had kept the delegation waiting.

It was quite a picturesque gathering, the delegates from India appearing in their Oriental costumes and prostrating themselves while their monarch was passing.

The Queen, despite her eighty years, looked remarkably well preserved, with a fresh, clear color in her cheeks. She was attired in black, her bonnet being ornamented with three white ostrich feathers.

After she had passed, the ladies were shown through the state apartments and then in the audience chamber, were served with afternoon tea. Out of deference to the temperance members of the Congress, no wines were offered. At 6.30 o'clock the ladies again took the train for London with the memory of having been specially honored.

Besides these elaborate courtesies, many of the literary and artistic people of London offered delightful smaller receptions, teas and similar entertainments. The Writers' Club opened its home on Norfolk Street, the Strand, to the stranger, and a most charming little retreat I found it, situated in the heart of busy London, with library and all the papers and magazines at hand. Among the members of this club are Sarah Grand, Mrs. Humphreys Ward, Marie Correli, John Strange Winter and others well known to fame.

The election of officers for the next year was the termination of this memorable occasion. They are: President, Mrs. May Wright Sewell of Indianapolis, Ind.; Vice-President, Isabel Countess of Aberdeen; Treasurer. Frau Shiverin, Germany; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Theresa F. Wilson, of Scotland: Recording Secretary, Mlle. Camille Vidart, of Geneva, Switzerland.

"And in this wise was the beautiful Lady Geraldine received into the bosom of the church. All flesh is carnal; love is flesh pertaining unto the Devil."

GENEVRA wore a muslin dress, pink as the excited flush on her cheeks, as she read this ancient chronicle half aloud. Apple blossoms waved in the sea breeze above her head in harmony with the girl's unusual country delicacy and bloom. Genevra had helped her mother do the afternoon chores, then borrowed for herself the two hours she took daily in which to play being a grand lady—for this girl, looking pensively off over the sand dunes of Rhode Island into a calm indigo sea was ill content with her place in the world. She longed for the fictitious, for the affectations rather than the realities of aristocratic life. The first she had learned from novels, the latter there were few opportunites for her to hear about. Books which she read with a gnawing curiosity, led her often away from truth, owing to her feeble powers of discrimination and reflection inherited from a weakly imaginative mother.

The girl rocked to and fro in the chair she had brought out into the orchard, under the trees, and which did service as a throne during these imaginative hours. She read over many times, from the ancient romance found in the village library, that the noble lady had ended her life in a convent, sacrificing her lover to a belief that "all flesh is carnal; love is flesh."

"I'd be wrong to love him, then! I won't go to Heaven when I die, if I do. Oh Lem! You scat me!" Aslant her book had fallen a shadow, whose owner laid a gentle, roughened hand on Genevra's hair, checking her exclamation.

"I hadn't no intention o' doin' that," replied the country boy, looking down at her from steady eyes warmed by the deep affection he had given her from the cradle. "You 'mind me o' Bess Aber's mulie cow lookin' off across the meadows that way. You don't see nothin' when you're doin' it, do you, Gen?"

"I see more'n the cow does, anyway," she replied, poutingly. "I see the

things I read in books, an' that's more'n you or cows does."

No amonnt of grammar, familiarized to Genevra in books, bore with corrective force upon her inherited speech.

"Come now, Gen, your feelin's ain't hurt, are they?" Lem asked, touching caressingly the strings of her pink sunbonnet lying on the grass near by. "I wouldn't do that for a farm, an' you know it. I wus only jokin'. I've come to be answered what I asked you the other day, Gen. What'd you say? All right? Soon?" The tall, earnest youth spread himself out on the grass beside her, answering the call of a Bob White in the distance, incidentally, as he attempted, with his eyes, to make the girl look at him.

Her face changed from a pout to an expression of troubled introspection. Far back on her maternal side a grandmother had been burned at the stake in punishment for prophesy. Genevra often appeared to be listening to the unseen. Slowly she shook her head negatively in answer, but neither looked at him nor spoke. "Ain't you goin' to do it, Gen?" the lover asked, with anxious eyes and voice. "I'm poor, but I can keep you decent now. I'm help to the village undertaker. 'Tain't same's if I wus hired help to Ole Hoxey still. You'd live up to the village—I cal'late you'd like that. You don't mean no, Gen. Say you don't." He dragged his body towards her along the grass, crushing the young blades with the weight; but still she said nothing—only passed a forefinger up and down a page of the open book in in her lap shyly, with some embarrassment. Lem went on earnestly at first, then broke into a feeble attempt at jocularity. "In another year or so Mr. Jones'd give me a raise, or mebbe take me in. He says my name's jus' right for the undertakin' bizness—Lem Gravesend. Funny, ain't it? I'd give you—"

"'Tain't that," Genevra interrupted, without looking up. "You'd make a good husband, Lem; anybody'd know that, you're so kind; but husbands ain't good things to have."

"Why not? If they're good ones they're good to have, certain sure," he replied, looking incredulous and slightly perplexed.

Again she shook her head sadly. A deep blush dyed her face, and she began haltingly: "No, Lem—you don't read—all—the things I do—an' you don't understand on account o' that. Marryin's lawful, but (she hesitated) —but—'tain't nice. It's the longin's o' the flesh. O Lem! I jus' can't say it"—she turned her face away from him—"but the beautiful Lady Geraldine wouldn't marry, neither, and she went into a convent, because she thought that way, an' died a saint."

"What's the bootiful Lady Geraldine —or whatever's her name—got to do 'th me an' you? he returned, impatiently. "Ain't you got no mind o' your own? Didn't you promise me's early's when we kep' company a-goin' to school years back? What's got in you, Gen? There ain't no sense in sich talk, an' all them fool books you read. I ain't a-askin' you to do no wrong, I'm askin' o' you in marriage."

"Yes, I know it," she replied, lugubriously; "an' I know I promised, but ever since I got religion las' spring I've allowed marryin' wus of the flesh an' the devil, bound to be punished in hell fire; an' here's this old book an' the beautiful Lady Geraldine sayin' what I allowed to be right."

"Well! I never did hear sich talk before or since!" exclaimed the lover, indignantly. "I al'ays allowed the religion to them revival meetin's come more from hell than heaven—now I know it, fur certain sure. Land o'

love! Gettin' married be wrong, be it? Then you can't lay much store by your own father and mother. They got married."

"Mebbe 'twas right fur them; an' others's thinks so: but if I allow it's wrong fur me, it be wrong." The girl replied doggedly, setting her thin, ascetic, stubborn lips.

"Say, Gen," he asked, making sarcastic droops at the corners of his mouth. Who's the fellar? Somebody's cut me out I guess."

This evidently pained her, for she loved her life-long friend in every part of her being not sucked by leeches of superstition and mawkish sentiment.

"There ain't no other one I care about, an' you know it, but ever since I got religion I've knowed 'twan't fur me to marry. If there was a convent round here I'd join it an' dedicate my soul an' body to heaven, same's the beautiful Lady Geraldine. Look here at her picture." She tried to show him a faded engraving but he impatiently looked away, answering with accentuated indignation. "I don't want none o' your darned, tarnation readin's makes your mind work looney. You know I've cared for you all my days, Genevra, an' al'ays cal'lated to marry you when the right time come; an' I'll al'ays allow some other fellar's makin' you act like this, till I see different. You ain't treatin' me square. I never allowed you'd act so by anybody. I'll be goin' and give that other fellar a chance. Be he hid behind that tree?"

"Don't talk so, Lem. 'Tain't nice. There ain't no other fellar. It's my religion that's come between us, I tell you."

"Oh shucks!" he replied, turning his back without more words and hurrying indignantly towards his team, hitched to a post beyond the orchard wall.

The apple blossoms blushed and fell many times; the snows of winter mantled and melted again and again; the sun shone, the rain beat, and Life hurried along, racing with Death for twenty years up the hill of eternity, and still Lemuel Gravesend had not discovered "the other fellar," nor had he persuaded Genevra into matrimony. Her mania increased with the hurry of the years. She settled into a stubborn conviction concerning the life of the flesh and her religious duty towards her spiritual being. Her brothers married; her parents died; and finally her eldest brother and his wife having taken the farm, thus leaving her without imperative domestic calling, Genevra settled down with a meagre inheritance in a quaint, little house in the village, where she lived in constant attendance upon the orphan child of a dead brother. Her miniature house became a curiosity in the village. Visiting strangers were invariably taken to see it. The house of five rooms had been built long before in a New England style now obsolete, except by inheritance—that of a wooden structure whose upper story was reached by a stairway on the outside of the house. Originally, there had been no interior manner of ascension, but during Genevra's youth the owner removed the outside stairway and built an interior one, even more precipitous and inconvenient—a box staircase, so narrow and steep that furniture must be elevated to the second story from the outside, by means of ropes and the windows. The house was an architectural nightmare, and still its quaint attractions were numerous. Lilac bushes brushed the small-paned windows in May, and all winter the ghosts of dead flowers peered in through the icicles hanging from the eaves. Visitors to the village, having learned of Genevra's matured passion for stories and pictures of mediaeval times, sent her in remembrance, amidst much that was

spurious literature and art, some valuable prints and early editions, of whose intrinsic value Genevra knew nothing, and whose presence among her other surroundings was incongruous and perplexing to every fresh observer.

Genevra, all unaware of her position as a town curiosity, carried out unswervingly her pose of aspiring saint and martyr. Her instincts were dramatic. The village was a stage whose boards she trod a heroine of romance because she had renounced her lover, Lem Gravesend, and all the villagers were aware of her sacrifice.

Thinking of herself as young and beautiful kept her so to a surprising extent. At forty the pink still flushed in her cheeks and her hair waved gold-brown and plentiful. Dreaming and posing she slipped by Life in his Titanic race. After six months of absenting himself and watching for "the other fellar," Lem had returned to his personal devotion to Genevra with but small reward. The girl, having determined to be a saint, proved faithful to the vows she told her lover she had taken.

For ten years he persuaded her unavailingly to the unfailing interest of the neighbors; then he ceased to speak of the subject, but patiently continued his visits to the strange lady of his love, who received him seated on a mahogany sofa; herself arrayed in the one silk frock she possessed, crudely fashioned after the costume of a renaissance beauty found among her collection of prints. Wonderfully strange Genevra!

Lem sadly holding her to be "looney," considered it his simple duty to care for her all the more tenderly. When she told the neighbors of her sanctity and how she hoped to die without having felt a man's arms about her, they thought of Lem with an exchange of significant glances, and Mrs. Sarah Dixon said without reserve "I'd jus' like to thrash the foolishness out o' Gen Oliver! If saints wear them fool clothes she does I'll take my chances o' going where mebbe they won't wear nothin' a-burnin'."

But one day when the robins hopped about the grass under the orchard, avoiding the new-born industry of the turkey-chickens, Genevra drove down to the old family home by the sea. Sitting alone in her tiny parlor that afternoon, before she started, while Willie, her nephew, played about the kitchen steps, she experienced a new desolation sweeping over her. Suddenly she felt so old that involuntarily she glanced up at the long mirror to see if her hair was turning white. The young leaves whispered among themselves outside her windows, but she no longer understood them. Willie beat the cellar steps noisily with a stick, but Genevra was not aroused to reprimand. She sat there feeling age creep through her veins, and without perceptible reason her life seemed worthless. She wondered how it would feel to have Lem's arms about her. Were all other women right and she alone wrong? For an hour or more she wistfully leaned there against the window sill, with her chin on one hand, staring out at the pink hollyhocks nodding at her in approval of her reformation. Then she slowly went out after Willie, who helped her hitch up old Nance to the carryall and together they drove down to the beach. Genevra was convinced that a sight of the ocean would renew the youth she had suddenly lost. In the old place under the apple trees, the woman sat feeling the blossoms fall about her and looking off to sea. The image of Lem as he sat on the grass trying to persuade her far off in their faded youth came back reproachfully.

Genevra felt some black, unfamiliar

presence near her. It seemed to brush aside her mental picture of Lem when she succeeded in visualizing his homely face and tender gentleness of manner. Finally she swept a stray lock of hair blown down by the breezes, back from her eyes, and leaving one hand to cover her face she gripped the other painfully as great sobs shook her thin body and poured slow tear drops down her cheeks. Youth was all gone and her aesthetic dream was rudely broken by some unseen hand.

Suddenly Genevra fell back unconscious of the intruding, inexplicable presence. After some time she slowly opened her eyes, looked about at the familiar scene with unwelcoming glance, and presently, returned to a dazed understanding, she got into the carryall, forgetting Willie, and drove vacantly home to the village.

The next day at noon Lemuel Gravesend received a verbal message by a village boy to go at once to Genevra's house. The boy knew nothing more than the message delivered to him in great haste by Genevra's neighbor, Mrs. Dixon, conveyed.

Lem, both proud and glad to feel that Genevra desired or needed him, felt more intereet as a lover in the message than professional alarm.

He stopped to dress in his best clothes, remembering Genevra's spectacular devotion to fine attire. In his heart he believed himself on the verge of taking a great possession to himself —Genevra must have given in at last and would marry him.

He walked more erect and his head balanced proudly; for, unconsiously, Geneva had imbued him with her own image of herself. She was now to him his wonderful lady and he a vanquishing hero.

At the door of Genevra's house Mrs. Dixon meet him with the words "'Twas vilent sudden, Lem! Wa'nt it? I've got her all ready to be laid out; dressed real nice in that funny silk dress, but you've got to carry her down stairs fur the buryin'. A coffin'll never go up them stairs." Lem stared professionally at her. "Who you talkin' 'bout?" he said, "nobody ain't sent fur me fur bizness this mornin's I know of. I've been to Colchester."

"Why, Lem! Ain't you heard?" the woman exclaimed, eager to tell the news. "That's too bad! I allowed's you'd know furst of all! Genevra was found dead in her bed early this morning. Died mighty sudden alone o' dead o' night. I went early this mornnin' to borry a cup o' butter, an' found her layin' upstairs in bed. Oh, 'twere awful! I can't make you sensible o' it."

Lem continued to look at her as if wondering just how crazy she was; but suddenly realization, spurred by his familiarity with the professional side of death, crept over him. He turned and sat down heavily on the door-sill, shading his eyes with his Sunday hat.

"If what you're tellin' be truth, I'd like you to leave me alone a minute or two," he finally said, in a barely audible voice. The woman went further back into the parlor, where she sat ou the mahogany sofa, watching him curiously.

The silence over the house was as thick as smoke. Far off horses' feet could be heard crossing a wooden bridge. A dog barked once or twice. All the curious villagers except Mrs. Dixon had gone home to discuss the news while at dinner. Lem did not hear even a twig crack. He was trying to imagine his love as one of those awful things he had grown used to in business.

Finally, as a noble bridegroom enters his new-made wife's chamber he slowly rose and walked solemnly up the narrow stairs, unmindful of Mrs.

Dixon, who followed, curiously. Straight into Genevra's bed-chamber he walked, and over to the bed by the window where his bride lay sleeping.

"Gen," he called gently to the strange form lying there. "Gen, we're married now, I guess." Softly, as if for fear of waking her, he laid down beside the lifeless body.

"Gen! my wife!" he called against the yellow-brown hair, embracing in death what was denied him in life.

One moment he held it close, then, standing up, he solemnly raised his wife in his arms and bore her down the narrow stairs carefully, protectingly, for fear the hard wall might touch her.

"Gen!" he called, repeatedly, still unmindful of Mrs. Dixon, who followed close behind. "The Lord has rightfully give you to me in death. Nobody could a-carried a coffin up them stairs, so bein' what I am I've got to put my arms around you to get you down. Do you mind, Gen? Do you mind? I al'ays loved you." The dead lips seemed to smile, so he kissed them.

DESOLATION

A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
  Snow on the north wind flying;
Darkness within where a man lies still,
  And a woman sighing.

Night, but no stars. On the blizzard's blast
  Ride souls that have felt God's spurning,
Hideous wraiths from the world's dead past
  For an hour returning.

They grapple the cabin on either side,
  Laughing and shrieking and twisting;
The roof beams sullenly grumble, tired
  By the toil of resisting.

The watch dog starts from the floor to growl,
  The terrors of night defying.
Away in the valley a lone wolf's howl
  And a nameless crying.

* * * * *

A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
  Deep sunk in the land-sea's foam;
But Death steals in where the man lies still,
  And he gathers him home.

Frank Putnam

THE THIBETAN SAVAGES

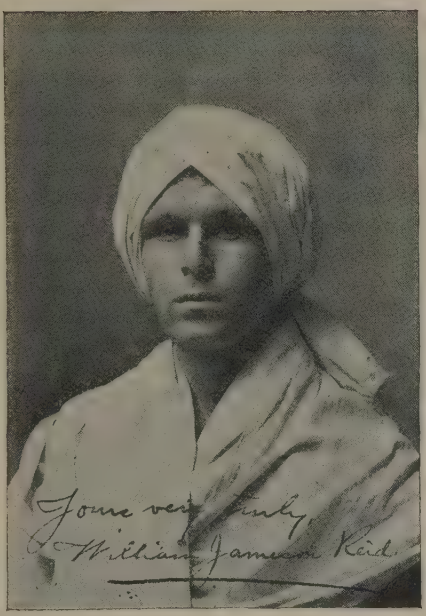
NARRATIVE OF A DASH TO THE SACRED CITY OF TZUCHAN, NORTHEASTERN THIBET

By William Jameson Reid

Author of "Through Unexplored Asia," etc.

DURING the course of my last explorations in Thibet, a protracted journey of a thousand miles in an effort to penetrate through the hitherto untrodden wilds of eastern Thibet had carried me far up the current of the Kinsha Kiang into the wild and unexplored regions of Sifan, an unknown land, which for centuries has frustrated the most indomitable efforts of explorers and travellers. At the end of six months' perilous progress through the wild and almost impassable gorges of western Yunnan and Szchuen we at last reached the chief tribal city of Gharlkau. Our effort to

reach Gharlkau had been made for two reasons: first, it was a headquarters from which we might prepare for the final part of our hazardous journey through unexplored Asia; secondly, it afforded a base by which to accomplish the most difficult and venturesome task which we had yet been called upon to face—the penetration through the Ping mountains to the sacred city of the Chite Buddhists at Tzuchan. For centuries this fierce sect have held aloof from the outside world, and to-day they are as untamed and barbarous as their fierce ancestors. They are for the most part semi-civilized, many of them, however, being savages of the lowest order; and even cannibalism is said to be prevalent among numbers of them.



Yet we have visited their wild domains; have witnessed their strange customs, and for the first time are able to give to the world some facts concerning this unknown people.

On the morning of August 27, 1894, we left Gharlkau on our advance journey to Tzuchan. Deciding that the only chance of success lay in a paucity of numbers, we had selected two of the most trusty of our Kiangsi crew and three native Gharlkauese to serve as our escort, while to evade detection we attired ourselves as Tourgouth nomads. We had planned to reach Tzuchan at the end of five days' journeying across the sterile mountain plateau before the fact of our presence in the country should become widely known, and having gained scientific points concerning this people, to return with as much celerity as possible, for the impending evidences of an arctic winter settling in over the high altitudes was a serious menace.

Our first day's effort carried us over the long plateau; and purposely avoiding the larger settlements, where our progress was liable to be impeded, by nightfall we had reached the lowest range of the Ping mountains. We were utterly fagged out by the toilsome journey of the day, and selecting a small grove of trees which afforded shelter from the chilling blasts hurtled down from the snow-capped mountain summits we pitched our camp.

The country on the day following grew more inhabited, rendering further attempt at concealment useless. The people occupying this region were much shorter than either the Tanguts or Mongols, and much different in general characteristics. They are very ugly in shape, with enormous stomachs out of all proportion to their tiny, spindling arms and legs; with the most repulsive faces, broad and flat, and covered with enormous slits and scars. Tattooing was very common, while those who had not been adorned with figures had painted their entire bodies with a yellowish red composition,

which gave them a most hideous appearance. They were a race of fishermen, for the stream was covered with their little skin boats, which they managed to shoot over the uneven surface with marvelous skill and celerity.

We soon discovered that they were unnaturally hostile, for as we sought to cross the stream they crowded down upon us with loud cries, brandishing knives and spears, notwithstanding the fact that from their distance they could not have penetrated our native disguise. With such evidences we could not but congratulate ourselves that we had not adhered to our original intention of passing through the country without disguise of any sort; for as subsequent events proved, it was this alone that gave security.

Continuing our journey to the westward, we at first made good progress, there being plenty of fresh water, while so long as the five days' provisions which we were carrying held out we had nothing to fear in the way of starvation. All this, however, came to an end shortly before noontime, when we came upon another little mountain stream, beyond which extended as far as the eye could reach a sandy waste, covered with a sterile and towering mass of innumerable lofty rock-summits. The two native porters, following our example, plunged bodily into the current at the ford; but either from the weight of their loads, or frightened by the seething waters on each side of them, they missed their footing, and attracted by their shouts, we saw that they were being carried rapidly down stream, the load which each bore pressing them down into the water in spite of their most valorous efforts to maintain the surface. We called to them to slip the thongs from over their shoulders, but this they refused to do, until seeing that there was no hope of saving their loads, they reluctantly abandoned them, and after herculean efforts reached the shore in safety.

Then, for the first time, the terrible danger which stared us in the face came home with frightful certainty. Here we were alone and unprotected in a barbarous country, without food and with no prospects of securing any. To make matters worse, the iciness of the climate increased each moment in rigor, penetrating through the thickest of clothing, while the wind storms increased in vehemence and frequency, accompanied by stinging clouds of alkali which filled our eyes, noses, ears and lungs, until breathing and seeing became painful. The Kiangsis were for turning back; but Burton, with all his old-time bulldog tenacity and hardihood, sounded the advance, and with hearts sick and weary we continued the ascent of the Ping slope, over a pebbly plain, where only occasional tufts of stunted camel-thorn and rhubarb appeared above the ground. A dead quail and thrush were picked up in the arid tract, these birds having doubtless dropped from exhaustion during flight, and fallen victims to their inexperience in attempting a direct passage across so desolate a region. With wolfish intensity we seized upon these prizes, and having cooked them over a fire of yak dung and eaten them, we again pressed on in the expectation of stumbling upon some native habitation or village where we could obtain food. Before nightfall, from across the barren verge we detected the outlines of a small village, and cheered by the knowledge that the country contained inhabitants of some kind, we had soon reached its limits and entered.

Our approach was welcomed by the barking of an unconditioned pack of noisy curs, who rushed savagely at our heels, until exasperated beyond all

measure of endurance at the actions of one shaggy monster, who persisted in making violent efforts to seize one of the Kiangsis, Burton fired at him with his revolver. Almost in a moment the unnatural quietude which had surrounded us was broken with shrill screams of rage, and we were confronted by a group of fifty howling, threatening savages, with spears poised, ready to launch at us at the first command of the head man, who stalked forth, and having gazed long and earnestly into our faces, ordered his men to retire, inviting us to his own abode. Suspecting treachery of some sort, we did not take our eyes off him for a single moment; but he evidently was not a hostile-minded individual, for he invited us to drink tea with him until long after midnight, when utterly fagged out in body and spirit we huddled together on the floor in an effort to secure some protection from the frigidity of the climate.

With all its shortcomings, this vast region to the west of the Dji Chu is a curious country to see,—a treeless, rocky visaged plateau, across which pile in monotonous sequence innumerable lofty mountain ranges, devoid of all featureal charm whatsoever, but presenting a bizarre and uncouth appearance which attracts and repels one at the same time. Over the vast sterile plains and hilly slopes are disposed innumerable mounds,—the sepulchres of a past generation, which would doubtless be mines of untold wealth to archaeologists and students of the great primeval age but that they are jealously guarded by the natives of the present, who would resent any attempts that might be made to disturb the tombs of their ancestors.

It would be an utter impossibility to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous than those we found here, being but a grade removed from the lower order of animals. No spark of civilization has yet made itself felt, and one might as well essay to change the direction of the wind's wild course as to sow the seeds of Christianity with hopes of fructification. Nature is without attractions of any kind, except a sort of rough majestic grandeur which may satisfy the traveller in search of landscapes monotonously bleak and repellent; never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a few months in the year. Vast mountain peaks are covered with a soil which by thrift and industry might be made phenomenally productive, but which is left in its wild state for the growth of coarse grasses, furnishing pasturage for the small herds of scrawny cattle. The more favored regions are inhabited by small herds of wild asses, antelopes, and long black-haired yaks, which afford subsistence to a sinister and uncouth population.

Of amusements there are but few—the male portion of the population spending what time is not engaged in manual labor in gambling, for which they show a remarkable aptitude, and into which they enter with all the passion of devotees, risking their entire possessions and even their own persons on no worthier a pastime than guessing the number of stones which another may hold in his hand

There is no outdoor occupation for the women, who are rarely seen outside their gloomy cave-homes, — a wretched race of emaciated and haggard beings, who bear every evidence of the hardness of their lot. Her condition is pitiable in the extreme, far worse than the very animals of her lord and master's herds, for they at least from mercenary motives, are treated humanely. On her falls the task of performing the manual labor of the community, while her master lives a life of comparative ease, and eats and

drinks himself into a constant state of maudlin and gluttonous emotion. Happy for her when death prematurely relieves her sufferings. When one has viewed her horrible condition, one can understand the little compunction which exists here regarding self-destruction, suicides causing greater reduction of the population than all other sources combined.

The native religion, when there is any, is the usual debased and lowest form of idol worship, attended with much sincere belief in witchcraft and mummery. The sway of the priests is all-powerful, they being the real rulers of the country, and directly more responsible for the narrow-minded bigotry and exclusiveness of the natives than any other cause.

Death, as is but natural where it is of such frequency, is here not looked upon or awaited with fear, and suicides, as stated before, are of frequent occurrence. The funeral ceremony is a function attended with great eclat. Whatever may have been the foibles or frailties of the deceased, or however undeserving he may be of the honor, so soon as he is dead his relatives and friends, from far and near, are summoned to attend the obsequies. The corpse, arrayed in the most gorgeous habiliments that can be procured and surrounded by his possessions, is seated in a chair and placed in the open air in front of his former dwelling, and for two or three days the body is allowed to remain in this position. During that time the relatives and friends gather round, and indulge in mourning dances and in drinking huge potations of fiery pundu, complimenting the corpse on his newly acquired state of blessedness, and expressing the cheerful desire that they might be in his shoes.

At the end of this time, the grave having been dug and exorcised of evil spirits, the whole population of the village is summoned. After a big feast, in which every one gorges himself to the most extreme limit, the chair containing the corpse is lifted upon the shoulders of the immediate relatives of the dead man, and in this upright position is carried to the grave, where having been saluted by each of the mourners with a patting of the head and a sticking out of the tongue, it is dumped into the hole with scant ceremony; the male mourners meantime beating on drums and dancing, the females chanting doleful dirges and torturing themselves with knives and sharp instruments.

This ceremonious burial however is accorded only to the male, the female being buried in the first convenient spot which presents itself, without display of any kind, and most often by one of the wives of her husband.

While burials are usually matters of great rejoicing, in which everybody joins with a happy face and smiling countenance; wedding ceremonies on the other hand, are remarkably gloomy affairs.

By 10 a. m., of the 30th we had passed over the first mountain range, and were at last in the country of the Chites. Food and water were very scarce, but in the middle of the afternoon we were able to shoot several sand grouse with our revolvers as they tamely approached, and happening opportunely upon a mountain tarn, from which bubbled forth streams of deliciously cool and clear water, we filled our pouches. One of the native guides, owing to insufficient protection to his feet, was bruised and bleeding from the roughness of the mountain trail, and at last sank to the ground unable to move a step farther, begging that we press forward and leave him to die. Burton also was ailing from the effect of the rarified air on his lungs. A halt,

THE DANCE OF THE MASKED MONKS.

however, was not to be thought of in our present exposed condition. To add to our troubles, immense banks of lowering clouds, dank and bitterly cold, presaged a snow storm at no distant time. We took one of the skin blankets and bound it about the man's feet, and blindly, furiously, stumblingly groped onward during the remainder of the day without perceiving a sign of human life, nothing but the wild, barbarous, and seemingly never-ending waste of mountain peaks and sand. When the sun fell, we dug out holes in the sand with our hands and lay down in them, covered with our blankets; and here we rested until daybreak of the 31st.

As we pressed forward once more we saw at last a black line on the horizon, very dark and thin, and we understood that it was forest land. It was deep and dense, gloomy as a tomb; and into it we plunged fearfully. We saw the tracks of wild beasts, and anon we could hear their cries; sometimes near at hand, sometimes at a distance.

Our water supply had reached its lowest mark, but there were no signs of springs or mountain streams, and we were compelled to husband the little which we had left. The clouds of dust constantly filled our lungs and parched our throats, while the agony of hunger and thirst was terrible. Shortly before noontime we saw a herd of small mountain camel grazing in a thick clump of bushes. I stole upon them on all fours, hoping to shoot one of them, but they ran away before I could fire. We halted again to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate Gharlkauese, his condition being exceedingly painful. I gave him my boots and pressed forward with improvised sandals formed of sapling withes. One of the guides informed us that we were now approaching the Chite city, and that we should be able to enter it shortly after nightfall. The low-lying plain late in the afternoon again began to rise. At various times we descried fierce-looking shepherds and hunters roaming over the region, but we did not dare to call lest this might add a new danger to our other misfortunes. The sun went down with its succeeding blanket of icy coldness, and the moon was hidden behind the clouds so that we could scarcely see five yards ahead in the cavernous gloom. But grim and determined, and with set teeth, we stumbled on somehow until seven o'clock, when the prospect ahead lightened, and halting on the edge of the forest we saw in a shallow plain before us the object of our quest. We were instantly seized with a wild and fierce desire to rush toward it, but caution restrained us, notwithstanding our condition was deplorable, hunger and thirst appealing with irresistible force.

It had been our intention to steal into the city under cover of the night, but from our position of vantage we could see that some religious service was in progress, and we did not dare to move. One of the Gharlkauese, accompanied by one of the Kiangsis, volunteered to cross the open space and enter the city in search of food. With fearful hearts we saw them depart, and half dead with cold and exposure waited in silence for two long hours, when we breathed a sigh of involuntary relief as they reappeared with several loaves of bread and two large pieces of yak meat, which they had been able to secure from a deserted hut. The reports which they brought of the condition of the town were far from reassuring. The natives were engaged in a week's religious orgy; should we dare to enter the city our presence would be immediately detected, and with their fierce and vindictive natures fed on the fires of religious frenzy our instant fate

would be assured. For another half hour our guides crawled out onto the plain, and returned with the information that they had discovered a considerable cave in the hillside to the left of the town, which would screen us from observation, and at the same time permit us to watch the movements of those inside the walls.

Cautiously we crawled along for what seemed to be ages of time, until one of our guides pointed to a narrow opening ahead, just sufficient to admit a man in a stooping position. With a sigh of relief we entered, and with thankful hearts feasted on the yak meat and the bread. Fearful and watchful we remained all night, like wild beasts pursued by some unknown terror.

Next morning the religious festival which we had witnessed the night before was still in progress, and we were about to venture forth to secure a better view, when we were hurried back by the unnerving spectacle of a long procession approaching in our direction, beating drums and tom-toms and led by a dozen filthy looking priests. They halted for a few minutes, and then having re-formed commenced the ascent of the hilly slope where we were concealed. Onward still they came, the priests chanting in dolourous voices while the horde following took up the wild refrain until the din was simply indescribable. If we had entertained hopes that they were bound elsewhere, we were doomed to disappointment, for they were now scarcely thirty yards away and approaching the cave entrance.

We had just time to retire from our position and clamber up a steep ascent at one side of the cave, to a place of concealment, when the leaders of the procession entered the narrow orifice, and halted while torches were being lit to guide their passage through the gathering gloom. Following them pressed forward the unkempt crew, until the interior of the dome-shaped cave was filled to the point of suffocation.

For half an hour the ear-torturing strife of discord waxed louder every moment, until a thousand devils in human form flitted beneath the sepulchral glare of flickering torches, like a weird and supernatural picture of another world. A frenzied enthusiast would leap into the air, frothing at the mouth, carried away by the sanguinary and fanatical spirit of the moment, and lacerating himself with a knife.

Suddenly from out the compact mass rose a howl of mingled anguish and fury. At the farther end of the amphitheatre was a short raised platform, upon which a solitary individual was mounting, evidently one of the chief priests. Having made the ascent, he stretched forth his hand. Instantly there was silence,—the silence of a thousand human beings who but one short moment before had been a yelling horde of demons.

The torches gave out an unwonted flicker, and peering through the gloom we could see that five others of similar appearance had followed him onto the platform of raised earth. The same deathlike stillness pervaded the awe-stricken multitude.

Heretofore the farther end of the cave, where the platform was erected, had been somewhat obscured; but at a signal from one of the priests a dozen natives stepped forward with lighted torches, and mounting the elevated space arranged themselves in a circular group on either edge. The glaring beacons penetrating the surrounding gloom discovered a huge recess in the wall, at the rear of which could be seen the distorted form of a gigantic image,—a stony, impassive figure of such grotesque ugliness that with all their barbarous and fanatical natures one could not help wondering how any race of

people, however unenlightened, could bring themselves to worship an object of such repulsiveness.

Suddenly there was a stir amidst the group of priests on the platform, and from the dark cranny, in which the leering image stood, a newcomer, a man of admirable proportions, not so tall as powerful and patriarchal looking, descended. He advanced rapidly forward, loosening his ragged garments as he came, until he was naked, save a small cloth girdled round the loins. As he turned toward the stone image and raised his hand, the group of worshipers ceased their turmoil and fell prostrate to the ground, meanwhile keeping up an incessant groaning. Toward this grotesque, incongruous, inanimate piece of carved stone the eyes of all were turned in adoration. For a time the prostrated horde lay bowed to the floor in prayer, until a quickly discernible stir and show of interest gave evidence that some moment of extraordinary interest was at hand. Quietly, and unobserved, a dozen men had been carrying immense armfuls of wood onto the platform and placing them before the stone image.

Soon the full import of this movement was apparent. Here before our eyes was to take place one of those barbarous human sacrifices of which we had heard rumors at Gharlkau. It did not take long to confirm our suspicions, for quietly and without a murmur of any kind half a dozen newcomers had mounted the elevated space, naked and bound with cords,—the intended victims of the bloody carnival which was to follow.

At last the fearful moment arrived. With hardly a moment's intermission victim after victim was hurried forward. They were either possessed of the full amount of native stoicism, or else reduced to an unknowing stupor, for without a tremor or the faintest attempt at struggling they were stretched on the sacrificial altar, stabbed to the heart, and tossed to the flames.

We sank back stunned and overpowered, unable to move or breathe, paralyzed by the horrible nightmare through which we had just passed. In a moment, hardly before the hideous spectacle was finished, the very beings who but one short moment before had been gazing on untold suffering and agony were stalking forth happy and contented

Never can the memory of that long day of suffering on the second day of September fade from my memory. Only a hundred feet away was a wealth of water and food in abundance; but between us and those was placed an impenetrable barrier of danger. How we suffered during that long day we ourselves can but know. At last night fell, and the Kiangsi and Gharlkauese once more stole into the village. For a long time we waited their return, and then gave them up as lost; but in another half hour they crawled into our midst covered with blood and dirt. They had entered the village easily enough, but had been detected by a couple of natives, who had immediately sought to give the alarm. Upon these latter they had sprung before they could succeed in their purpose, and having killed both had been able to find some provisions in a small hut, of which they had brought as much as they could.

It was now no time for indecision; we were confronted by an emergency which left no room for possible doubt. If we waited until the following night the bodies of the natives would be discovered, a search would ensue, the tracks of the two scouts in the fresh soil would be traced, and the inevitable ending was horrible to think of. There were yet four hours before dawn, and having roused the others we stole forth

weary and bedraggled, half crazy and mumbling like madmen with mingled dread and desire, and as the first tinge of the radiant orb of day shot up from behind the mountains no trace of the Chite city was in view. With stumbling and fierce determination we groped our way along on our return journey until nightfall again, each moment expecting to hear the shouts of the avenging horde behind us,—on through the gloomy forest which we had passed once before, where we hid ourselves like wild beasts of prey seeking refuge from the hunter, nourishing our famished bodies and quenching our parched throats as best we could, until nature had been satisfied, and then for the first time for days we fell into undisturbed and heavy slumber. The fourth and fifth days passed without incident, as with eager steps we blindly plunged over the path which we had been traversing a short week before. Soon familiar sights once more came into view; the untamed waste of mountain summits gradually softened into a landscape of a milder nature; streams grew more frequent, with consequent evidences of cultivation; and finally on the 7th of September we reached Gharlkau, where we were received by our crew and the natives with the prodigality of fervour extended to men who have risen from their graves. In another three days we were completely restored from the fatigue and exhaustion incident to the stirring events through which we had passed, and with danger for the time being removed were enabled to proceed in tabulating the scientific data we had collected.

JOY ABIDETH STILL

No more shall mortal eyes behold thy face
Lit with the radiance of a love-light rare;
And human passion must not urge in prayer
A glimpse of thee for one brief moment's space.
Thou can'st not leave thy far exalted place
To lay thy hand across the brow of care;
Nor can a human message reach thee, where
Thine earthly shape takes on etherial grace.
Throughout the years some joy abideth still,
Since 'tis not sin for dreams to visit thee;
When sleep prevails, then thou dost come again;
My lips beneath thy kisses burn and thrill
Just as of old, ere thou wert lost to me;
Then Heaven is mine; gone every grief and pain.

Clarence H. Urner

REMINISCENCES OF ALVAN CLARKE

By Loring W. Puffer

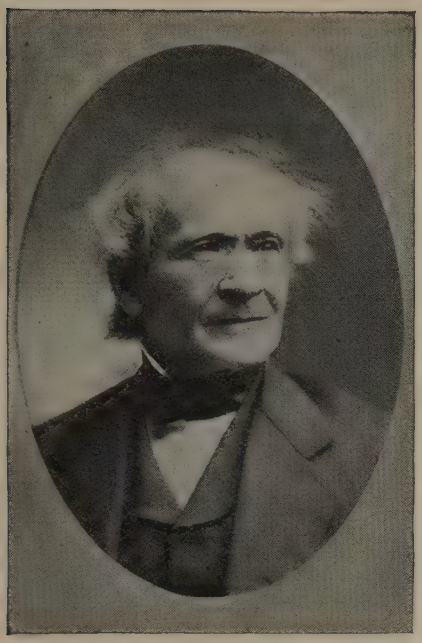
I FIRST met Alvan Clarke, the great American lens maker, about 1862-3. I was the owner of a French three-inch refracting telescope and desired it re-worked. Calling at the unpretending manufactory at Cambridgeport, I was pleasantly received by Mr. Clarke, and in an hour's interview, first became acquainted with the world's greatest lens-maker and his two sons. This delightful acquaintance was continued and ended only with their lives. The United States at this time was in the midst of the rebellion, and all of the people were deeply moved. Mr. Clark stated that he had just lost the sale of his, then, largest lens, by the action of the southern states, and he did not know whether he was worth a dollar or not, but was not despondent. He was rapidly becoming famous. His largest lens had shown, for the first time in recorded history, the companion of Sirius, and his modesty, simplicity, earnestness, and what appeared to be a quiet confidence in his ability to do work well, made an impression on me that time has never effaced. He showed me many letters from the greatest astronomers of the old and new world, in which the writers set forth the merits of Clark's instruments in glowing language of eulogy. Yet he made no comments, accepting the statements set forth as only truthful, and with a mien that was truly charming.

The conversation of the father and the sons, on science, was that of brothers. There did not seem to be any antagonism in theory or its expression. There was an apparent consensus of opinion, and it mattered little who spoke for the firm.

I visited Doctor Clarke about every other year until his death. He was an enthusiastic horticulturist, had a fine garden, and during our long talks I spent much of the time in replies to his questions on flowers, fruit and fruit culture. He was the most unpretending man I ever met, and in his special vocation, the wisest in the world, I think, at the time of his death. He seemed to be the very embodiment of truth. This question, I think, will recur to most people, "What qualities did he possess that made him the foremost lens-maker in the world?" My answer would be that it was largely due to a marvellous power in detecting the slightest shades in colors. He was a natural mechanic, and, no doubt, saw things with a perfect vision, a gift possessed by few mortals. If any man could possess celestial sight, it would be such a man as I think Alvan Clarke was.

His conversation was almost wholly interrogatory, at least with me, and I have often wondered if it was so with others. I think it must have been. The last time but one I met him, after a brief greeting, he said: "If a man die, shall he live again? Why not?" And after a little while he continued: "I've been thinking about that a great deal lately, and yesterday at noon I made the same remark to some of my workmen, and one of them, a Swede, said, 'I hope not.'" At this interview he talked of little else, and the inference I drew was, that on this, the most important subject that ever faced man,

ALVAN CLARKE

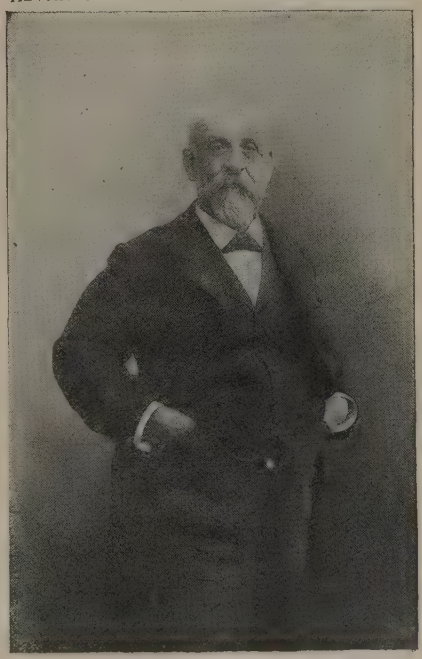


he was getting data to support a belief that he desired to determine in the same manner as a problem in science.

Looking at his modest dwelling in Cambridge, it could be truthfully said: "There lives one of the greatest men that this or any century has produced." In fact, the world does not yet know how great Alvan Clarke was. The burning problems before the world always seemed to be in his mind for solution. I recall one that, to him, seemed important because of local interest. He was a great reader and thinker, and stated to me some fifteen years ago, that on a recent visit to his birthplace he had counted sixty-four cellar holes, where, when he was a boy, there had been dwellings occupied. He was interested to know what it indicated. Whether it was common in other towns, and whether it did not mean depopulation of the country as he knew it, and a rapid increase in the size of cities. The question of immigration was often introduced, and his opinions quietly but firmly expressed. As might be supposed, he was loyal and patriotic, believing in the dominating influence of the Plymouth colony on the destinies of the world, he being a descendant of Clark, of the Mayflower.

I called upon Mr. Clarke at his workshop, one pleasant day in January, some fifteen years ago. The thermometer indicated that day not more than fifteen degrees above zero. We were some time talking about fruit, a favorite theme with him, and he asked me to go into the garden adjoining to see a tree. He walked out without hat or overcoat, and on my remonstrating with him on what I considered a want of personal care, suggesting that his life was of great value, he promptly asked me this question: "Do you remember what the Duke of Wellington said to one of his generals after the battle of Waterloo?" and then contin-

ALVAN G. CLARKE, SON OF ALVAN CLARKE



ued, "It is said that after the battle, Wellington, with one or two aides, was making a personal examination of the field, when one of his generals rode up with his staff and remonstrated with the general on his exposure without a proper escort, as his services were of great value to the world. His reply was: 'It is of no consequence; the victory is won.'" The inference that I drew was that he considered his own work in the realms of science nearly completed, a prediction which his demise, a few years later, confirmed.

Alvan Clarke was born in Ashfield, Mass., March 6, 1804. He had four children—two daughters, and two sons: George Bassett Clarke, who was born in Lowell, February 14, 1827, and who died at Cambridge, January 2, 1892; and Alvan Graham Clarke, born in Fall River, Mass., July 10, 1832, and who died at Cambridge, June 9, 1897. This family were mechanics of the first grade. Even while a student at Andover, George became interested in optical work. The father and sons seemed to have a common interest in intellectual and mechanical pursuits, and about 1850 the firm of Alvan Clarke & Sons was founded. Their place of business was Cambridgeport, Mass. The unquestioned superiority of their lenses soon attracted the attention of scientists, and several large lenses were ordered and sent to Europe. Up to 1861, one of eighteen and three-fourths inches aperture was the largest then constructed, and is now located at Evanston, Ill. The construction of this glass and its result deeply stirred the astronomical world. The next advance in size was one of twenty-three inch aperture for the Princeton University. A few years after this, a lens of twenty-six inch aperture was made for the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington.

The last time I met Mr. Clarke was on a beautiful day in June, at his residence, in an interview that lasted about two hours. This was, I think, about two years before his death. He had just painted two portraits of some friends, and the paint was then green on the canvas. He showed them with pardonable pride. That they were the work of an artist goes without saying. We talked about them a half hour, he evidently enjoying the conversation. He was an excellent talker, reminding me somewhat of Theodore Parker: free, but not effusive; succinct, forceful, intelligent and scientific, but not too technical. That morning I saw him at his best. He was in excellent spirits, for the beautiful day stimulated him, and he appeared to have forgotten his age. We conversed about the honors he had received from scientific men and societies abroad—the general and wonderful recent unfolding of knowledge in all directions, and particularly during his somewhat checkered and eventful life; the growth of the nation and its ultimate destiny as a beacon light to all the world. Positive in his statements, every sentence stood out brilliantly, showing his faith in science and in the Creator. He walked out to the street, and as he gave me his hand for the last time, with the wish always expressed for another meeting in the future, I then little thought that it was my last look on the honest, kindly face of one who had lived so much for others, who cared nothing for personal popularity, but spent his life in unfolding the wonders of the Universe in which we all live, and about which we know so little. Thus, in a comparatively few years, this father and his two sons, scarcely less distinguished, have passed away, but leaving as a memory one of the most brilliant records in scientific achievements known to man.

JONAS CLIFFORD'S BARN RAISING

By Ina Capitola Emery

ROLAND CLIFFORD presented a comical picture as he darted across the dooryard and gained a slight eminence from which he could gaze at the approaching cavalcade of neighbors. With his sturdy young legs dancing sundry impromptu figures on the hard, flinty ground and his arms moving ecstatically in the air he demonstrated an uproarious welcome as he shouted, "Here comes the folks, father."

His checked trousers were tucked into his boots, which were heavily creased in rolls from rough usage in all kinds of weather, and owing to the demoralized condition of the crown of his sun-browned hat, a stray lock of tawny hair waved defiantly in the breeze. But his general appearance did not engage his attention as he rushed down the road in reckless haste, presenting a picture which would have done credit to the most approved bill-poster.

One by one the teams rolled into the yard, and the horses as if by a tacit agreement, were hitched on one side, next the house, while the ox-teams were gathered together on the opposite side.

"We're all here, Mirandy," exclaimed motherly Mrs Gibbens as she alighted from the ox-cart without assistance and advanced to embrace her hostess, whose matronly figure filled the doorway.

"I see you be," returned Mrs. Clifford, adding, "Look's if that barn'd get raised if mortal hands can do it. Come right in this way and take your things off. Well! Mary Jones, if this ain't you, and who'd er' thought it? Must be twenty years sense you set foot in this house. My stars, but I can't believe my eyes yet. And 'Lizabeth Watkins," she exclaimed, smothering the latter in her arms. "I was so afraid you'd not get here. But you've come, I see," she added, as she took her bonnet from her with alacrity. With the bonnet strings hanging across her arm Mrs. Clifford rushed to the nearest window on hearing a familiar voice, and exclaimed, "There's Uncle Bill Jones as sure as I'm alive. Come right in, Uncle Bill. Glad to see you, to be sure. You won't need to get very near the fire to-day, for your face is as red as a beet. Just sit right down here and make yourself to home," she concluded, as she bustled back into the sitting-room and deposited the bonnet on the top of the bureau. "And how are you all?" she asked with a beaming face as she watched Mary Curtis re-arranging her bangs before the little glass above the table. You all managed to get here betimes. It's a good day, only a little warmer than we would have ordered, but it won't matter greatly. It won't take 'em long to raise that barn when all the strong shoulders get together to give a lift," she added, setting the chairs to right.

Before the wooden pail each man stopped and then smacked his lips as he pronounced it good cider. Then with one accord, the men, with braces, pulleys, and other implements set to work. The massive framework ascend-

ed gradually to its position on the heavy beams, when the men pulled and strained while others put in the great pins, fastening the one side, and when this was done they rushed with all haste to the other side. "Hist! Slant her a little," came in exciting tones. "Lift a leetle this way," said the boss carpenter as he bent his scrutinizing gaze upon the swaying structure and motioned with his hand in the direction it should go. "Up she goes, once more, boys," he called, waving his arms frantically in the air. The young men standing in the barn-yard watched with open-mouthed eagerness the huge beams as they came nearer and nearer, as the coupling pins were inserted and the two cross-bars were joined.

Not a word was spoken by the women, even the needles stopped, and the only sound breaking the stillness was the slow creaking of the beams and the rafters or the cackling of the hens; but at last a great shout rent the air as cheer after cheer went up, when the last rafter stood firm and the great work was done. The women folks clapped and cheered while their tongues resumed their natural bent, as the men gathered around the great jugs of cider, which was passed around in dippers; and after drinking each man passed it on to the next one. Some drew out their red bandannas and mopped their faces while others made their way to the log beside the barn, where rested ten new tin basins, and a general washup followed. The men dipped the water in their broad hands and splashed it over their faces as they rubbed vigorously. Then taking small combs from their vest pockets, they stood in front of the little mirror and arranged their thin stray locks.

After much bantering and joking, the men made their way toward the house where they were soon seated at the long tables extending across the yellow painted floor of the kitchen. The wash-boiler emitted steam as great loaves of brown bread were drawn out steaming hot, while the oven held great pots of baked beans. Jim Riddle at one end of the table, with a red face and redder hair, wore a checked shirt with patches of new cloth and was minus a tie. His head was dropped forward and he awkwardly endeavored to find a place for his hands. Then Jean Bigelow with his genial face bathed in smiles kept the room in uproar as he told his jokes; no one appreciating them more or laughing louder than himself. His mouth would be wide open as he finished, and his eyes screwed up, while his sides would shake with laughter. At last the merry meal was over; the plates changed and the women folks took their turn. Then came the washing dishes. All took a hand, and gossiped, talked and laughed as the dishes rattled. Then the leaves were removed from the table and the chairs returned to the several rooms in which they belonged. The young mothers took their little ones off, and from the bedrooms came the faint "bye, bye-low baby," as they endeavored to woo the infants to nod land, while the screams coming from the parlor bed-room told only too plainly of the futile efforts of putting Charlie Murphy to sleep.

A dozen or more ladies had gathered in the sitting-room where every rocker was doing duty. Here the needles kept tally, as the latest bit of gossip about the scandal concerning the minister's wife to the new styled trimming worn by Miss Filisbling was having full play.

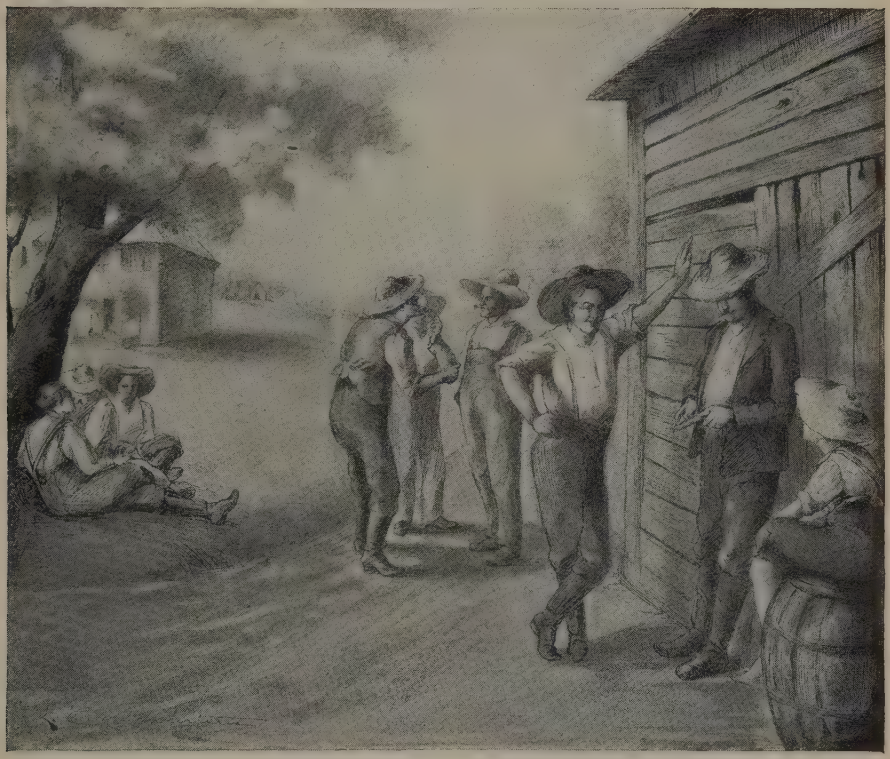
It was beneath the grape arbor that a party of half-grown boys and girls were giggling and chattering like magpies, while off in the orchard fluttered the ribbons of the girls who sauntered in their stiffly starched muslins beside the young hopefuls of the town. One

more daring couple than the others had seated themselves on the stone wall. The young man wore store clothes and in his hand he held a straw with which he tickled the chin of the fair maid at his side. She raised her hand in protest, but her "don't" came so faintly as to leave the birds in the branches above them undisturbed.

Several leaned up against the corn-crib, and one man stood nervously digging a hole in the ground with the toe of his shoe. Others stood around puffing at their long-stemmed pipes.

Farmer Clifford closed the door of the barn, walking beside Jim Riddle. "And yer can't beat that pair er steers in this part of the country. A hun-

"And yer can't beat that pair er steers in this part of the country"



But the most interesting group of all was the men in their various attitudes. All Syncapore seemed to have turned out to help raise Jonas Clifford's barn. It was a genuine holiday and so accepted. A dozen or more lounged on the terrace, half leaning on one knee or lying prostrate on the ground while the others sat upright telling stories. One stood leaning against the cow barn, whittling away with a broad jack-knife.

dred won't buy 'em. Give me a hundred and five and they are yours," he added as they made their way between the wagons which filled the broad door-yard.

The July sun had been oppressive during the morning hours, but now it was growing cooler. Wee tots ran hither and yon, chasing the hens or endeavoring to catch the butterflies. The sun had crept to the edge of the

front of the house; it's halo of glory spread over the deep forest beside which was visible the broad turkey strip, with its parched ledges patched here and there with grass. Just below in the valley grazed the cows. A single cow-bell tinkled from the distance. To the left murmured the brook with its unceasing music, while above rolled the clouds, across whose filmy whiteness was reflected the crimson rays of the sun, for this plain but substantial farmhouse was pleasantly situated at the top of a steep incline, but encompassed by higher hills rising from the valley below. A calm pervaded the air broken mostly by the singing of a mosquito or the buzzing of the bees.

Across one side of the piazza grew a honey-suckle vine, climbing along white strings drawn in zig-zag fashion. Beside these fragrant blossoms sat two old ladies. Mrs. Coleman, now past her ninetieth birthday, sat stiffly in a high-backed chair. Her snowy white hair was thin and combed low over her forehead. Her black-and-white print was relieved by a white muslin kerchief crossing her bosom. Cloth slippers encased her large feet, which were set firmly on the piazza, and in her hand she held a gray woolen sock. She paid but little attention to her knitting as her needles flew back and forth. Her voice was strong and steady, while her companion, Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, spoke in quick, low tones. Mrs. Perkins was small and fragile in appearance. Her eighty-seven years had withered her frame and the skin was drawn tightly across her temples, yet her few locks of hair, drawn straight back and parted in the middle, were only slightly tinged with gray. Her black alpaca told of her widowhood. A narrow apron edged with hand-knitted lace held her two small hands, which she moved nervously.

Unobserved a young woman took a seat on the top step almost at their feet, and was interestedly watching the clouds, when old Mrs. Coleman spoke, "It's nigh on to thirty year since we've met. Strange how time does slip by. You were not so feeble then Elizabeth, but we both ought to be thankful to know that we still have our senses and can get around. Now I, for one, feel that the day is not far distant when the Lord will call me into His vineyard and I am only praying that I may keep my senses to the last. We've both had our pleasures in life and reared our families." Then she paused, finally adding, "I forgot, Elizabeth, your family was reared before you took it. Well, John was kind and good to you, they tell me, and now all'er his girls and boys are married, and you are alone—same as I be. We little thought that thirty years could pass and we living in adjoining towns and never see one another in all them years," she continued. "But them days in the little brown school house was happy days. We thought we knew it all, and now seventy and more years have passed and we know we have just learned the A, B, C's of life."

"You were a handsome girl, Jule Coleman," spoke Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, "and it didn't need anybody to tell you that, either. You remember, Jule, the term Lorenzo Moxley taught down in our district?'

"Guess I do," replied Mrs. Coleman, "You and sixteen others set a sight by him," and she even allowed her knitting to drop as she laughed and looked at Mrs. Perkins.

"Now, Jule," she interrupted, "It wasn't me that interested him, and you know it. That was the summer I had Samantha Allen down with me. She didn't learn much, but said it was a good way to pass the time. But I never shall forget one night. How

"One more daring couple than the others had seated themselves on the stone wall"

mad I did get over her. Samantha was a nice girl and I knew it, but she would keep everything to herself," she said, with a nod of her slight head. "It was a cold night and still snowing on top of three feet which was already frozen, and we were piling wood into the stove to keep warm when there came a knock at the door. I opened it and there stood Lorenzo Moxley."

" 'Good evening, 'Liza,' he said as he walked up to the stove. Then he took off his buckskin gloves and chafed his hands.

" 'Won't you have a seat?' says I.

" 'No, thank you,' says he, as he turned to father and asked about the new town hall which was under way. Then turning to me he says, 'Quite a snow-storm, and I guess this is about the last. I thought it was too bad to go without a sleigh-ride so I bundled up

and am here. Jove, but it makes a fellow want to spin through the air and draw his tippet closer,' says he, as he looked anxiously toward the sitting-room door.

"I was just finishing up the supper dishes when he came in, but I washed and wiped my hands and slipped in and got a clean apron, but when he finished speaking I took the dipper to fill the tea kettle, for I knew he was going to ask me to take a sleigh ride, and I didn't want him to think I was just hanging as by a thread. I had just lifted the cover off the tea-kettle when the sitting-room door opened, and there stook Samantha, with her coat on and a shawl thrown over that. She had on a pink nubia, with sparkling beads all over the front, and her cheeks were rosy.

"I just stood with my dipper in my hand, but didn't say a word. Lorenzo had drawn on his gloves and stood buttoning up his coat. I shall never forget how he looked that night as he stood straight as an arrow. He had his hand on the latch, when he turned and, says he, 'I s'pose 'tain't no use to ask you to go along, 'Liza?' and quick as a flash—and I was quick them days—I drew myself erect and says I, 'no, thank you, I wouldn't go, anyhow.' But do you know," and she spoke slowly, "I went to bed and cried all night long."

There was an impressive pause as Elizabeth Perkins cleared her throat. Then in a subdued voice she said, "But he never married Samantha Allen after all. I never heard why, did you, Jule?"

"No, I never did," she replied, "but I always said I'd like to know, for there was something strange about it."

"Well," interrupted the sweet voice of the young woman at their feet, "I don't know why he didn't marry Samantha, but I do know now why he was indignant because my mother would not name me, his grandchild, Samantha." Then she watched them start nervously. Mrs. Coleman looked at Elizabeth Perkins, and Elizabeth Perkins looked at old lady Coleman.

"Well, this be the strangest happening I ever knew," said Mrs. Perkins. "Here I ain't spoken Lorenzo Moxley's name for more'n seventy years." Then she bent her head and murmured, "Who'd ever thought it!" and into her eyes there crept a softer light as she took her hand. Yes, the hand of his grandchild, and he the love of her youth more than seventy years ago.

THE COUNCIL ASSEMBLED IN TREMONT TEMPLE

SECOND INTERNATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

THERE was a fine appropriateness observed in the holding of this great gathering at Boston — the center of interest for the Congregationalists of America, and the source from which Congregationalism has gone out into all our broad land. No place is so rich in historic associations of the sect; and aside from the spot where they first set foot on the soil of the new world, none so dear to the hearts of the multitude of those who—since the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620—have exerted such a compelling and widespread influence on our national life.

It has been said that Boston was not planned—it grew. But however crooked may have been the cow-paths and cart-paths which outlined the first streets, its citizens have from the earliest days striven toward a high ideal in the establishment of schools and churches; and notable among the latter are those of the Congregational denomination, forming an integral part of the city's growth, and surrounded with an atmosphere of great historic interest.

When the Congregationalists came,

PARK STREET CHURCH, BOSTON (Brimstone Corner)

From an etching made in 1810

they brought to the new world a message of hope and assurance, and an animating conviction that sympathetic and equitable relations should exist between all men. Their religion has been eminently practical in its application to the exigencies of national life; and any policy dictated by motives of greed, or evincing a disregard for the rights of others, has in them a powerful and an unswerving opponent.

Believing strongly in the sovereign duty of missionary work, in preaching faithfully and fearlessly the Gospel to all men, and that man's errand on earth is sublimer than the angels, vast results for good have been achieved by them in all lands, trending ever toward their end in view—a redeemed society; and forming a vital bond of unity between their churches throughout the world.

To the gathering at Boston, the first world's council of Congregationalists ever assembled in America, came delegates from every continent, and from the dark realms of the uttermost parts of the earth, where messengers have been sent to carry the light of civilization and the Word of God. From every part of America they came—from Great Britain, Australia, Japan, Hawaii, Africa, India, Turkey, China, Micronesia and Mexico.

The first international council, held in London in July, 1891, did much to strengthen the fraternal relations existing between the Congregationalists of Great Britain and the United States, and now the city which was the heart of the first of the British colonies has opened wide its doors to the delegates from the American provinces of Great Britain. Rev. A. J. Griffith chairman of the New South Wales Congregational Union, came to this council authorized to convey an invitation to the international committee, inviting that body to meet next in the city of Sydney, New South Wales. What a great triumvirate of world-separated cities—London, Boston, Sydney! Hardly a more significant circumstance could be conceived as showing the strength and world-wide importance of a society.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE

JAMES BURRILL ANGELL, LL.D.
President of the International Council

ANDREW M. FAIRBAIRN, D D., LL.D.
Preacher of the International Council

SAMUEL B. CAPEN
Chairman of Committees

The first international council was brought about mainly through the efforts of Drs. H. M. Dexter and A. H. Ross of America, and Dr. Alexander Hannay of England. Of these three, only Dr. Ross lived to see the culmination of their labors. During the session of eight days' duration many subjects of vast importance along the lines of theological thought and endeavor were considered and discussed, and a satisfactory solution of many vexed problems attained. Among the more than three hundred delegates from all over the world, those from America occupied a conspicuous place in the deliberations of the council, and the recent meeting in America was the natural outgrowth of the one at London; the general opinion at the former council being that Boston was the proper city in which to hold the next international gathering. Mr. Samuel B. Capen voiced informally the desire of the American Congregationalists to reciprocate the generous hospitality they had received, and a committee of fifteen was duly appointed, representing America, Great Britain and the colonies.

The matter was further considered at the meeting of the National Council in Minneapolis in 1892, and again at Syracuse in 1895—when a committee was appointed to make the necessary preliminary arrangements which resulted in the recent event of national and international interest and importance, known as the Second International Congregational Council. Mr. Capen was chosen chairman of the general committee of arrangements, of the executive committee, and of the com-

PLYMOUTH ROCK

mittee of the Congregational Club, under whose auspices the visiting delegates were entertained; and to his untiring efforts and those of the gentlemen, both ministers and laymen, composing the various committees, are due the credit for the careful preparation and thoughtful hospitality which made the recent gathering such a pronounced success in every essential particular, and left indelibly impressed on the minds of the visiting delegates from every quarter of the globe a pleasant and abiding sense of the cordiality and hospitality of their American hosts.

The first meeting of the council opened in Tremont Temple on Wednesday, September 20, with an address of welcome on behalf of the committee of arrangements by Samuel Billings Capen, M. A., chairman. At the evening session were addresses by His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth, Roger Wolcott, LL. D.; and His Honor the Mayor of the City of Boston, Josiah Quincy.

The decorations of the council hall were a notable feature. The central motif of the design appeared to be an Anglo-American alliance, with a tone of friendliness toward all nations. The principal figure at the back of the stage was "Old Glory" and the union jack entwined, the decorator very opportunely remembering to have the real English flag there, and not the commereial flag used by merchant vessels. Around the gallery were draped the flags of all the powers, even the red and yellow of Spain having not merely a place, but a place of honor, in the middle of one gallery.

Throughout the ten days' sessions of the council very large audiences were present, despite the fact that the programme was entirely made up of topics more or less distinctively theological. It appeared, however, as the session went on, that it was theology of a popular sort and fully comprehended by the great audiences.

The council was the largest and most representative gathering of Congregationalists ever assembled. On the opening day the thousand tickets issued for ministers had all been called for, and a large number who arrived later were unable to secure entrance privileges.

The character, aim and belief of Congregationalism were most adequately expressed in the discourses and discussions, the dominant key-note being devotion to the ever-living Saviour of the world. The preparation was carefully deliberated in the choice of speakers and of subjects, and no speaker appeared to avoid any question of general interest to Christian students, nor evinced any sensitiveness to the danger of disturbing the unity of feeling by referring to topics which have been in controversy. It was con-

stantly evident that the themes of most paramount interest to the people at large were uppermost in the minds of the speakers, and in the addresses and discussions Christian principles were applied to the solution of vexed social problems, to the affairs of the nation, and to international relations—evincing a deep sense of the church's responsibility for the welfare of humanity and the common rights of civilization and freedom for all peoples.

The council showed that the current trend of the denomination is toward a simplification of theology and its unification with the realms of science, social and civic life.

The vast audiences, in which the large majority were men, which crowded Tremont Temple when distinctly theological themes were announced, show that interest is not waning in the consideration of man's relations with God. The position stated by President Angell in his address was plainly the position of the council, that the denomination is to be comprehensive in its membership—not exclusive. There is room within it for full freedom in investigating all religious questions and for wide diversity of opinions, if only there is maintained supreme loyalty to the Saviour. But in respect to questions which have recently made lines of separation in this, as in other denominations, the period of controversy among Congregationalists is past, if we may judge by the temper of the gathering.

There are no men in the denomination more representative than those chosen to speak the thought of Congregationalism in this council, and others as widely representative heard them with enthusiastic assent. There are, no doubt, those who differ from some of their conclusions. But none will deny that these men faithfully represent Congregationalism as it is to-day.

The numerous receptions tendered to the delegates, and the daily excursions to places of historic interest by rail, trolley and tally-ho were especially pleasing incidents of the social side of the gathering.

The Second International Congregational Council, by bringing together the representative minds of the denomination and affording opportunity for free discussion and presentation of ideas, will undoubtedly do much to strengthen and unify the efforts of their laborers in all lands, and the more than four hundred delegates returned to their widely separated homes refreshed and uplifted, and with the pleasantest memories of the occasion.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE

OBSERVATIONS ON A LATE ESSAYIST

By Frank Putnam

DURING the current year, in June, an American man of letters passed out of the shadow of long illness into the silence of death. And oddly enough, considering the value of his contribution to American letters, he passed unnoticed. He did his work principally in New York and Boston,

the centers of American pharisaism, and he was not a pharisee; perhaps this explains the silence.

Of his career I know little, save from distant hearsay. I am told that he died in young manhood, leaving a sorely-stricken wife and a wee son; that his one published volume brought him little profit, and that he sturdily refused to coin his convictions into money, though he did not escape some share of the bread-drudgery which society sagely believes is necessary to the fullest development of the genius that is to be its crown of glory as a society. His book is named "Meditations In Motley," with the sub-title, "A Bundle of Papers Imbued With the Sobriety of Midnight." Upon a fly-leaf of the volume before me, the author made, in August, 1897, this notation: "The remnant of this edition (150 copies) for sale only by the author, at 71 East 118th Street, New York." The present address of his widow, who presumably has the few remaining copies of the "Meditations," copies which discriminating book collectors will in due season eagerly seek out, is 316 West 119th Street, New York.

Praise of these essays is superfluous —they are secure. Far-seeing and free spoken, courageous and individual, they take us into the confidences of a man very well worth knowing. There is no odor of sanctity in them. They have a flavor of cynicism—not carping, but a sound cynicism. It is the satire that corrects. They are wise and they are entertaining—lighted with a fine, keen humor. I can think of no other essays cast in like mould, informed by a kindred spirit, the product of an American. In at least one book room devoted to tobacco and the lamp, Harte's work stands shoulder to shoulder with the volumes that represent Montaigne, and Lamb, and Goldsmith, and Addison, and one or two others. He steps into that rank naturally, and maintains it well.

Now that fiction is made by machinery, and poetry—so called—is the elegant accomplishment of the literary dilletante, or the easy money side line of the hack, rather than the vehicle of furnace-proven thought and of emotion outpouring spontaneously, I find myself turning more and more to the serene company of the unhurried essayists—not the later-day folk, coldly calculating, penning polite platitudes while the publishers look over their shoulders, but the unwise, unworldly men, chuckling or sighing as they utter the humors that flow upward from their hearts.

Like Elia, Harte seemed born out of his time—a hundred years late, say. The elegancies of style are his, and the aristocracy of spiritual culture; and had he been willing to cater to the passing madness of the mob, doubtless his works would have been many and his earnings large. But he was original and independent in his thought, and that is a crime not readily forgiven by this world.

Chicago, September, 1899.

TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE, PAESTUM

A TRIP FOR THREE

By Mary M. Mears

III.

I COULD add something to Baedeker's statement concerning the mean temperature of Venice in April, but I will merely remark that it was slightly damp and chilly during our stay there. Damp, said I! There was not a dry spot anywhere. The marble palaces dripped and the posts in front of them, which resembled barber poles, had their heraldic colors brightened by rivulets of rain. The pigeons in the piazza of St. Mark were woefully bedrabbled, and from the window of our hotel, we looked out on the saddest expense of water I have ever seen —the Grand Canal, all gray and rumpled up and pricked by the rain as by a million pronged fork. The gondoliers went leaning by on the end of their slim black crafts in oil skins, and we shivered dismally and wrote home on musty note paper.

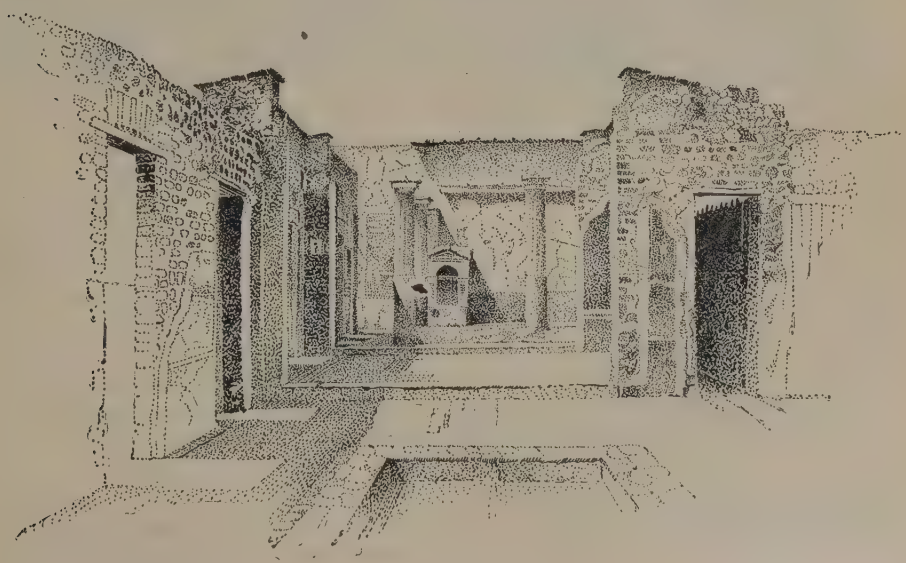
But it was not of this Venice that we wrote, but of the Venice that we now and then caught off guard, when the sun came out and bathed her marbles and her stones and her lagoons, and made her, in reality, the city of our dreams. Our first ride from the Grand Canal was a triumphal procession of the spirit. When I first set foot in a gondola, I was minded to cry "Sanctuary," for every emotion, save happiness, was crowded overboard. As saints smile a-down cathedral aisles, so smiled we down that watery highway. Our gondolier's explanation came to us like a chant set to the ripple of the water. In this palace with the arched windows and pillared balconies, Robert Browning breathed his last. We saw the memorial tablet on the wall, wet as with tears. In the second of that group of palaces on the right, Lord Byron had lived, and the

palace yonder with the little balconies was called the "House of Desdemona." Such names as Chateaubriand, George Eliot and Wagner fell softly on our ears, and ever their palaces, which were to us their monuments, sprang into view.

Passing beneath the Rialto, we encountered three priests from our hotel in Milan. They saluted us gravely and the youngest as their gondola glided past ours, tossed back a bunch of violets. We caught the glance of his half merry, half melancholy eyes. It was as though he paid tribute to the sex collectively since he was disallowed the single devotion. I fancied that I could distinguish a faint incense clinging to the violets, but it was well nigh lost in the sweetness nature gave them. In such wise, I thought, did the man with the heart of youth and love in him, dominate the priest.

Leaving the Grand Canal, we drifted down a little side lagoon into the Jewish Quarter, where the lower classes of Venice live. Here there are no palaces, but the fronts of the buildings are beautiful because they are so patched with soil. The varying tints of the water-stain and the grime give them character. It is as if they were made up for a play, and the sun was a mighty footlight. I clapped my hands in this open air theatre, and was for landing. In the narrow streets which thread this quarter, people thronged. Old women with frousled gray locks searched the cobble stones with bleary eyes. Their backs were bent by the invisible burden of their toil and labor. And passing them close, came girls smiling, as those who wot not the meaning of age. Their limbs were strong and the curved stick placed across their shoulders with dependent copper vessels, was but a necessary ballast for so much youth and joy. The children in their scanty rags swarmed everywhere, and as we stepped out on the landing, I noticed one little fellow with a bird. He held it by the tip of the wings and the tail. This was Italy, therefore we tried to pay no heed, but a moment later, by common consent, we went back. Spy-

HOUSE OF THE TRAGIC POET, POMPEII



IN VENICE

ing the boy, I opened my purse. When instantly, out of the very paving stones, seemingly, sprang urchins of every size, each with some little captured creature. We turned away. The pretty play was like to bear a cruel stamp.

The next day we divided evenly between the picture galleries and the Cathedral. I loved this Cathedral. With its pinnacles and its domes, its mosaic-covered front, splashed with fields of pure blue and gold, with its marbles and its bronzes and its alabaster, it stands there praising God for eleven centuries of peoples. Its decorations range from the barbaric to the most refined. Over the principal portal is the ancient quadriga, probably taken from the triumphal arch of Nero, and in near-by niches are the evangelists under canopies, meek and down-looking. San Marco will awake in you a greater variety of emotions, I ween, than any other cathedral. You are solemnized by the subjects of some of the mosaics, you are exuberant before others, the stone on which John the Baptist is said to have been beheaded thrills your imagination, as do the spiral columns of alabaster from Solomon's temple, and the whole stirs in you such depths of joy that your heart goes singing its jubilate.

Of course we ascended the Campanile, but it is the descent that most impressed itself on my mind. Had we been pursued by the arch fiend himself, we could not have fled more swiftly down the inclined plane which serves as a stair-case. Round and round the tower we went, and faster and faster came steps behind us. We were determined not to let the owner of those feet, whoever he was, catch sight of us. In all probability he was a guard, or mayhap a tourist like ourselves, but fancy painted him as a desperado, and a wild chase we had of it. We were panting when we reached the pavement. A moment later he walked forth—a woman with a Baedeker under arm, entirely self-absorbed.

Our parting with Venice had to come, for the bronze giants in the clock tower never missed a stroke on the bell, and the hot weather was coming on apace, so we must away to Naples. Going forth from Venice we built our own bridge of sighs.

But one cannot repine long in Naples. Naples where the sky and the bay are as blue as the water in a tub of a Monday morning, where the yellow houses and roads and terraces are like clothes laid out in the sun to bleach. Where life is lived in the streets, that he who wills may laugh and weep at its comedy and tragedy. Naples where the milk venders fall asleep in the highway, the peaceful centre of a group of slumbering goats, where the cab horse's head is adorned with an undignified feather, and where no donkey is so miserable but a garland of roses must swing along its bony sides.

The morning we started for Pompeii we could scarce contain ourselves for excitement. We had the compart-

ment to ourselves, and leaning far out, wished the wheels of the crazy little train would revolve faster. "The idea," said my sister, "of traveling in this fashion, anyway. We should have a team of oxen and be trundling along in a cart with solid wheels." Which suggestion was scarcely consistent with time saving. However, the day was still young when we arrived in Pompeii. Oh, the silent streets of that city of ashes, and the stiller houses that still bear pathetic hints of occupancy. Here a whole garden waits, the statues in place, the water trickling from the fountain, the sunlight making patches on the mosiac floor and on the frescoed walls, just as it did eighteen hundred years ago. It is as though the master were expected any time. One dwelling, in particular, it seemed sacrilege to enter—the "House of the Tragic Poet."

We wandered ceaselessly all that day and the instinct of the souvenir seeker grew up strong within us. The guide was wily and would speak French only upon receipt of an additional fee, otherwise he jabbered Italian. And I am afraid that it was partly in a spirit of revenge that we collected so many pieces of wine jars and what not, for it was to prevent such vandalism that he was sent with us.

We ended the day sitting high in the amphitheatre. We chose our places where the humbler folk had been wont to sit, rather than in the first four tiers given over to the people of rank. Beyond us were the long blue ranges of the Appenines, also watching, with Vesuvius in their midst—like a slumbering giant whose pipe was almost out. We remarked on his impoliteness, then gave our attention to the stage, for a play was on—the play of the poppies. It seemed as if they had imimbibed the tragedy of the soil that grew them. A wind blew over them and they shivered and strained on their stems as if in fright. Then they pressed in the other direction, wildly tossing their petals about like garments. They scurried here and there in a perfect pandemonium—their color suggesting glowing coals hurled relentlessly, devouring flame and bloodshed under falling walls.

Sitting amidst the pieces of tufa and lava, it was easy to supply the final scene, when the whole city, glowing

GHETTO, VENICE

with life, was encased in a smoking tomb.

My principal recollection of La Calve, where we spent the night, is of a band of peasants passing about two of the clock, and trolling right merrily. I stole to the window and looked out. Early as it was, there was a hint of the dawn and I could see them through the drifts of mist, marching arm and arm, as though for support, and waking echoes between the rows of sleeping houses. Their gaitered feet beat out the tune and their long cap feathers trailed to the wind. 'Twas of the joy of life they sang, and I doubt not, many a heart like mine along the way, took up the measure. The next day found us at Paestum. We stood, a little awed group, in a zigzagging path, looking up at the Greek ruins. In silence we listened to the movement of the flowers about us and the murmur of the sea. We were glad of these sounds, glad of this year's blossoms that grew up to the steps of the temples and even peeped out confidently between the stones of the pediment.

"Solda, signorina; Signorina, solda"

There they stand in utter silence and solitude—the Basilica, Ceres and Neptune, with the blue sky and the bluer sea showing between their columns. Over their pavements dart tiny chameleons and in the tall grass surrounding them snakes glide. Otherwise they are forsaken. Massive, dignified, in absolute simplicity they stand there on the shore of the Mediterranean, an enduring monument to the people who built them.

The temple of Neptune, although the oldest, built six hundred years before Christ, is the most beautiful and in the best state of preservation. We ate our lunch near the pile which is supposed to have been part of the sacrificial altar and we looked closely at the stone of which the temple is built. It is covered with impressions of reeds and aquatic plants, showing that at one time it was covered by the sea. To conceal these imperfections, the builders covered the whole with white stucco in imitation of the Greek marble. But time has wiped away all trace of this slight tawdriness and sham, and left only the beautiful form—that which it was most fitting should endure. Coming away, we plucked a little flower growing beside the temple steps. Reluctantly we gained the road leading to the station. Down this road plodded teams of oxen, the dust rising in white clouds, and in a nearby stream women washed clothes—forgetful of the heathen temples watching, inscrutably watching.

From Paestum we took the usual carriage drive to Salerne, thence to Amalfi and Sorrento, following the sea wall for a day or more. Such a stretch of color, such a wealth of unsolicited blossoms hurled into our carriage, such happy, dirty, picturesque waifs of hu-

manity footing it after us for miles in sunlight and shadow, such brown little fingers, twenty or more, pointing out the views for our admiration. They were ever with us, these baby beggars, bless them. Once their number grew so large—we happened to be on foot—that a party of priests, seeing our distress, descended from their carriage, and drove the whole laughing, ragged, black-eyed rabble back. They had only to lift their hands and the children fell away. It reminded me, somehow, of the scene in the opera "Don Giovana." Only these were such innocent miscreants.

LION OF ST. MARK

Sorrento was our last stopping place on this subnrban trip. We abode there in a pension, set in the midst of an orange grove that reached down to the sea. The sea coast was all girt about with high cliffs in which there were black caverns. We crept into one of these spaces one day and looking down to the sands below us, beheld some fishermen hauling in a net. Their trousers were rolled almost to their hips, and they moved with mechanical regularity, taking a backward step of a certain length with each haul, until the man furthest back, reaching the rocks, went forward. He laid hold of the rope close to the sea and the dragging continued. They looked so small down there with the heights of the cliffs behind them and before them the laugh of the sea. It was half an hour before they landed their net. It came in from the blue, filled with a floundering, gleaming mass. The scene made one think of the fishermen of Galilee.

EVOLUTION OF THE VIOLIN

By Jane Marlin

WHO is there that has not come under the fascination of a violin? No matter whether it be the shuffling of feet in the plantation shanty of the south, or in the winter gayeties of the society ball room or the soul stirring strains of the symphony, the violin is one instrument that seems a part of human life, and nearest expresses human emotion. The history of the "fiddle"—for fiddle it is according to all authentic sources—is a matter of personal interest, not only to those who have been under the stress of scale practise and groping about on the finger board for the tones and shakes, but those who have "by ear" interpreted a melody that must be expressed as well. The love of music is after all fundamental—and the violin has in itself a degree of human interest.

An ancient legend tells us that one day as Orpheus, son of Apollo and the Muse Kalliope, was walking by the sea, trilling in soft cadence a song taught him by the celebrated teacher, Linos, he was attracted by the sound of sweet music, which seemed but the echo of his own glorious voice. He walked along, singing, and the sound approached, as if to meet him, till finally it sang at his very feet. Glancing down, he saw the shell of a turtle, which had been cast high and dry upon the beach and left there by the receding waves. The little thing had died and dried up so that only the sinews shrivelled to strings, and the shell remained. The dried-up sinews were tightly stretched across the hollow shell, and the wind as it listed touched the strings, causing them to vibrate over the shell sounding board and give forth the sweet, sad tones. Enchanted, he bore his treasure home and from it fashioned the viol shell, with which he ever after accompanied his voice, and the nymph, Eurydike, enchanted by its magic, became his bride. So runs the legend which gives to Orpheus the honor of inventing the violin. That the violin was in use in biblical times, is shown by the prophet Moses, who tells us that it was played before the flood, and speaks of Jubal as its inventor. Certain it is that the Hebrews had violins in use under the name of Machol, and further on in the bible we are told that during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, violin instruments were used. Many dispute the use of the bow by the ancients, while others confirm its use; but to the poetess, Sappho, probably belongs the invention of the horsehair bow, and we are told that this gifted woman sang her ode to Aphrodite, accompanying herself on the fiddle, using it as do our violinists of to-day.

A rare old instrument

An early type of the six stringed violin

Viola da Gamba, 17th Century

The Arabs had an instrument, called the rebec, with two or three strings, and this instrument was in use all over Europe. The name fiddle, from the Latin fides and fidicula, was in use in Cicero's time for a kind of lyre, played by means of a plectrum; and in the early history of the instrument the words lyre and fiddle were used synonomously. In the old Teutonic poetry we find the name fiddle, relating to small instruments of simple construction and slight musical capacity, chiefly used in merry-makings to accompamy a song or dance, and companies of professional players were often maintained by noblemen for their amusement, as were the four-and-twenty fiddlers of Etzel, in the Nibelungenlied. This band, richly dressed, and headed by the leaders, Werbel and Schwemel, are chosen as his messengers into Burgundy, and among the celebrated guests whom they bring back is the famous fiddler, Volker, who knew how to carry the bow and to play, as is shown in his farewell to Bechelaren, when he accompanied himself with the fiddle. Everything proves these fiddles to have been popular, and they seem to have been used by all classes, professional musicians ("fahrende Leute"), carrying them from place to place and fiddling for a living, while amateurs, viz: parsons and clerks, played them for their own amusement, like the parish clerk, Absolom of Chaucer, and the unfortunate parson, Ossemer, who was killed by a stroke of lightning, as he played for his parishioners on Whitsun Wednesday, 1203.

In northern Europe, especially Iceland, the headquarters of the Celts, the crwth was used; this kind of violin was also known in the south of Europe under the name of rotte. In France it existed with three strings, as is shown by an old drawing from the eleventh century, found in the Abbey of St. Martial Limoges, now in the library of Paris. The Bishop of Poitiers, Vernance Fortunat, says, in a volume of poetry:

"Upon lyre and flute doth the Roman his praises sing,
Which the Barbarian but echoes upon the harp;
While the songs of the Greek upon the Kithara ring,
And the Britain's praises are upon the Crwth."

The crwth evidently forms the connecting link between the instruments of antiquity and those of modern times. In the middle ages the treatment of the performers upon stringed instruments was not respectful. They were played upon principally by itinerant musicians or strolling minstrels, and to prove the diminished respect in which they were held, one has but to consult the law books of that period in Germany to find that they were deprived of all rights and looked upon as dishonest. Their children fared even worse, for they were considered illegitimate, and were not permitted to learn a trade. At the death of these misguided followers of the fiddle and the bow, their property reverted to the state, and even when musical art entered the folds of the church, and therefore attained a much higher position, the players of stringed instruments were an unenviable class until they, worn out with rebuffs and unjust treatment, settled down in the cities and towns, and formed

Viola d'Amore, Carved Head, 14 Strings, German make

Arpeggione, or Guitar Violoncello, Six Strings

themselves into guilds for the furtherance of their beloved music.

Until the dawn of the thirteenth century, and the coming of the troubadours and their remarkable influence on literature and music, these primitive fiddles apparently sufficed for the musical world, with their compass of one octave and a half, from C to G, including the mean notes of the female or boy's voices. Grove says: "It is the extension of the compass downward which is undoubtedly the clue to the improvements which followed, for it may be remarked that the development of musical instruments has always been from small to large and from high to low; so that the progress of song in the hands of the troubadours explains the reason why the fiddle-maker at this time strove to make his sounding box larger. An ingenious person therefore constructed the sides of the resonant box with contrary flexure, giving the contour of the instrument a wavy character like the guitar, and making a sort of waist which allowed the bridge to be at the proper height, while at the same time the capacity of the instrument in respect to size, resonance and compass was increased, and in northern Europe we have the fidel, in northern France the vielle, in southern France and Italy the viole, often spoken of as the guitar-fiddle, because it was a sort of combination guitar, hurdy-gurdy and viole. When it was picked with the fingers it was a guitar, played with the bow, a viole; set in motion by a wheel, a hurdy-gurdy. Early in the fifteenth century came a step of the greatest importance in the construction of bowed instruments, the invention of corner blocks, an improvement following very naturally that of the waist, and giving the fiddle much greater strength and resonance. This invention was contemporaneous with the development of polyphonic choral music in Germany and the Netherlands, and probably belongs to Germany. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the treble or discant viole, the tenor, the bass-viol and double bass, or violone, were established in both these countries and in Italy. In the latter country about 1520 the violin model made its appearance, differing from the viole in having shallower sides, an arched instead of a flat back, and square shoulders, and in being constructed in all its parts of curved or arched pieces of wood, glued together in a state of tension on the blocks. The appearance of this little instrument completely revolutionized fiddle-making, causing first the discant viol, then the tenor, and, last of all, the bass viol to disappear; the double bass, a viol pure and simple, being the only one to survive the inroads made by the violin model. The substitution of the violin model for the viol is due to the louder tone of the former, and is "a survival of the loudest." Loathe to become a thing of the past, the viols tuned in fifths and octaves and supplied with sympathetic metal strings were constructed with double strings, thus increasing their power. From this family of instruments spring the

Discant Viola da Gamba, Five Strings, Inlaid

Viola da Braccio, German make

interesting group known as the viola d'amore and the barytone. These viols with sympathetic strings were called d'amore, not because they were especially adapted to express amorous accents, but because of the sympathetic vibration of the open metal strings, stretched over the belly, in unison with those on the finger-board. These instruments were in favor in Italy and Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The viola d'amore is a singularly beautiful instrument, but very difficult of execution, as every forte note produces a shower of concords and harmonics; and all notes not bearing a major third have to be very lightly touched.

Then came the viola da gamba, also with sympathetic strings. It was [illegible] called viola bastarda, but after many improvements in the sympathetic apparatus, it became known as the well-liked barytone, the favorite instrument of Leopold Mozart, father of the great Mozart; and of Haydn, who composed over one hundred and fifty pieces for it and loved to play upon it. So great was its popularity at one time that there were few noblemen's or gentlemen's houses without a chest containing a set of four or more gambas, of different sizes, beautifully made; either carved or inlaid with ivory or tortoise shell. In England the gamba attained a wonderful popularity and was manufactured and played there until the end of the last century, after it had been relegated to the past everywhere else. The gamba was played like the 'cello, which followed it, Sebastian Bach being the last great composer to write for the gamba. Three of his sonatas for clavier and gamba are still extant, and in his beautiful introduction to the cantata "Gottes Zeit," are three different gamba parts, combined with violins and flute, which must have produced a singular effect.

The viola de spalla, or shoulder viol, followed. It was a small bass, which could be fastened around the neck with a ribbon, and after playing, thrown back upon the shoulder. It was probably a 'cello, carried about by strolling musicians, as was the pochette, or pocket violin, sixteen inches long, and carried about by dancing teachers in their pockets. Another interesting instrument of that period is the viola pomposa, which is a small 'cello with an extra treble string, invented by Bach. The family of viola is now a thing of the past, their disuse probably arising from their being solo instruments, seldom employed in orchestra. An instrument must be in continuous use orchestrally if it is to live; its disuse there is but the forerunner of its disuse in chamber music. It is to be regretted that they are lost to us, for they had a character entirely unique and were capable of greater development.

Violoncello Piccolo, Carved Head, 18th Century

It is quite probable that the first true violin was made in the second half of the sixteenth century, the period of Gaspar di Salo and Andreas Amati, one of the earliest in existence being a tenor made by Zanetto the younger, of Brescia, in 1580, and it is certain that at this time

violins were quite common in Brescia, Bologne and Cremona. The trade centered in the last named city, and for two centuries it was the metropolis of violin making. Its fame spread to other lands, and Charles IX. of France paid a fancy price for a Cremona violin in 1572. After Cremona, Venice, among the Italian cities, produced the best violin makers, then Milan and Naples; pupils and imitators of Antonio Stradivari maintaining the reputation of the Italian violins until 1760, when there was a decline in the demand for these instruments. In South Germany there was a distinct school of violin making, Munich, Vienna and Nuremburg producing many excellent fiddle-makers. Since Stradivari, 1680-1730, the model for bowed instruments has changed very little, the violin being the only musical instrument to remain practically the same throughout modern musical history; the lute, its universal companion, having entirely disappeared; yet the violin, which is the outgrowth of the very early ages, when tonal art consisted mainly of vocal music, remains unchanged. Instrumental music, such as we now have, was not known independently, the stringed instruments played by means of a bow, serving the purpose of playing the various parts of a vocal score, so as to give a special or additional coloring to the voice. It is therefore to be mentioned that the performance upon such an instrument did not require a skilful player, and, in consequence of this, the makers of violins, viols, gambas and all such stringed instruments simply constructed them in keeping with the requirements of the time. For this reason they were made with a neck containing a finger-board, which was connected with a sounding apparatus, upon which strings were stretched, which could be pressed down upon the finger-board, and thus, in shortening them, higher notes be produced, according to the length from the bridge to the finger engaged in doing the work. A very simple contrivance, surely, and very primitive in its nature in proportion to the requirements of musical work now performed upon it. Though the form of the violin has been somewhat changed in its sounding domains, that part of the instrument which pertains to the forming of the notes, generally designated as the finger-board, has hardly been touched during all these years.

Now, when we consider the great advancement made in the field of instrumental music; when composers like Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann have made such gigantic strides in the wonderful realm of musical art; when men like Paganini, Sivori, Lipinski, Vieuxtemps, de Beriot, Spohr, Joachim, have written the most intricate and brilliant compositions for the violin, and Romberg, Servais, Popper and others have given the world concertos for the 'cello that require the greatest individuality and skilful execution upon the part of the performer, it is, indeed, wonderful that the instruments which gave such satisfaction to the early players of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have remained practically the same in all their construction, both as to the sounding department and to the parts which give access to the technical department of pitch. Its primitive state is emphasized by the retention of the crude hair bow, of the epoch of the savage, who used his bow, not only in sending arrows on their deadly mission, but also in intoning music upon his crude fiddle. And though the golden age of violin making was at

Cremona, when the Amati, Stradivari and Guarnieri were credited with making such wonderful fiddles, it is actually a surprise to the human mind that, with the advancement of all practical sciences which add to the comfort and ease of the human race, that the old-time fiddle and the bow can now be seen in the hands of a great and skilful artist; a reminder of an age that burned tallow candles and were satisfied with the slow movements of the ox and the steer. Can it be presumed that while other instruments, such as the flute, clarinet, oboe, French horn, trumpet, and even the trombone have been under the process of advancement, and, in consequence, have attained a higher position in orchestra; have risen, as it were, from their primitive state to a higher plane, as we see in their treatment by Berlioz and Wagner, that the violin, the so-called king of all instruments, has never been touched by the tooth of time, and that no violin maker has yet risen, so far as is known, to change even its form and finger-board? Would it not, therefore, be timely for some one to look into it and see whether the treatment of the violin cannot be much eased, in accordance to the present demand of music, so as to enable the player to conquer its capabilities and shorten the many weary years that are now required to study it properly.

The accompanying illustrations are from the collection of Mr. Morris Steinert, the enthusiastic antiquarian, whose fame as a collector of rare old instruments is world wide, for he has not been content to simply acquire them, but he has inspired them with new life, by means of thorough repairs, and carefully studied their character of tone, so that he is able to play them in the spirit of former times. In December, 1896, at the urgent request of Mr. Walter Damrosch, Mr. Steinert sent a number of his gambas to New York, to be used at a concert given by the Musical Art Society. At this concert Bach's Sixth Brandenburg Concerto in B flat major, the last of a set of six, written by Bach in 1721, for the Margrave of Brandenburg, was played.

Mr. Steinert's invaluable help in loaning a set of gambas from his collection made it possible to give an historically accurate performance of this most interesting composition, which must have sounded as it did in the music room of the Margrave of Brandenburg, one hundred and seventy-five years ago. This article, too, is the result of many conversations with Mr. Steinert, who is an authority on subjects musical, and whose somewhat radical ideas have, from time to time, given the musical world food for deep thought. Mr. Steinert will soon present his famous collection of keyed and stringed instruments to Yale University, for which a special museum will probably be erected upon the campus. This collection, the achievement of an unselfish desire, dedicated to art and the knowledge of an art, covers a period of over thirty years of zealous research, and furnishes to the student of music something impossible to gain from a study of the thickest books. In giving it to the university of the city he calls home, Mr. Steinert will find his reward in the great interest and in the recognition given the collection by the visitors and students of Yale.

R W Bergengren
'99

MRS. TETLOW'S THANKSGIVING GUESTS

By Kate Whiting Patch

THE old Tetlow place stood off to the east of Layton. It had once been surrounded by wide acres, but gradually the growing town had encroached on its borders; and, bit by bit, the property had been swallowed up, until at last the low-browed, rambling farmhouse was elbowed by smarter town residences, and could boast only a narrow dooryard in front, and a cramped orchard in the rear.

"The mills had spoiled Layton," old Mrs. Tetlow used to say, with a dreary shake of the head, as she watched these changes.

Layton folks whispered among themselves that the old lady must have grown rich on her property, but there was small evidence of it. Mrs. Tetlow was as old-fashioned and out of place in the east quarter of Layton as was the antiquated home of her fathers, in which she lived, and there was small reason that either should change in the scanty number of years still left them.

The Tetlow farm had been a prosperous one in its day, and its owners had lived on it in quiet respectability for many generations. But they were all scattered and gone now—these Tetlows—save for the one lonely old woman, who gazed out of the small-paned windows, and saw, with the eyes of memory, sweeping meadows and hillside pasture, and the cows coming up the lane at milking time.

People said Mrs. Tetlow was growing forgetful. Perhaps she was—forgetful of the present.

It was a dreary November day. The clouds hung low and a few scattering snowflakes were beginning to fall.

"Real Thanksgiving weather," murmured Mrs. Tetlow, as she looked out of her front window at the bare boughs of an ancient elm tree. The fire in her air-tight stove was crackling hotly and the bits of isinglass in the door burned red. A big yellow cat lay sleeping in the center of a braided rug, and a smaller black and white tabby was curled up in a corner of the chintz-covered woodbox. Red geraniums flourished in the windows, and tried to overpower the gloom of the various "mourning pieces," that hung in black frames, here and there upon the walls, and a faithful timepiece, with a moon face, ticked slowly on the narrow shelf opposite Mrs. Tetlow's high-backed rocking chair.

"Yes, it's real Thanksgiving weather," repeated the old lady, drawing her small shoulder shawl closer about her. "It's time to be making the mince meat."

"Mother always did that the first thing," she went on, bye and bye, as though to the cats, "and to-day is Friday. Next week will bring the last Thursday in the month. The proclamation'll be read next Sabbath."

The knitting needles lay idle in Mrs. Tetlow's lap, as she rocked slowly back and forth.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always came by Wednesday night," she said, after a reflective pause, "and brother Peter and his wife and boys would get here as early as nine Thanksgiving morning. The rest didn't come till

nearly noon. I wonder where Peter's boy is now. I wish the West weren't so far off. I wonder if the boy's done well."

Mrs. Tetlow stopped rocking and sat up straight in her chair.

"Wouldn't I like to get ready for another such Thanksgiving party," she exclaimed, a red spot burning in either cheek. "I believe I will."

She arose, her slight figure trembling as she rolled up her knitting work and thrust the needles into it. "It won't do anybody any harm," she added, with a little, nervous laugh, "and it'll take twenty years off my shoulders, just to feel that I can, once again. Let me see; there's the long table cloth to do up, and the extra silver to polish, and the mince meat—I must set about that to-day."

She stepped out into her sunny kitchen, and going to the pantry, took down a jar of raisins.

"I'll seed these before I go out for my suet," she said to herself, as she fastened on her cooking apron. "I'll have my mince meat all ready by sundown. To-morrow I'll do up the long table cloth."

On the following Sunday morning, Mrs. Tetlow put on her best black alpaca and walked out to her old meeting-house—the oldest one in Layton now. She went devoutly through the whole service, but when the minister spread out the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation and read it with due solemnity, the sparkle in the old lady's eyes might have told those near her why she had come to meeting on this special Sabbath morning.

When Mrs. Tetlow returned to her lonely home she went into the kitchen to look at the long table cloth, which had been carefully laundered the day before, and hung airing near the stove.

"There is the thin spot I had to darn after Nannie's wedding," she said, touching it lightly; "and that is the stain that got there on the last Thanksgiving Grandpa Tetlow was with us. I tried everything, but it wouldn't come out. Well, I'll cover it with a napkin, and no one will be the wiser."

"Let me see," she went on musingly, how many must I provide for? There's Peter and Mary and the three boys, and Jane and Henrietta and Uncle Solon. Nannie and her husband and the little folks, bless 'em! and Grandma Spencer's folks and Joe and Letty. It'll be a long tableful, but I'll be ready for them."

Monday saw still more active preparations going on in the old kitchen. The two sleepy cats seemed bewildered and disturbed by the unwonted flurry, but the little old woman who engaged in it went about her work with joyous eagerness. Cranberries bubbled on the stove, golden pumpkins were being converted into luscious filling for prospective pies, and Mrs. Tetlow's bare arms were dusted with flour.

The last thing each night before going to her bed, the old lady took her wavering candle and inspected her pantry shelves; and with every evening there were more toothsome goodies to behold. Rows of mince, pumpkin, squash, apple and cranberry pies were flanked by moulds of cranberry jelly and cold puddings, while the cake box had grown heavy with rich loaves, and the brown crock sacred to doughnuts had received a fragrant store.

When the traveling butcher stopped Wednesday for his usual small order, Mrs. Tetlow followed him out to his cart and selected the largest turkey in his collection. The man's eyes opened wide.

"Expecting company, ma'am?" he asked as he weighed it, and the old woman nodded gravely.

That morning the windows in the upper chamber were thrown open to

the wind and sunshine, and sweeping and dusting and airing of bed linen were in order.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always come by Wednesday night," she said, "and the rooms haven't been used for some time. They feel a little damp, so I'll have them open all day."

Toward night Mrs. Tetlow put on her second best gown and sat down near the window to watch.

When her guests arrived, the nearest neighbor might not have known, but a lamp was lighted in the dim best-room that evening, and at nine o'clock the old woman took a bed room candle in either hand and toiled up the creaking stair. On the little stand beside each bed she placed a brass candlestick, and, having turned back the sheets, went out again, murmuring a soft "good-night."

The snow fell during the dark hours, but a few faint sunbeams crept out next morning for the encouragement of those who wished to keep this day of feasting and thanksgiving.

Mrs. Tetlow arose at dawn, and before it was time to prepare breakfast she had dressed her turkery and set it aside, ready for the oven.

About nine o'clock she began to lay her table.

"I may as well have it done before Peter's folks and the others come," she said, as with some difficulty she pulled it out to its full length and put in the extra leaves. The table had not been used for many years and rebelled at this disturbance; but after considerable trouble it was ready for the long cloth, although Mrs. Tetlow found herself rather breathless.

"I might have called John to help me," she murmured, "but then, he's entertaining Aunt Spencer, and I can manage very well."

Having smoothed out every wrinkle in the cloth, she gathered all her geranium blossoms and put them in the center of the table in a glass bowl. Then the silver, which had all been polished the day before, was brought forth from its canton flannel wrappings, and Great-Grandma Tetlow's blue china was lifted down from the shelves of the china closet.

"How good it is to see all these things out again!" exclaimed the old lady, surveying the result of her labor

"When the traveling butcher stopped Wednesday for his usual small order, Mrs. Tetlow followed him out to his cart and selected the largest turkey in his collection."

Drawn by J. H. Appleton

with pardonable pride; "and it's right good to have company once more," she added, with a little sigh; "I've eaten alone so long."

By noon all was ready in the dining room, The wide silver fruit dish on the sideboard was piled high with rosy apples and grapes and oranges, while generous dishes full of nuts and raisins stood on either side, flanked by a great jug of cider. Crisp celery and crimson jelly added color to the table, and from the direction of the kitchen crept the savory odor of cooking vegetables and roasting turkey.

"Now I'm all ready, except to dish up the dinner," remarked Mrs. Tetlow, with a sigh of contentment; and she never reflected on her increasing weariness, as she fastened the neck of her black alpaca and tied on a fresh lawn apron.

"I've nothing to do now," she said, "but to sit at the front window and watch for the folks to come. I'll be able to see them far up the meadow road." So the old lady sat down in her high-backed rocker by the window to watch for her Thanksgiving guests.

A few minutes later she was startled by hearing a knock at the front door, and, quite trembling with the shock, she arose to open it.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow." It was Mrs. Clifford, the young doctor's wife, who spoke. "Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow. Isn't this a beautiful Thanksgiving day! Madam Clifford is out in the carriage and she wants to take you home to have dinner with us. Please say you'll come; and let me get your bonnet and shawl for you."

Mrs. Tetlow looked down into the bright young face, with a dreamy happiness in her own, as she slowly shook her head.

"You're real good," she said, "and please tell Madam Clifford I'm just as much obliged to her, but I can't come to-day. I'm—I'm looking for company."

There was a ring of tremulous pride in the old voice, that went to the heart of the young woman. She looked up into the wrinkled old face and noted the strange glow of content and far-off happiness in the old eyes. Mrs. Clifford remembered it afterward with a sense of awe.

As she turned to go now, she saw, through the open door, a corner of the long table, all ready for dinner.

"I'm so glad for you, Mrs. Tetlow!" she exclaimed impulsively. "I hope you will have a pleasant Thanksgiving day." Then she hurried back to her carriage, and Mrs. Tetlow returned to her rocking-chair by the window.

"They're real late," she murmured to herself, now and then, and a new, strange weariness and numbness crept over her as she sat and waited, her dim vision still wandering far up the meadow road.

Suddenly she started forward with outstretched arms. "Peter!" she cried, "Mary!" and then sank back feebly in her chair. "I'm right glad to see you all," she faltered, "but I seem to be a little tired. Just lay off your things and draw up near the fire. It is growing chilly." She drew her shawl closer about her, with a little shiver, as she spoke.

"Johnny, just put another stick in the stove; that's a good boy." She closed her eyes a moment, murmuring softly to herself, "I mustn't give out now: it's nearly dinner time. I'll just rest till the others come."

But soon she leaned forward again, a joyous smile on her lips.

"Nannie!" she exclaimed, and the blessed baby! I didn't see you come in. Sit here, child; I'll hold the little one while you rest," and she began to croon softly as she rocked. "It is

cold, she murmured again, "real cold; but then it's Thanksgiving weather."

Several moments slipped by, while the old clock alone broke the stillness; then Mrs. Tetlow raised her head. "I smell lavendar," she said. "Aunt Henrietta! I knew you had come. I smelled the lavendar."

"Grandma Spencer's in the best room," she added. "She came at sundown last evening and she seems real smart. What, Joe, you here too! Did you come in the back way? Uncle Solon and Pa are in the barn, aren't they?"

An anxious look suddenly clouded the sunshine in her eyes. "Nannie," she whispered, "will you just take a look at things in the kitchen. I seem to be a little tired, but there's nothing to do. I'll come soon."

Her gaze wandered up the "meadow road" again, the joyous look returning. "They're coming!" she cried at length. "They're coming; I can see the sleigh." Then she turned, as though some one had touched her elbow, and started back wonderingly.

"My little Mary!" she faltered, with dimming eyes, "my little Mary, with her old rag baby! I thought—oh, Father, John, here is our little Mary!"

With a beautiful gesture, she clasped the child of her youth to her heart, and when she raised her eyes again it was to murmur, "Mother, Father, Letty, Eben—What a grand Thanksgiving! I didn't count on seeing you all—why, the room is full—full—but I have enough—"

"With a wonderful smile upon her white lips, Mrs. Tetlow had gone forth with her Thanksgiving guests."

Drawn by J. H. Appleton

The sun had gone down when Doctor Clifford drove by the old Tetlow place, on his way to see some patient.

"So the old lady is entertaining," he said to himself, remembering his wife's story, and then, glancing at the house, he drew his horse up suddenly. "No lights!" he exclaimed, and an intuitive impulse made him stop. "I can't seem to go by," he said, "I must just run in and see if all is well with the old lady."

He hurried up the path and lifted the heavy knocker, but no one answered. Then the doctor opened the door and walked in.

"Mrs. Tetlow," he called, but the loud tick of the clock alone responded. Finally a sleepy cat emerged from the kitchen and rubbed against his leg.

Doctor Clifford struck a match and lighted a lamp that stood on the hall table. Then he passed into the sitting room. The fire in the air-tight stove had gone out and the room had grown cold. Through a half open door he could see dimly a long table, laid for many guests, but no plate had been disturbed.

The doctor raised the lamp above his head and turned toward the front window. In the high-backed rocker a slender, motionless figure leaned back among the cushions, but the old house was wrapped in peaceful stillness; for, with a wonderful smile upon her white lips, Mrs. Tetlow had gone forth with her Thanksgiving guests.

KISMET

Upon the board the ranks of chessmen wait:
An ancient set, brought from some Orient mart
Long years ago, carved with a curious art.
Knowing or caring naught for love or hate,
Moving in blind obedience to some fate,
The ivory images play well their part,
Unstirred by passion of the human heart,
'Till strife is ended with one word,—"Checkmate!"

Perchance, within our little world of men,
With all its tangled maze of plot and strife,
Blindly obeying Destiny,—we, too,
Are but the sport of powers beyond our ken,
'Till "Checkmate" ends at last the game of Life,
With all its problems, old, yet ever new.

Ida Kennston

Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XVIII INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon. He fears that Mildred will not forgive the past, but tells her all and finds her equal to the trial. Mrs. Marshall finds a ring DeLoste had given to her daughter, and with it confronts his wife. Several years pass, and Judge Terrill's son graduates from college and goes west with Kenneth Phillips for the summer. They stop in Detroit and Mrs. Marshall recognizes Terrill. He meets Margaret Howard.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MONTH had passed since the two Harvard men's arrival in Detroit. It had been their intention to remain but a fortnight, and Thornton would then have concluded his visit upon his return from the mountains. It is invariably the unexpected that happens, and changes plans in a manner little anticipated.

Mr. Phillips had been summoned to New York upon business, and was liable to be detained for even several weeks longer. Owing to his wife's recent illness, he had insisted upon Kenneth remaining at home until his return.

The latter was so disappointed at the mere thought of his friend starting west without him that Thornton yielded to his urgent appeal that he remain as his guest in Detroit. He was not in the least loth to do this, even while he was anxious to continue his journey. His visit had been a delightful one. He had found Kenneth's friends all that he had hoped and expected them to be.

Kenneth had not been home since the previous summer. Consequently his advent had been hailed with enthusiasm by his own particular set of young people, with whom he was a prime favorite. There was a contagious brightness about him that made him welcome everywhere. Thornton soon felt perfectly at home among his new friends, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

They were in the habit of almost daily dropping in at the Howard home. This was but the natural result of the relationship existing between the two families.

During their college life Thornton had grown to believe that an understanding of some sort existed between Kenneth and his cousin. From the manner in which he alluded to her,

and from the unfailing hilarity he exhibited when her letters arrived (which were quite frequent), he had felt that he had good grounds for his supposition.

Now that he was upon the field of action, it became very plain to him that Kenneth was in love with Margaret. But the attitude of the girl herself puzzled him a little. She did not act in the least as Thornton fancied a young lady would when she had either given, or was about to give, her life into the hands of another.

Only the previous week he had attempted to banter Kenneth a little, and the result had been most disastrous.

"No offense meant, you know, Phillips," said Thornton, quickly, when he saw how the other felt, and then he added affectionately, "There is no one who will rejoice in your good fortune more than I. And I hope you know that I am sincere in my friendship."

"I understand. I am afraid Margaret can never care for me as I care for her. That is the mischief in this world. Some one is forever loving some one who does not love in return. And then some one's heart must ache. I would rather mine would ache for Margaret than to try for happiness without her."

Thornton regretted having attempted to tease Kenneth, when he saw how really in earnest was the young fellow. Whenever the three were thrown together he found himself studying the cousins.

He thought that Kenneth exaggerated the state of affairs. He, himself, cared so much for him that it would seem the most natural thing in the world for Margaret to cherish a similar feeling. Yet he saw that beyond doubt there existed with her simply a warm cousinly affection, the result, in part, of long and intimate association. "There is a mistake somewhere," he thought, "or, how can it mean so much to him and so little to her?"

Although he was not always successful in his efforts at college, there was never a problem or point too difficult in any study for him to attack. The more puzzling, the more he enjoyed it. And now there was born in his heart the desire to understand Margaret. He wished to win her confidence that he might help Kenneth.

The latter's blue eyes were made to reflect the serenity of the blue skies of summer. And the troubled look in them was as out of harmony as a cloud in the summer skies. It appealed to Thornton and he determined to help him.

The Priscillas in this world cannot all be true blue, and the story of John Alden repeats itself over and over again.

Margaret Howard was a brilliant and fascinating companion. The slight melancholy that threw an element of mystery about her character, made of her the more interesting study. Before many weeks Thornton wished with all his heart that he had gone directly west.

He fostered his friendship with Margaret that he might help Kenneth out of his difficulty.

In return for his spirit of disinterestedness, he suddenly became aware of the fact that he was bound to her by invisible chains, stronger than iron. His first thought was to leave the city upon any pretext.

He felt like a traitor. After all of his professed friendship for Kenneth, and his avowed determination of awakening Margaret to an appreciation of the great advantages in returning the affection of so lovable an admirer as her cousin, and then to be so weak as to fall in love with her him-

self. He felt that he was disloyal, not only to his friend, but to his own manhood.

"Kenneth, I have something to say to you," he said, as they strolled home one evening from Mr. Howard's. He spoke so soberly that Kenneth looked at him earnestly, as he replied, "Nothing serious, is it? I hope you are not going to start west, for father may be home next week."

"That's just it. I must go to-morrow."

"Go away to-morrow," he repeated. "What do you mean?" And he sat down upon the stone steps of a vacant house.

Thornton followed his example and then replied, "It is hard for me to say just what I want to say. Perhaps I had better leave it all unsaid, excepting that I feel that I cannot stay another day."

It would have been wholly dark, but for the pale light from the stars and the street lamps, and the two faces were hardly distinguishable.

There was a moment's pause. Each was intent upon his own thoughts. Then the warm-hearted Kenneth's hand stole softly to his friend's knee, and he said, "We have been too good friends for you to leave me thus abruptly, and you must tell me the reason. It is only just."

There was another pause, and Thornton's cheeks flushed painfully. He suddenly turned, almost fiercely, upon the young fellow.

"Can't you see? I am a traitor."

"You speak strangely, Terrill; are you ill?"

"Ill? Confound it, you Lady, can't you see? I wish to Heaven I were ill. Oh—I—well, hang it all, I love her, too. I wish you would shoot me, I feel so contemptible."

"Love her, too," repeated Kenneth. "You mean that you love my cousin, Margaret?"

"Yes," was the very faint reply.

"And—and does she love you also?" he asked, almost eagerly, in a hushed voice.

"Love me? No—I have never thought of that. How could she love such a fellow as I? I want her to love you. I could die of shame to have such a thing happen when I am your guest. My father would be ashamed of me. But, Ken, I did not know it was coming until it was too late. I will go home to-morrow. Home is the best place for a fellow like me."

There was a too evident attempt at bravery in the voice.

"Do you love her very dearly?" asked Kenneth, in a strained voice, but even while he spoke, the hand tightened upon the knee, for he felt a sympathy for Thornton.

"Forgive me, Kenneth, but I, oh, I do love her very dearly. I did not mean to be dishonorable to you. I have told you the truth, and I will go away to-morrow. Don't begrudge me the honor, the happiness of loving her. She need never know. When you are happily married, if ever in the future you need me, you have but to speak. I will gladly make any sacrifice for your happiness, always. And—well, old man, perhaps we had better go home now."

The words ended with a sigh that came from the speaker's heart.

"Don't go yet, for I, too, have something to say," and the blue eyes sought the brown. "I had not thought I need ever tell you this, but now everything is changed. I know how you feel, for I love her. I love her more than my life. We had been playmates, schoolmates, and I have grown up loving her. I planned and hoped for many things when I had finished college." The voice had a mournful ring that touched the remorseful heart of the hearer.

"But things do not always come the way one plans. Perhaps you have noticed that I have not felt any too lively of late. Well, a few evenings ago, I asked Margaret to be my wife—and —and she told me that she did not love me."

Kenneth laid his hand over his eyes, as though to shut out the sight of something that pained him, and then he continued, "I thought I would wait a year, and then ask her again. But I will never ask her again."

It was now Thornton's turn to ask, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I believe that Margaret will never love me as I would want the woman to love me who becomes my wife. I could not risk her happiness by having her marry me otherwise. Because I love her so, I care for her happiness more than for my own. And then, Thornton, I do not feel sure that I understand her. I never did understand her. I just loved her," he concluded, earnestly.

Thornton's heart was full of conflicting emotions, but he tried to say steadily, "Perhaps you will learn to understand her."

"No, I have tried all my life. I cannot take any chances for her happiness. If I cared less for her it would be different. You are the better man, Thornton. You always understood everything hard. If I cannot have her, there is no one I would rather see successful than yourself. Don't go away. I want you to stay. I feel somehow that you will not regret it."

The generous sweetness of Kenneth's nature was not wasted upon Thornton. "You are one man in a million," he said, as he wrung his hand. "I shall never forget this."

When they parted for the night, Kenneth said (and the words were sweet to Thornton's ears), "Good luck to you! God bless you both always."

CHAPTER XX.

The two men were closer friends than ever. There was a silent tie between them that nothing could break. They rarely, if ever, alluded to the subject that must of a certainty be uppermost in their minds. But in a thousand ways Kenneth proved the sincerity of his words and the generosity of his sacrifice.

Thornton found the little piece of femininity that he loved the most alluring; the most tantalizing study he had ever undertaken. If he ever grew the least bit hopeful that his love was returned, the very next day something would occur which would cause the young man to feel that there was a strong probability that he might be doomed to share the self exile of Kenneth and leave the field to a more successful rival.

As for Margaret herself, she could scarcely recall ever having been so happy as she was this short, blissful summer. Just as Thornton had divined, she had always been fond of her boyish cousin Kenneth. She regarded him as a customary fixture in her life, but beyond that he never appealed to her in the least.

Thornton was haughty and distinguished in his bearing, and the rather unusual combination of light hair and dark eyes had caught her fancy from the first. She felt that she could read every fleeting expression in Kenneth's blue eyes, but the dark eyes of his friend were at times inscrutable to her. She avoided him, eluded him, and tormented him, and with it all, enthralled him more and more.

Fate often plays tricks with unsuspecting mortals and the climax of our hopes will be reached unexpectedly and usually in a manner different from our anticipations.

Thornton and Margaret were scarcely if ever alone. Indeed, there was

at times a tantalizing expression in Margaret's eyes that made Thornton feel uncertain whether it was an accident or a prearranged plan that a third person was usually near.

A party of six, including Margaret, Thornton and Kenneth, planned to take advantage of the last moonlight night of the month for a drive to a certain country-seat that they had endeavored to take several times through the summer. Since, in all probability, it would be Thornton's final excursion of the sort in Detroit, Kenneth arranged that he should be his cousin's escort.

The party remained longer at the hospitable home than they had intended and it was really late when the long drive home was begun. Unobserved through the evening clouds had been slowly gathering and had stealthily shrouded the moon. When the trip home was but half accomplished an inky blackness obscured everything. The fickle wind muttered ominously to the swaying tree tops as though he were the bearer of evil tidings. The darkness of the night soon separated the party.

Thornton's heart beat fast. He tucked the robe more closely about his companion. She had not spoken for several moments and her eyes were fastened upon the dim objects by the roadside.

Thornton fancied that he would almost startle her did he break in upon her reverie, and yet he felt that the time had come when he must speak.

"Margaret, dear little Margaret," he whispered, and there was a quality in his voice that caused his hearer to wonder if she was dreaming or if he really spoke. She looked at him wonderingly. He leaned nearer to her and whispered again, "Margaret."

She drew her eyes lingeringly from the roadside and looked at him.

He drew his face nearer to hers and whispered again, "Margaret!" At his tone and the unaccustomed word of address her face flushed and her eyes fell.

"Margaret, I never have said such things and I do not known how to tell you as perhaps best you would like to have me but—I love you, love you, love you."

Again she looked at him wonderingly. This time his eyes held hers. They were not inscrutable to her tonight. Even in the darkness she read the meaning as clearly in their depths as though it were written in letters of white upon a dark background.

"He loves me! He loves me!" Her heart said exultingly. She slowly drew her gaze from his and looked off again into the distance. Thornton's heart ached with fear at her silence. Could it be possible that all his hopes were to be dashed to the ground?

"Margaret, little dear Margaret, shall I tell you again?" His voice was full of pleading.

She turned to him as certain flowers turn their innocent faces to the sun. The wave of emotion that swept over her face spoke to him even before her words reached his ears. "No, Thorton it is my turn to tell you now."

"To tell me? Oh, Margaret!" He took the slender hand in his own quickly. It felt warm to his touch and he longed to lay his other hand over it caressingly. "Dearest," he said, "this little hand shall be my talisman and bring to me good fortune. Are you happy, dear?" He longed to hear her voice. He wanted her to tell him over and over that she loved him. It was sweet to his ears.

"Happy? Oh, so happy, Thornton. I—I love you so."

He drew her closer. "Margaret," he said.

"Yes, Thornton."

"I will speak to your father and

mother to-morrow, for I can't ever do without you again."

"Don't hurry. It is sweet to be this way, I think."

"Yes, but we can't always be driving along a country road alone. You know I must go east soon and I want you to go with me."

"Go with you?"

"Certainly," replied Thornton, with much dignity. "You do not suppose for one instant that I would leave you behind. I will wait one month for you. Any girl can get ready in a month."

"A month," she gasped, even though she liked the masterful tone of his voice.

"Yes. A month is much too long. But I would do a great deal for you. So I will wait a month. Your father and mother will surely consent, will they not?" he asked anxiously.

At the mention of her parents she grew silent and her face lost its warmth and held the old baffling expression. Even the hand he held grew cold. Thornton looked at her in amazement.

"What is it, Margaret? Are you ill?" he asked in a troubled voice.

When she spoke her voice as well as her eyes seemed full of tears and she said mournfully, "I was so happy I had forgotten everything, yes everything but you."

"You had better not forget me." He tried to speak lightly but when he saw that she did not smile, he felt anxious, for her face as he had seen it many times came before him. "What is it, little one? Tell me. You know you must tell me everything that ever troubles your dear heart again."

She was suffering. It is always the innocent who suffer the most. It never occurred to her that he need not necessarily know the mystery surrounding her birth. She felt an agony of shame that there should be a mystery. She tortured herself with the thought that when he knew he might not love her. Still she could not bear that he should not know.

"Tell me," he urged again.

She drew her hand from his and clasped it within her own tightly upon her knee. "I will tell you," she said bravely. There was something in her tone that made the young man silently vow that there should come a day after there had been so much happiness crowded into her life that it would be impossible ever again for that quality to be discernible in her voice.

"I could not make the story long if I wished, Thornton. But it is right for you to know that Mr. and Mrs. Howard are not my parents."

"Are not your parents?"

She mistook the surprise in his voice for coldness. She answered huskily, "No; and so you can forget the last happy hour, and you are free."

"Margaret!" His voice was full of a dignified reproach. "Do not be foolish. You know that nothing will change my love. You may do as you like about telling me. If Mr. and Mrs. Howard are not your parents, who are?" He began to fear that the girl really was ill. Perhaps she did not know of what she was talking, so improbable did her assertion seem.

"I do not know," she faltered.

"Do not know?" he repeated, "what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," she said with desperation in her voice. "I mean that I am a foster daughter. Mrs. Howard meant to be kind when she destroyed the papers of my birth." In her excitemeet she referred to her mother as "Mrs. Howard." "When they discovered how badly I felt I am sure they tried to ascertain the circumstances of my birth. It was useless. Do you for one instant suppose that I would marry you? I do not blame

them. They meant it all for the best. They could not be kinder than they have been. The least that I can do in return is to hide my own grief."

She spoke quickly, giving him no time to interrupt her.

"I never pass strangers but that I feel the inclination to look into their faces, trying to discover my father and mother. When I look into certain faces that antagonize me I shudder as I wonder if such a man could be my father. To know anything would be easier than such suspense. What if my mother needs me." The tears in the great eyes overflowed and rolled down the face drawn with the intensity of feeling.

"Don't, Margaret, for Heaven's sake don't look like that!" he exclaimed.

"But you see, Thornton, it would not do for me to marry you. How do I know my name? Perhaps—perhaps—" and the sentence ended with a shudder.

He slipped his arm about her and drew her nearer to him.

"It would have been better if I had never been born." she murmured piteously."

"Dearest," he whispered softly, "Do not grieve or worry ever again. We shall find them, I hope, some day. It is your own self I love and need to make my life complete. Make me happy by being happy. Look at me, sweetheart, and say that you will be true and will love me always." There was an ineffable tenderness in Thornton's voice and the well-bred face with its clearly cut features was full of dignity.

His eyes met hers and each read by the light of the other's eyes the sweetest story life has had to tell since the beginning of time.

CHAPTER XXI.

Margaret Howard's petite beauty unfailingly misled persons as to her real age. To those who had always known her it seemed that she never grew older in appearance. Indeed she was the possessor of that almost rare type of feature and coloring that endures so remarkably. Provided that her lot be a reasonably happy one, such a woman will remain young and fresh looking, while her contemporaries show signs of age.

Thornton Terrill, to the contrary, possessed a mature face, and combined with his healthful fine physique he appeared older than he was in reality. To see them together one would honestly belive that Thornton was the elder by several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard believed this to be the case, as well as the young persons themselves. This impression was due to several chance remarks made by Kenneth early in the summer. He, through preference, persuaded himself that Margaret was younger than he. He admired Thornton immensely, and he had simply taken it for granted that he must be older than himself because he knew so much more. Even if they had known the truth, in all probability it would not have made the slightest difference to either, because they were deeply attached to one another.

During the days that followed their country excursion, Margaret felt as though she must be dreaming. All the restlessness, the yearning had disappeared from her manner and from her face. The latter's piquant brightness lightened the hearts of those who loved her.

Probably under no other circumstances would Mr. and Mrs. Howard ever have consented to the early marriage for which both young persons pleaded. But the unhappiness, the heartache they had so unintentionally brought upon her, and which she had borne uncomplainingly all these years, caused

them to feel that no sacrifice would be too great if it was in their power to purchase her future happiness. They felt that the light from their home would be gone forever when Margaret went east to live, and still they had not the heart to refuse her.

She seemed a wholly different girl since the eventful ride. One was wont to recall his own courtship, and smile involuntarily into the radiant, expectant face, proclaiming as it did that its owner had at last found her solution of life.

All this time Judge and Mrs. Terrill wondered in an amused way what could be detaining Thornton so long in Detroit. Never one word of his love had he breathed in his letters. From them one might have supposed that he was intensely interested in Detroit and its invironment. Well versed as they were in life, it seemed strange that never once did they surmise that their son had fallen hopelessly in love, and that all his ambition was at present centered upon one enticing little piece of humanity.

It came like a thunderbolt—the letter saying that he had won the love of Margaret, and that by persistent pleading and insistence, they had prevailed upon her parents to allow the marriage to take place before his return east.

The letter was a manly one, but to a keen eye, a certain anxiety might be traced between the lines, as though the writer were not perfectly sure how the intelligence would be received. He might well have had his doubts upon the subject.

When Judge Terrill read the letter that was delivered to his office he was astounded and angry. It seemed to his clear far-seeing eyes that his son must be insane to harbor so impracticable a plan. Thornton really had nothing in his own name. The first year of a young lawyer's career is uphill work and fees are bound to come in slowly. Plans to forbid the marriage to take place for the present flashed through his mind. Leaving his office an hour earlier than usual, he hurried home to consult his wife.

As soon as she saw his flushed face with its troubled expression she knew something was amiss. "What is it, Everett?" she cried, hastening to meet him. "Nothing has happened to Thornton, has there?"

"Well, I should say so. About the worst calamity that could befall him."

She never once suspected the truth. Instead, visions of horrible accidents flashed through her mind. Her face grew pale, and with a startled cry she sank to the floor. It was the first time in all her married life that she had ever fainted. At the unaccustomed sight Judge Terrill nearly "had a turn" himself, as he afterward expressed his sensation.

He hastened for water and quickly returned to her assistance. After pouring the entire contents of a pitcher of water over her, fanning her frantically with a newspaper, and then rubbing her hands, she opened her eyes wonderingly.

"For mercy sake, Everett, are you trying to drown me?" she murmured, as he picked her up, and placed her in an easy chair upon the veranda, and then sank limply into one himself.

"I do not know, I am sure, Mildred, just what I would have done, if you had not revived as soon as you did. I presume it is the great heat."

"The heat!" She looked at him reproachfully. "How can you forget what you were telling me about poor Thornton? Oh, what is it, Everett?" and her face grew a shade paler.

Her husband looked at her in alarm. "Thornton; I had almost forgotten the young scapegrace."

"Please tell me, Everett," urged Mil-

dred. She thought that he was trying to withhold the bad news. "I feel quite strong now."

"You will have need of strength," he said dryly. "The youngster has fallen —" He paused.

"Oh, oh—not into the lake?" she interrupted nervously.

"For goodness' sake, Mildred, no. He has fallen in love. Isn't that bad enough?"

"Fallen in love," she repeated. "Who has he fallen in love with?"

"Her name is Margaret Howard. She is probably some girl who does not know that two and two make four."

"Everett, you forget that you are speaking of our son."

"So I had, dear, but it vexes me greatly. I had made so many other plans for next year. Had I dreamed of such a catastrophe, he should never have gone west."

"Perhaps it is not as bad as you think. Read me his letter, please."

He pulled it from his pocket and read it to her slowly, from the beginning to the end, without any comment.

Mildred's face changed its expression over and over while she listened. In the first place, she had been amused at the manner in which her husband had spoken of love, as though it were the greatest calamity that could befall Thornton. But when she read the letter through, she realized it was not the mere fact of Thornton falling in love that annoyed his father so seriously as that of his intention of being married so soon.

"I declare, Mildred, I believe I will send for him to come home to-morrow. She surely cannot come that soon. I will not allow the boy to make a fool of himself. I never heard of anything more absurd."

"Do not be hasty, dear; let me think a moment."

When she spoke in that tone, her husband invariably respected her wishes. He leaned back in his chair and waited in silence for her to speak.

"I wish that we knew this young girl," she said quietly.

"To know or not to know, makes no difference," he replied. "The point is that the boy is too young to marry. I shall forbid it."

At these words the protective mother love was aroused. She understood Thornton's nature thoroughly. She knew how in earnest he must be to have even the desire to be married so quickly. He was as determined as his father, and would not take kindly to opposition in such a matter.

"I cannot understand how this has all occurred since June," he continued. "It must not go on another day."

"Everett, do not attempt to forbid it. Do not make any trouble. You want Thornton to be happy, don't you?"

"Of course I do, but this is not the way to insure it."

"Oh, my dear," and she laughed, "have you so soon forgotten our romance? What if my father had made us wait longer than we desired," she pleaded.

He moved restlessly in his chair and then moved nearer to her. "Mildred, I do declare," he began impulsively, and then finished his sentence by lifting her hand to his lips and kissing it. "I never could have lived without you, and—well, if Thornton feels the same way, I suppose I may as well go through the formality of giving my consent."

Instead of the letter he had planned to write, there started westward that night one that was full of love and kindly interest. It made glad not only the heart of him that received it, but also the hearts of those who had sent it.

(To be continued.)

LOVE WINS

Love and I the other day
Fell into a wrangle—
I was weary of the boy,
Always at my heels,
Not a moment to myself,
Business in a tangle,
Bade him off to find the time
His wanton mischief steals.

Lo, before our quarrel done,
Little Love was sighing;
Looked at me with brimming eyes—
Pansies in the rain.
Had to cheer the youngster up—
Couldn't stand his crying.
Had to pick him up and kiss
The dimples back again.

Theodosia Garrison

AT THE SHRINE OF THE GODDESS

IT was lonely at the shrine of Venus. The perfumed lamps burned dimly in their niches; the smoke of the incense curled in filmy wreaths about the altar; the flowers the supplicants had brought died about the steps; the fallen petals of the roses that flecked the whiteness of the marble like drops of blood, dropped upon the strange, dark leaves of the sea-flowers and snowy coral the young Roman sailor had placed before the shrine the yestereven, bending his brown limbs and tawny, sunburned curls, and asking for that with his eyes, which his bashful lips could not speak.

But that was yesterday, and to-day none had come with offerings, and Venus sat with angry eyes and drew the strands of her ruddy hair through her restless fingers.

Outside, her doves cooed to the rising moon. There came a footstep light as the fall of drifted foam upon the sand. One entered like a moonbeam's self—a little maid, who trembled like a May violet in the wind, and in her arms she bore great sheafs of lilies, heavy with the night dew. For a time she did not speak, but knelt at Venus' feet and hid her face and wept; and Venus bent her head, and the moonbeams falling on her breast, fretted because its whiteness mocked them.

"What wouldst thou, my daughter?" she said, and the melody of the whispering wave was in her voice.

"He loves me not," sighed the little maid. "Beside his flocks this morning, did he flout me, saying that my face was not fair, and in the vale of Ida were many maids who loved him. Woe

is me! Sweet Goddess, canst thou not make me pleasing to his eyes, lest I shall die of very love and shame? See, I have brought these lilies and a lute my brother wrought of the river weed but yesterday." And the tears fell on her clasped hands.

"Tends he his flocks upon the hills of Ida? Once knew I such a shepherd, but Argive Helen hath twined him in her hair these many days," said Venus, and she laughed—a little laugh, and low. "Yet, because of that first shepherd whom I loved, I will be kind. See," she whispered, "thy gift has grace!" and smiled above the lilies and was gone.

And she came to Cupid, where he walked in the purple woods seeking the lost Psyche, and the twining leaves above them bent to hear the tale; and, as Venus whispered in the ear of Cupid, the young shepherd, stretched on the flowered slopes of Ida, turned and muttered in his sleep.

And at the first break of the white dawn Cupid sought the shepherd where he slept and knelt and pressed his fingers on the folded eyes, and the birds, who heralded the morn, were still and the timid, brown-limbed Dryads crept anear to see a miracle. And thrice Cupid pressed the shepherd's eyes and whispered in his ear.

The low wind breathed its tuneless melody through the shrine of Venus. The trampled lilies and the crimson-hearted roses gave up their souls in perfume. Outside the doves cooed to the rising moon. And two knelt together at the shrine, but their hands were clasped and the curls of their hair mingled. And the youth spoke, stretching his strong arm toward the altar.

"Oh, Goddess, for this great gift of love, I thank thee, and for this fairest of earth's women thou hast granted me."

And Venus smiled. "That thou hast made me fair," whispered the little maid, "Oh, Venus, thou hast made me fair, for fair I must be, lest why on a sudden should his love encircle me like a great wave. See, to my death day will I bring thee offerings."

And in a dim corner, hedged in by moon rays, stood Cupid, for never is he over-far from Venus' side; and as he listened, he laughed, and the tenderness of the world was in his laugh. And Venus lifted her eyes and in each was hidden a smile even as a sun ray hides in the heart of a purple flower, and her finger, for a moment, rested on her lips. "Oh, Love," she whispered, "Wouldst laugh at thine own handiwork?"

Theodosia Garrison

OLD CATBIRD

Old catbird in the bush out there
  Is raisin' fuss galore,
He's crakin' songs the mock-bird sang
  In balmy days of yore.

But pshaw! he thinks he's foolin' folks.
  Now, he ain't foolin' me;
There's no white feather in his wing,
  As any eye can see.

He thinks he'll make me get up now
  From dozin' in the shade,
And follow him a mile or two
  Just for the fuss he's made.

But, hello, now, that song of his
  Does seem to round off sweet,
Just like the mock-bird's nesting song,
  With semi-quivers neat.

I guess I'll go an' peek around
  A little, while he sings,
To see, for sure, if he has got
  White feathers in his wings.

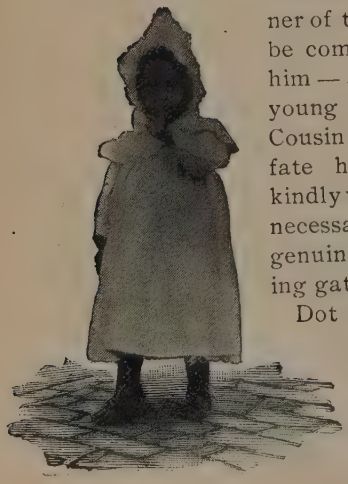
Charles Sloan Reid

LITTLE DOT'S THANKSGIVING

DOT'S mamma was deeply engrossed in preparations for Thanksgiving. The pantry shelves were loaded with rows of pies—golden pumpkin and savory mince and flaky-crusted apple—and the big stone jar behind the pantry door was filled with fat doughnuts, while a suggestion of raisins and apples and oranges and nuts lingered in the air. On the morrow the great turkey would be solemnly inspected and carefully placed in the ice-chest to await the time for cooking. The kitchen was a place of delightful smells and busy industry.

It was to be what we old folks sometimes dream of—on cold winter evenings, when the wind whistles sharply about the house, and half-forgotten faces greet us in the fitful glow of the embers on the hearth—a "genuine old-fashioned Thanksgiving."

There were to be several guests. Grandma Spencer—the dear old lady who called Dot her "little sunbeam"—was coming all alone from a distant state to spend Thanksgiving with "John's folks." And Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary and the children—not forgetting of course the tiniest one, whom Dot had not yet seen. And the minister — what dinner of the kind would be complete without him — and his sweet young wife. And Cousin Emma, whom fate had not dealt kindly with—another necessary guest at a genuine Thanksgiving gathering.



Dot was watching the preparations with the greatest interest, and imbibing somewhat of the generous spirit of the day held sacred by her Pilgrim forefathers. At last she wandered from the kitchen and sought out Tom—who was cleaning the woodwork in the hall, where sundry tiny hands had left their impress.

"Tom," asked Dot, tentatively, "do you know any little colored children who won't have a Thanksgiving dinner—a *real* Thanksgiving dinner, I mean—with lots of turkey?"

"Yes, Missy," answered Tom, gravely, "I know a lot of little pickaninnies who never tasted turkey."

Dot's blue eyes grew wistfully sympathetic. "I think," she said, slowly, "I'll give a party—a Thanksgiving party—and ask them all to come. Do you think they'd come, Tom?"

"Yes, Missy, they'd all come, sure enough," laughed Tom.

Then Dot danced away to consult her mamma, and greatly astonished that good woman when she outlined the details of her plan. When Dot had been snugly tucked in her little bed that night—tightly hugging her most cherished doll—a council of two was held in the seclusion of the library. Dot's papa listened silently to the little story that Dot's mamma had to tell, and at its close the smoke from his cigar had somehow got into his eyes and made them misty.

"Then you think," said Dot's mamma, a little later, "that she can have her party as she wishes?"

"If she fills the house from cellar to garret, and banishes the rest of us to the hotel," replied Dot's papa with great emphasis.

So the party was arranged, and Dot's cares for the next few days were as those of a nation, and her little feet grew very weary, while each night when she had been put to bed fresh problems would arise that must be solved before she could go to sleep.

Then Thanksgiving day dawned bright and clear, and the church bells rang out merrily on the frosty air. Towards noon Dot's guests began to gather. First, little Tim came slowly swinging through the gate on his tiny crutches. Poor little waif—Thanksgiving to him was but an empty word, but the vision of turkey and oranges and cakes and candy and warmth and brightness and merry games at the big white house had filled his starved little soul with gladness, and the pain that came in the darkness and cruelly racked his slight form was for the time forgotten. Then the washerwoman's twins came—tightly holding each other's hands, their round eyes sparkling and their ebon countenances wreathed in gleeful giggles of anticipation.

In little groups of two and three they came, from their lowly homes in the narrow streets along the river front: many of them ragged—most of them hungry—all of them clean and happy and laughing, till a full score of the guests had gathered.

And when they were seated round the wonderful table—that seemed to them like a dream come true—what a glorious feast they had. And Dot, hovering about, a zealous hostess, was as happy as her guests.

Just as little Tim had leaned back in his chair and in an awestruck voice announced that he could eat no more—a state at which he had never before arrived—the door opened softly, and Dot's papa and mamma and Grandma Spencer and the minister and all the rest looked in on the motley group. And the minister, being still young and of a tender heart, and the fire of his enthusiasm still unquenched, picked happy little Dot up bodily in his arms, and raising his eyes toward an unseen Presence, softly whispered: "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

O. S. Borne

"I think," she said, slowly, "I'll give a party—a Thanksgiving party—and ask them all to come. Do you think they'd come, Tom?"

A DUSKY ORPHEUS

IT was county court day in one of Virginia's counties, and every broken rail was a hitching post. Beneath an open shed by the fig-trees, an enterprising native was serving out strong coffee to be sipped from weak tin teaspoons, and spreading good oysters on poor china

From behind the Soldiers' Monument came a dog. Some very affectionate comrade had chewed off his left ear—which was not right. A cynical droop of his mouth to one side showed a white tooth or too, worn, but still useful as a fleeing cur was loudly proclaiming. But the victor was not uttering a sound. Only—his eyes were looking into each other with a sparkle of cross-eyed enjoyment.

"You, Ben Butler, whar is you takin' me? To New Orleans?" These words, spoken with the mellow laugh of a southern Ethiopian, called attention to a rope about Ben Butler's neck, which had not seemed to inconvenience that statesman, however, in his recent little "scrap," and the eye, travelling up the hemp, rested at length upon a ragged negro, to whom the dog was all the eyes he had. A stovepipe hat, which had lost its brim, was on his head. His rough blue coat and trousers, once the uniform of Uncle Sam, were faded, but his calico shirt was clean. His coarse boots were white with dust. One slender brown hand held the end of Ben Butler's cord, while the other grasped the neck of a rude bag. But the ever silent dog only wagged his stump of a tail and moved slowly across the green until he had led his master to the jail door, where he stopped, at which the courtyard idlers set up a loud laugh as they crowded around the stranger. What was his name? Where had he come from? Where was he going? What was his business?

The old negro pulled off his hat and dropped it on the step—"What's my name? I dunno. Dey calls me Orpheus. I'se come from Miss Sally's. I speck I'se gwine to de po'house. An' I ain't got no bus'ness. I jes' plays." A kind of suppressed light shone in his sightless eyeballs, as he lifted them toward the sun; and, plunging his hand into the bag, he drew forth a sorry-looking fiddle and its bow. The violin leapt to his chin and the bow hung suspended above it for a second, then dropped on the strings as gently as the wind on the corn-blades rustling their applause in anticipation from the neighboring field. And then arose upon the still autumn air, hushing even politics, stilling the dinner table, floating through court-house and jail, up till the trees themselves heard and understood, a thrill of blending chords, which swelled into the plaintive melody of "The Old Folks at Home." And the dog, nestling against his master's leg, kissed it with that grim mouth. And the horses whinneyed softly. And the little canary across the road strove in a frenzy of song to echo each strain, while the crowd gathered more closely about the poor old negro, as he wound variations—which sang of the field and the sky and the stream—about the great melody, moving on as majestically as the silver river in the distance. And the jingle of coin in that hat told that hearts had been touched by this untutored music. And the poor little negro boy inside the barred jail-window was sobbing: "Mammy! O, Mammy, whyn't I at home wid you an' de res' now?" And the commonwealth's attorney cried aloud with kind profanity to the judge, notwithstanding it was a dry county and drink for a gentleman was hard to get: "Your Honor,——if he shan't have a dram out of my jug even though he is a nigger!"

Frank E. Anderson

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

GIVING THANKS

EVEN though one may echo the Pharisee in so doing, there is indescribable human content to be derived from giving thanks that one is not as others are, especially when those others are in a deplorable condition.

This is not altogether a noble sentiment, but like many distinctly human characteristics, it can be argued both ways. If a man is in trouble, an almost infallible remedy for his lowered spirits is to walk abroad, observe and consider the even worse condition of the majority, thus being reminded of his comparative joys, and inducing gratitude and content within him thereby.

On the other hand nothing is so weakening to the growing powers as self-satisfaction, and that is probably why the great Wisdom leaves us all so much to be desired.

This may hint of a nice distinction, not worth considering, but experience insists that the difference is important. The one spirit in which thanks are returned savors of vain glory, the other of humble gratitude and surprise at being singled out for what would seem to be especial favor. A woman may know that she is beautiful, and still not be vain, for vanity exceeds a reasonable acceptance of a fact; it puffeth up the owner to the unprofitable point of bursting. Just so a man may give thanks for his benefits without touching upon the field of the Pharisee, as a man may rejoice that he has not the plague without sending his neighbor in some plague germs.

However, true gratitude which vaunteth not its own is infrequent. The finest gratitude to be attained by observing the yoke of misery carried by the multitudes, is that which in revealing our own good fortune, at the same time opens our hearts to the misfortunes of others.

In nearly every man's life there comes a day when he is so grateful for some supreme blessing that in walking along the streets he overflows with a desire to make others equally happy. That is the one great Thanksgiving Day of his life. Exactly as a lover at the height of his bliss has a surplus of love to bestow upon the entire world, the truly grateful man returns both general and personal thanks. But the thanks of the Pharisee is the everyday kind, bitten by that worldly frost, which, in withering man's wings, sets him lower than the angels.

When we all begin to return thanks in the plural, rather than in the singular, man will have adorned himself with a feather from Paradise.

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THEATRICAL DOMESTICITY

FEW people outside of the profession have any actual acquaintance with what may be called the

domestic side of theatrical life. By that expression is meant the existence of theatrical people when off the stage. The traditions of the early English stage, relative to the mind and morals of actors, cling to the average intelligence like barnacles, irrespective of facts. If any actor or actress lived the life reputed to the entire profession, few of them would last beyond early youth. The amount of food and drink taken, suppositiously, by an actor during one month of his existence, would cause gastronomic havoc to the entire profession in the same length of time, were it distributed among all the members. Then, too, the excitement of theatrical life is exaggerated immoderately by onlookers. There is a prevailing idea that an actor lives in a perpetual state of footlight intoxication, stimulated into a fictitious exaltation by constant applause, whereas, in truth, the major portion of his time is occupied with a prosaic drudgery, only equalled by the treadmill of the laboring classes. Let any amateur recall the hard work, constant annoyance and bodily fatigue of an occasional turn at private theatricals, then multiply that experience by every day, and an actor's story is told in unvarnished colors.

The late Fanny Davenport's life was a fair example of domestic stage living. Her special dissipation was books, which she devoured ravenously during her idle hours. While traveling, she saw as few people as possible, outside of her professional relations; she ate and drank much less than any member of her audience, and, on the whole, was an excellent example of wifely devotion. Among theatrical men and women there are, as in all other walks of life, white and black sheep, but, taken as a class, there are no lives so entirely misunderstood as theirs, for the reason that, owing to the personal publicity of their profession, much is made of their shortcomings, and nothing of their many virtues. At one time the premier danseuse of the New York Opera Company was a retiring, modest little French woman, who lived with her husband in an uptown flat, amid all the bourgeois domesticity of a provincial house-wife, but few people would have believed this to be a fact, had they been told.

Mr. Franklin Sargent, whose work has conduced greatly to the elevation of the American stage, once pronounced the primary stage requisites to be "Industry, temperament and brains—but industry first and last."

Theatrical people have their joys and woes, loves and hates, virtues and sins, like all the rest of the world, no more, no less, except in so far as the nervous temperament is more readily moved to human friction and to human generosity than less emotional natures.

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THE GRASSHOPPER'S REFORMATION

THE grasshopper passed the entire summer in singing. Winter came, and he was hungry, so he begged of the ant a morsel of food. The industrious ant asked: "What have you been doing all summer?" "I sang night and day," said the grasshopper.

"You sang!" exclaimed the ant. "Ah! Very well then! *Dance now.*"

Perhaps the prudent ant in this fable was wiser than kind, but he displayed the logic of the born disciplinarian, whose importance in life is indisputable. If the merry grasshopper had himself disciplined his frivolous inclinations, he need not have besought his provident neighbor for bread and received a stone. The apparently unsympathetic ant touched the grasshopper's pride by the caustic advice to take the consequences of his own

act cheerfully, as no gift of provender accompanied by a doctrinal sermon would have done. A few words well chosen go farther than a prosy volume, and bread given the lazy beggar is like making hay in the rain. There is no better time for singing than during the sunny summer days, and if the grasshopper had meditated while he sang, his thoughts might have turned to bread when winter came, but evidently our misguided acquaintance was thoughtless in his tunes, and without due respect for the morrow. A sermon delivered upon idle ways would only have irritated him, without awakening a glimmer of self-knowledge, whereas the edge of that "dance now" cut straight through his armor of indifference. It is to be hoped he never spent another summer so unwisely.

I like to think, that with one prolonged, surprised stare at the ant, he jumped away with brave energy, danced awhile in open sight of the disciplinarian, then under some autumn leaves busied himself in canvassing ways and means. From that moment he began to look about in the recesses of his own nature where both men and grasshoppers find their best strength, it being once recognized in pursuance of Socrates' teachings. After beholding himself a parasite, feeding upon his neighbors, the word beggar crept in and out of his brain, hovering about that phrase "dance now." Soon there followed a healthy scorn of himself. Was he not better equipped both in looks and brains than the ant? He might sing and dance as much as he pleased, but at the same time he would show the ant that he could catch flies with anybody. So began the grasshopper's self-discipline. He who is self-taught is his own master. The grasshopper had never seen himself until that moment when the ant spoke.

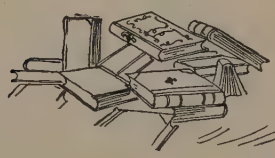
If men would take a month out of every year in which to turn inside out the real man hidden within, become intimately acquainted with him, then proceed to discipline him, they need not accept unwelcome advice from their neighbors. The tree of discipline takes strongest root at home.

GILBERT PARKER'S HEROINES

WHEN we look up at a starry sky and see there among the myriads of bright dots one prominent, glowing, singularly beautiful star, we not only echo the childish verse, and "wonder what you are," but our maturer minds also aspire to probe to the heart of what is so delightfully extraordinary, hoping, perhaps, to steal a ray of light. Just so one feels about Gilbert Parker's power as a fictionist, and particularly as regards his making of heroines now in the time of his ripened talents.

What has Mr. Parker that other writers have not, lending him the touch that makes a woman real on paper? His Alixe may not be more graceful, more winsome, more dual-natured than other people's fictitious women, but she is certainly more truthfully feminine than any other contemporaneous heroine of my acquaintance. Her faults, her virtues and her ways are neither inhumanly good nor inhumanly bad. The deserted wife and mother, in "The Battle of the Strong," is of a nobler type, broader and deeper than Alixe, but even the broad strokes with which she is shaped are not in humanly large. Mr. Parker tells so much about women that only women themselves are supposed to know, that we suspect the author of possessing those component elements of genius—a woman's intuition and a man's grasp, reversing the order of George Eliot's gifts.

A Glance at New Books



Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"NO. 5 JOHN STREET"

IN "No. 5 John Street" we have essentially a book of contrasts; a book wherein the lights are dazzlingly brilliant, and the shadows very dark and gruesome. The method of treating a subject so much discussed, over which the world's philanthropists seem to labor in vain, is unique and interesting. Mr. Richard Whiteing shows us the two extremes of London life, not in panoramic glimpses which quickly pass, leaving a vague, fleeting impression, but strong, living pictures, filled with either misery, or the luxurious ease which great wealth can bring. He gives us long views of John Street people, seeming to blend, for the time, his life with theirs, awaking our sympathy, arousing our too apathetic minds to a sense of our indifference, and gently forcing upon us the recognition of sterling qualities which a rough exterior too often conceals. The brightest scenes of London fashionable life are brilliantly painted, with exquisite detail and elaborate display—the useless lives of its devotees, with a satirical emphasis on their philanthropic fads—the two points of view which we have of the world are almost perfect. The tone of conviction which Mr. Whiteing has imparted to the shadowy side is very impressive. And the tragedies of John Street which are of most daily occurence, speak volumes in themselves. It is a dominant book, throbbing with the life of the city in its two extremes. Century Co.

"THAT FORTUNE"

ALMOST anything of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is readable and always welcome; we are sure to read something which has no trace of hurry about it, a subject leisurely and well thought out. "That Fortune" is like a pleasure sail on a long shining river, where all around us we can catch some half hidden beauty. The story is one of a trilogy, and incidentally shows how the toppling of one fortune builds to sudden dizzy heights that of some one else. Wealth versus brains is a dominant feature of the book, and, much to our satisfaction, brains are triumphant. The vulgarity of mere

riches without any true sense of refinement, as compared with the simplicity and genuineness of life of the educated, if somewhat worldly people, is strongly emphasized, though in a perfectly natural and easy way. It is a delightful story, full of that quiet humor which is such a prominent characteristic of the writer. Harper Bros.

"THE GREATER INCLINATION"

THERE is always pleasure in reading anything which is well written, quite regardless often of the subject involved, in which are well-turned phrases, artistic finish, beautiful language, and a brilliant repartee; this in itself would redeem a book from stupidity. All this Miss Edith Wharten has accomplished in "The Greater Inclination," but that sketches of this sort can be of any great interest is doubtful. She is an artist in portraying mental attitudes, but they are nothing but poses, after all, with a suggestion here and there which half reveals, and only half conceals, some great movement or event. We are constantly on the lookout for something which does not happen, and we wish it would. It seems a waste of energy for a writer with such a wealth of talent and prodigality of idea to put out a book like this, mere sketches, which are so limited and, but for Miss Wharten, commonplace. Scribners.

"MARY CAMERON"

A NEW way of treating the "old, old subject," is enough in itself to insure success to any book, and we cannot but admire a successful attempt. First of all comes the selection of characters and the subsequent development of the humaneness in them, their emotions and everyday life. Aside from the almost poetic beauty of Miss Edith Sawyer's description of the sea and coast in "Mary Cameron," there is a wonderful naturalness about her men and women which instantly charms us, and our sympathy leaps up in immediate response to the womanly girl whose purity, sincerity and loving tenderness to the old father is touching in the extreme, and rare enough in these prosaic days; it revives our faith, restores our confidence in the higher ideals—we feel like trying to resurrect our old standards, moving along regardless of cynics. What is the world without standards, anyway? This book raises a multitude of thoughts and half-obscured ideas, and strengthens our belief in the true and good. It is most essentially wholesome, and what is a relief nowadays, does not depend upon glaring contrasts —for its effects, what there are, seem more like the varying tones of the same color, like the greens of a landscape in mid-summer. The greatest contrast is between the society girl and the heroine from Fisherman's Island—and that is not offensively strong. The dashes of local color add a touch of naturalism which will be enjoyed by Bostonians especially, and completes an altogether charming book. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.

"IN CASTLE AND COLONY"

IT is encouraging to note an increase from year to year of American writers who seem to find enough of interest in their country around which to weave their thread of romance, and to select some familiar location for thrilling incidents, of which there were, in fact, many. The struggle of the Swedes against their formidable and victorious rivals, the Dutchmen, is the selection made by Edith Rainer in her recent book, "In Castle and Colony." The greatest fault is that she has

tried to cover too much in one story, and has overstrained the situation and incidents. The book is melodramatic, and sometimes tedious, but is not without some very good points. Her hero is a little too much like a model, but the story, taken altogether, is fairly good. Stone, Chicago.

"BLACK ROCK"

FEWER efforts of men are more appreciated, and receive less assistance and sympathy, than those of the unselfish pioneers in missionary work, regardless of locality; their reward in this world is apt to be a cynical criticism, arising not only from lack of interest or belief, but also from ignorance. The tact and common sense required, the leveling of one's individualities, and all social life are things too often ignored; taking everything into consideration, it requires not a little enthusiasm to write a book like "Black Rock." It is the story of the struggles, victories and defeats of an earnest missionary among miners in the wilds of Canada, his devotion and love for and watchfulness over his fellow men, miners and loggers though they were. There is a lofty spirit through the book, and Ralph Conner has told the stories in a manly style. The book is suited especially for Sunday school libraries, where, as an incentive for Christian endeavor, it will be valuable. Fleming H. Revell Company.

"DRIVES AND PUTS"

FOR golfers' almost exclusive interest is the book, "Drives and Puts," written by Walter Camp, in collaboration with Lillian Brook. They are stories teeming with technicalities and the spirit of the game, and to any one familiar with golf they will be exciting little sketches of match games, in which the feminine element is introduced, giving charming bits of color. The stories are sparkling and not offensively sporty; the human nature in them being particularly well brought out. Every golf enthusiast will read this book with interest and appreciation. But it will appeal to few others. L. C. Page & Co.

"TALES OF THE MALAYAN COAST"

"TALES of the Malayan Coast" is a collection of stories which will easily compare in interest with any tales recently told concerning those remote lands. They are based on the experience of Mr. Rounsvelle Wildman, who for nine years lived among the people as representative of the United States government, and became unusually familiar with their customs and mode of living. The stories are bright, seldom overdone or exaggerated, but are true and often exciting descriptions of common occurrences in this tropical land of tigers and Dyaks, between whom, form seems to be the greatest difference. We grow quite familiar with Singapore, Sarawak and the outlying districts, while the perfect descriptions of bungalow life, the touching love tales of native women, and the crowning of a sultan form a variety of subjects, through which, however, there seems to run a connecting thread. Mr. Wildman's vocabulary is somewhat limited, which causes a too frequent repetition, but the felicitous way he has of telling things, the lack of conspicuous egotism, make these tales of more than passing interest, besides appealing strongly to that love of adventure which seems to be latent in us all. The book is issued by The Lothrop Publishing Company.

"HENRY WORTHINGTON, IDEALIST"

McMILLAN & CO. have just published a story on the moral significance of money, by Mrs. Margaret Sherwood, which will undoubtedly create a good deal of discussion among thinking people, in a quiet way. Ever since Charles Dudley Warner's "Little Journey in the World" made its appearance, with the gentle note of warning against making a god of mammon, this subject has been constantly brought before the reading public.

"Henry Worthington, Idealist," is a novel with a purpose; but the moral does not obscure or spoil the story. A young college professor, full of ambition and desire to help make the world better, becomes a sociologist through certain circumstances. His conscience rebels at receiving a large endowment for his college from a man whose enormous wealth has been gained by means legally fair enough, but morally dishonest. The rich man's daughter, also possessed of a sensitive conscience, leaves her father's home to investigate how his employees live—to actually share their life and see the world from their standpoint.

Worthington, engaged in like investigation, meets her: and they fall in love. Mrs. Sherwood does not sacrifice romance to the industrial question she is discussing, and the story as a story is not in the least labored. There are many bits of bright repartee, and pretty scenes. Her problem, and its plea for more business morality in this busy, material world, are feelingly—often eloquently presented; and although she does not give us any specific antidote for the evil of gilded wrong-doing in an industrial sense, "the might of the right" triumphs in the happiness of the two lovers. It is an exceedingly interesting book on one of the vital issues of modern life.

"DEFICIENT SAINTS"

"DEFICIENT SAINTS," by Marshal Saunders, is a Maine novel. In a picturesque seacoast town, where live the odd and interesting characters of seafaring life, the story has its setting, and it contains a choice amount of proverbial colloqualism, seldom to be had in novels. The village characters are not overdrawn—their life seems lonely and uninteresting. But deeper in the opening an undercurrent of true fiction is evident, and the reader is led with ordinary curiosity along the course until the channel widens and opens up into an intensely interesting drama of everyday life, supported throughout with commonsense religious philosophy. The worthy Puritan mother-in-law, who is too pious to be good, has her eyes opened by a kind, but outspoken cousin. The beauty of spirit and character which is modestly triumphant in each incident, have a flavor and relish to the reader, which few authors achieve. L. C. Page.

"THE DESPATCH BOAT OF THE WHISTLE"

THE recent war will furnish writers with a fertile field for some time to come. Already we have much in that line, some good, some very bad, and some worthless. "The Despatch Boat of the Whistle" may be numbered among the fairly good; the subject, however, has too short a perspective, and it lacks that soft atmosphere which distance alone can give. It is the chronicle of the experience of a newspaper despatch boat in search of facts during the war, and with its touch of bravado will be interesting to the younger readers, who are not too critical as to style or a little crudeness. The facts purport to be, with few exaggerations, from life—and are not too impossible. D. Lothrop & Co.

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar

PRIZE WINNERS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Prize: Miss Jennie Whitney, 16 Loomis Street, Burlington, Vt.

Second Prize: Hyman Askowith, 81 Albion Street, Boston, Mass.

Third Prize: Miss Marietta Matthews, 150 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Mass.

Fourth Prize: Miss Mary Geneva Rathbun, Mystic, Conn.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN SEPTEMBER

Literature

1. Jean Froissart (1337-1410) was the author of "Froissart's Chronicles," which cover events occurring from 1326-1400, and are valuable as showing the manners and characters of the age. A fine manuscript of the "Chronicles" in the library at Breslau was executed in 1468. They have been translated into several modern languages, as well as Latin; England having two translations, which fact shows their great popularity.

2. One of the three famous pulpit orators of Louis XIV. time was Jacques Benigne Bossuet (1627-1704), whose "Orasions Funebres" and historical pamphlets are models of directness and art drawn from literary study of the bible. He was made tutor to the Dauphin, and discharged his duties with such care as to receive the appointment of the bishopric of Meaux. Francois de Salignac Fenelon (1651-1715) at one time tutor to the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV., was another famous pulpit orator of his time. His fame as an educator, both as teacher and author of educational works, is great. Jean Baptiste Massillon (1604-1742,) was a third distinguished pulpit orator.

3. "Telemaque," written by Fenelon, was long a model of style for foreign students of French. He wrote it at a time when he was acting as a tutor to the King's grandsons, the Dukes of Burgundy, Berry and Anjou, for their benefit, and not intending it for publication. Later in his career Fenelon became to a certain extent an upholder of Madame Guyon, the apostle of "Quietism," which together with his book "Maximes of the Saints," led to his falling from royal favor. At this time a servant who had been hired for the purpose, copied the "Telemaque" and sold it to the publishers without giving them the name of the author, but when Louis XIV. learned that Fenelon was the author, he chose to consider the book a satire on his court, and as a consequence Fenelon never regained the royal favor. The "Telemaque" is by far his best work; it relates the adventures of Telemachus while in search of his father Ulysses.

4. C. de Montesquieu (1689-1755): A French historian and critic, who displayed a broader mind than others of his time. He was in a certain sense a reformer, as in the "Spirit of Laws," he calls attention to the superiority of the English constitution, and this had

a great influence in determining the destinies of France, as well as the whole continent; for they have come more and more to adopt the constitutional principles which he advocated.

5. Madame de Sevigne (1626-1696) was a most charming correspondent, and there are some three thousand of her letters. Madam de Sevigne was left a widow with a son and daughter in 1651; in 1654 she went to Paris, where she remained a literary leader for nearly forty years. After the marriage of her daughter in 1669 this famous correspondence really begins, and is filled with court news, town talk, descriptions of the baths at Vichy, etc. The letters continue, interrupted only by occasional visits from Madame de Grignon, until her death. This correspondence with her daughter was especially interesting; in speaking of it to Madame de Grignon she says she gives to her "the top of all the baskets, the flowers of her wit, head, eyes, pen, style; and the rest get on as they can."

Art

1. A church at Bruges, Belgium, contains a much prized, life-size statue of the Madonna, sculptured by Michael Angelo.

2. David Teniers, the younger, married for his first wife, in 1637, a daughter of Jan Brueghel (called velvet Brueghel). The lady was a ward of Rubens, of whom Teniers was a great admirer, and it is stated a pupil, and in this way Teniers met her. Rubens was one of the witnesses at the marriage ceremony.

3. The Fedora, or Fodor Museum is situated on the Keizersgracht in Amsterdam, and was founded by a wealthy merchant named Fodor, who died in 1860. It contains a valuable collection of ancient and modern masters, kept in a building erected and maintained with funds left for that purpose by the donor of the museum.

4. The Carlotta Villa on Lake Como, was purchased for Princess Albrecht, of Prussia in 1843, and received its name from her daughter Charlotte, formerly being called Villa Sommariva from its owner. The interior contains a frieze by Thorwaldsen representing the triumph of Alexander, and in the same room is Canova's "Cupid and Psyche."

5. The colossal statue of S. Carrlo Borromeo, designed by Crespi and modelled by Cerano, was erected on the shore of Lake Maggiore in 1697 by the members of the Borromeo family. It is sixty-six feet high, on a pedestal forty feet high; the head, neck and feet are of bronze, the rest of copper. Carlo Borromeo (1537-1585) was the second son of Count Borromeo, one of the noble families of Lombardy. He was dedicated to the church from his infancy, and when only twenty-three his uncle, Pope Pius IV., created him Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. On the death of his elder brother he inherited vast estates, but used their revenues, as well as those of his diocese, in charitable works, himself subsisting on bread and water and sleeping upon straw. His travels as a missionary extended through all parts of his bishopric, and in the time of the plague at Milan (1575) he showed great devotion to his people, selling a valuable property of Oria for 40,000 crowns to aid them; in spite of his constant exposure to the disease in caring for the sick, he was not one of its victims. He was canonized by Paul V. in 1610, and is still known throughout his former diocese as "The Good Saint."

General

1. In 1806, the tailors established the first labor organization in the United States, in the present form of a trades-union.

2. The society of Cincinnati is an association founded by the officers of

the American Revolution after the peace of 1783 was declared. It was established to commemorate the success of the Revolution, and to perpetuate feelings of patriotism and brotherly love, and was organized at the headquarters of Baron Steuben in New York on the Hudson, being made up of the general officers in camp and delegates from the different lines, with the Baron presiding. The original draft for the constitution was made by General Knox. Badges uniting the colors of blue and white and the eagle were adopted; a fund was established for relieving the needy members; several French officers were made honorary members for life. George Washington was elected president-general in 1787 and re-elected triennially as long as he lived; Hamilton and Pinckney were his successors. When Lafayette visited this country in 1824-25 he was the last surviving major. Robert Burnett, who died in 1854, was the last survivor of the original association.

3. A son was born to William White and his wife on board the Mayflower, after it was in New England waters, and while the colonists were in search of a landing-place. They named him Peregrine, as they facetiously said "he was the last of the Pilgrims."

4. Salary originally meant salt money, being money given to the Roman soldiers for salt, and part of their pay.

5. The first suggestion of a savings-bank was made by Defoe in 1697, and the first to be established was that of Berne, Switzerland in 1787.

Jennie Whitney.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

Literature

1. What great English poet was the third son of a clergyman in a small town, and what is the character of his literary work?

2. What were the most important facts in the life of Shakespeare?

3. Which of Lord Macaulay's Essays is the most famous?

4 Milton's elegy "Lycidas" was written under what circumstances?

5. Which one of our great writers graduated from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in the same class with Longfellow? What was his first literary work, and how was it received?

Art

1. What was Titian's method of work?

2. What, and where are the two noblest equestrian statues of the world? (Both in Italy.)

3. Who was Holman Hunt, and what one of his pictures is most familiar to us in engraving?

4. Who was Millais, and what is the story of his work on a bit of wall, in a painting we are quite familiar with in engraving?

5. Where did Sir Frederick Leighton study, and what great picture made him famous at twenty-five years? Who at once bought it?

General

1. Who is Mrs. Wetter?

2. What is called the "Swiss Thermopylae" and what commemorates it at Basle?

3. What were the "Child Pilgrimages" and "Crusades?"

4. Why do we speak of "palmy days?"

5. What was the origin of "caucus," and where was the first one held?

PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

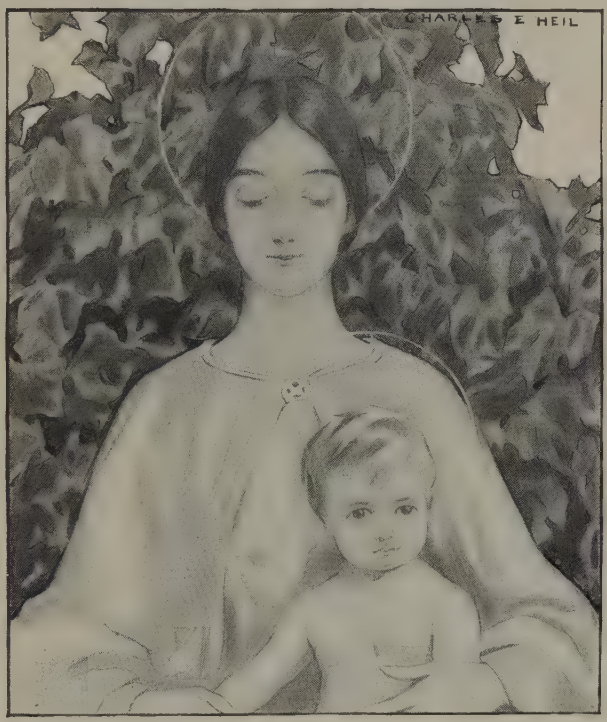
First Prize: "Who's Who in America," a book of reference.

Second Prize: "So Runs The World," by Sienkiewicz.

Third Prize: "The Fall of Santiago," by Vivian.

Fourth Prize: "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

GLORY · TO · GOD
IN · THE · HIGHEST



AND · ON · EARTH
PEACE · GOODWILL
TOWARD · MEN

Drawn by Charles E. Heil

Drawn by Walter L. Greene

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung:
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
. . . . . .
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe."

Sir Walter Scott

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XI. DECEMBER, 1899 No. 3

A DAY WITH THE AUTHOR OF "RICHARD CARVEL"

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

CALCULATIONS for making early trains often go awry. Shortly after sunrise on a regal autumn morning, I stood on Beacon Street boulevard, waiting for a car. I was to catch a train that left in sixteen minutes, when the scheduled time to the station was twenty minutes—and no car in sight. I paced the greensward 'twixt the tracks.

There was no revel in poetic rhapsodies of regal autumn—I looked up the deserted track — and still no car in sight, and the trolley wires were buzzless as a beeless hive.

Down the boulevard came a smart rubber-tired rig—the driver muffled to his ears—and a mouse-colored horse that was going like the wind. I hailed him with a lusty "Ho, there!" and he managed to bring up to a full stop a short distance beyond me.

"I must get to the Boston & Maine station in sixteen minutes!"

"Gad's life, I'm not running a stage."

"I must catch that train!"

"What for?"

"Going to see Winston Churchill, author of 'Richard— "

"Gadzooks! get in here quick. I've been up several nights with that book, and 'sdeath! I couldn't—Go along there, Bess!—Egad, I don't read a book often—Steady, girl!—we are on a hot chase!—that book could be read—Say, do you recall Chartersea's dive into the Serpentine?—I love a horse—and Carvel was a lad after my own—'Sblood, so you are going to see him? Gad's life—come Bess—"

On we dashed up Beacon Hill, and with a sharp turn down Bullfinch street, through the crooks and turns of historic thoroughfares, with no regard to the warning wave of the suddenly startled Boston policeman.

"Now chase your train," said my new Carvel comrade, throwing the bag after me. "You've only thirty seconds, and—"

The rest was lost as I saw him, whip in hand, standing over, the reeking, panting horse, determined to make sure that I was off on my pilgrimage.

A six-hour railroad ride from Boston through the gorgeous autumnal splendor of the hills of New Hampshire, brought me to Windsor, Vermont. Then across a hooded toll-bridge, over the placid Connecticut river, and along picturesque highways, I enjoyed a delightsome drive to "New York"—a community of authors, artists and millionaires. Turning

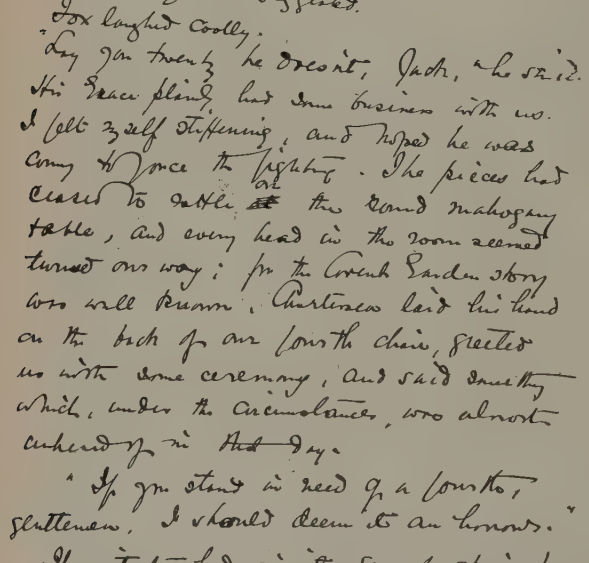
across a solid stone-arched bridge, past a picturesque grist-mill, we were upon the road leading to the house of Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel." There was something fascinating in the beautiful stretch of landscape, and the trees, shrubs and velvety sward somehow suggested an old-time colonial estate.

By the main road on the crest of the hill are the stables and the old farmhouse where the author and his family spent the last summer. Up a winding roadway, near the high banks of the Connecticut, towered a long, two-story, colonial house, with imposing white pillars and French windows, in a grove of rugged oaks. The picture had a stately Carvel dignity about it. Six months before this site was an unbroken forest, and now it seemed crowned with the settled solidity of a century.

In the building of this house there was an incarnation of the impressive ideals embodied in "Richard Carvel." On approaching the house, which is built of old colonial brick, giving the massive walls an appearance of age, there is a feeling of appropriateness that the author of "Richard Carvel" should dwell therein.

With the grace and dignity of his great characterization, Winston Churchill welcomed me to his new home. He appeared a fashionably attired young man of twenty-eight, displaying a most fastidious taste in every detail of his costume, combined with the courtly grace and dignity of colonial times. A typical college man, smooth-shaven with heavy black eyebrows that join above dancing and gentle brown eyes; with a manner that inspires good nature and good cheer, and a suggestion of a thorough course in athletics; there you have the author of "Richard Carvel." A solid, rugged type of genuine American manhood, with that love of dash and spirit which means "go!" in our national life.

A PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "RICHARD CARVEL"



market," my friend suggested.

Fox laughed coolly.

"Say ye twenty he doesn't, Jack," he said. His peace pleased him, and he was easy to force the fighting. The pieces had ceased to rattle on the round mahogany table, and every head in the room seemed turned our way; for the French Garden story was well known. Charteris laid his hand on the back of our fourth chair, greeted us with some ceremony, and said something which, under the circumstances, was almost unbearable in that day.

"If you stand in need of a fourth, gentlemen, I should deem it an honour."

The situation had in it enough spice for all of us. We welcomed him with alacrity. The cards were cut, and it fell to his grace to deal, which he did very prettily, despite his heavy hands. He drew Charles Fox, and they won steadily.

Because the home expresses so much of the man, current interest now centres about the mansion with its great hewn rafters, the wainscoting of oak, the half-circle court with a sun dial in front of the house. The court is fringed with a massive low stone wall. And here comes the practical again. The plumbing, bath rooms and private water supply, obtained from a spring, the fire protection—all this indicates a blending of the latest improve-

Winston Churchill

ments with the picturesqueness of earlier days.

We retired to the library, in the west wing overlooking the river, containing galleries leading to bookshelves overhead, similar to Sir Walter Scott's house at Abbotsford. Sitting before the blaze in the fireplace we sipped black coffee and smoked, and then it was evident that the prevailing passion of Winston Churchill is his home.

"No sir, I have no patience with literary cant. Writing, it appears to me, is a business, and a direct means to a direct end. If people read, they want to read for their own entertainment or instruction, and not to serve the author's pleasure or hobby. The lawyer prepares his brief to se-

cure a verdict; so must the author. The judgment must be passed from a standpoint entirely apart from that of the author. Yes, I make writing a business." He continued, after a sip of black coffee and a whiff of smoke, "Action and atmosphere, bone and blood are the things I try to put into books."

Every reader of "Richard Carvel" will recall how well-knit the work is done, and the flow of epigram and incident. The verisimilitude is so strong that not a word is uttered by any character that does not seem to fit.

A glance at the books in Mr. Churchill's library indicates the labor his work involves. These are crowded with notes along the margins, and the edges bristle with slips of paper to mark the places. He is saturated not only with the events and history of the period, but its atmosphere and popular spirit and their sequential effect and the smallest detail of costume, expression and inflection.

A stroll towards the stables leads past an attractive tennis court. In the centre of what was an old pasture, some distance away, is a little wooden shanty resembling a Dakota "claim shack." In this building was a roll-top desk and typewriter, and the walls are covered with rows of reference books. Here is where Mr. Churchill works and has written the greater part of a new American historical novel —which we may hint covers a more western locality than "Richard Carvel." There are seven boxes which held the seven different drafts made of every chapter, and pinned to each page are the memorandums from which changes are made. It was indeed interesting to note the evolution of the manuscript of "Richard Carvel" from the first draft. Words changed, phrases altered, everything made to fit. Chapters discarded and entirely rewritten, titles shifted, sketches, plots and all data kept with the precision and system of filing legal documents. When one sees all this, the value of work is appreciated. And the final exhibit "X. Y. Z." of the proof sheet with a railroad map on the margins are such as printers welcome when reported— "lost or missing." The interlineations and plodding, painstaking care reveal how and why "Richard Carvel" ranks as high perfected workmanship in modern novel writing.

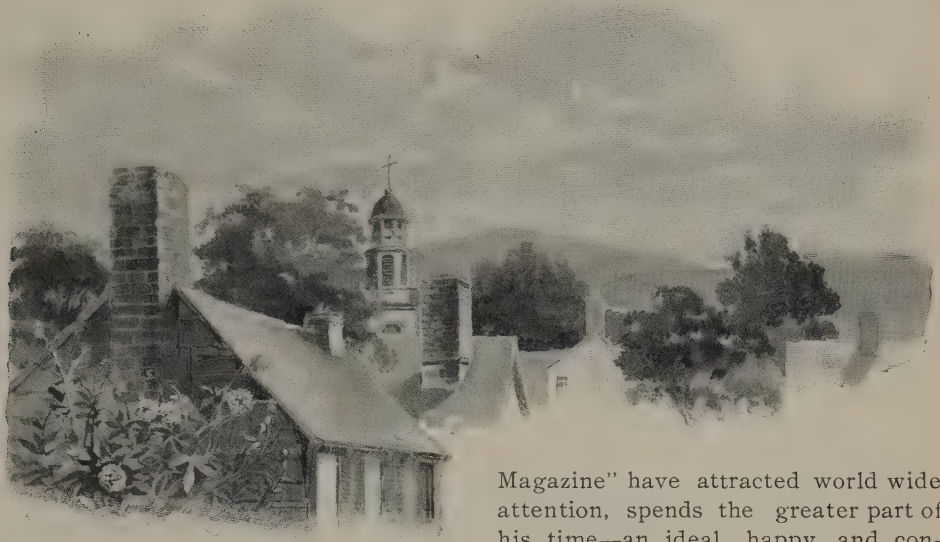
Of course the question any one would ask came to me: "How did you come to write 'Richard Carvel'?"

"History was always a passion with me and I had long had a defined purpose to write a historical novel, and was well along in 'Carvel' before Dr. Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne, Quaker,' appeared in 'The Century.' I presume the historical thought waves begun about the same time."

Mr. Churchill was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and was appointed to the naval academy at Annapolis, where he graduated. After serving several cruises in service, he resigned from the navy to go on the staff of the "Army and Navy Journal." After that he was managing editor of the "Cosmopolitan" for six months.

"My first book? Well, 'The Celebrity' was a sort of an overture, you know—just a first flight, to test my writing strength. I left the manuscript with a friend, and while I was in Europe it was accepted by the MacMillans. The ending was not satisfactory, and I locked myself in a room in Edinburgh to complete it, then sent the manuscript, and continued my tour through Europe with a light heart. The manuscript was lost, and when I returned I re-wrote the entire story.

"The friend with whom I left my manuscript," continued Mr. Churchill,



in a reminiscent manner, "was Dr. Shaw, editor of the 'Review of Reviews.' And it was he who told me of the remarkable way in which you wrote and sold a book in England during your short stay there. It was so that I remembered your name." And it was at once voted that Dr. Shaw is a great inspiration to scores of young authors, and to his credit remains the encouragement that lead to such a novel as "Richard Carvel." There is not more potential influence on American public life and letters than that of the able and scholarly editor of the "Review of Reviews."

A drive through the surrounding country indicated that it was a neighborhood with a genuine neighborliness. At Maxfield Parrish's snug little cottage, perched on a veritable Fairy Knowe, under a majestic oak, we found him placidly painting the Dutch doors of his barn a carmine to match his little red wagon. A studio was also being built, and here the distinguished young artist, whose covers for "Scribner's Magazine" have attracted world wide attention, spends the greater part of his time—an ideal, happy and contented life it is, too.

St. Gaudens, the sculptor, lives near by, and Mr. Shipman, the playwright, belongs to this happy neighborhood; and the evenings with charades, dinners, and the days at games, have a social touch that is, indeed, refreshing after the formalities of city life. Among the other neighbors are Mr. Charles A. Platt, the architect of Mr. Churchill's house, whose work is rapidly becoming famous. His place, with its lofty grove and Italian garden, approaches the ideal of its kind. Mr. Charles C. Beaman, of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, is a near neighbor. Mr. Beaman is an enthusiastic farmer, and the number of his acres has recently increased to thousands. The old home of the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts is at Windsor, where a number of his family still reside. One of the most individual and complete houses in Cornish belongs to Mr. Stephen Parrish, the well known artist and etcher.

Back to the soil, after all! What is there to compare with country life

minus drudgery, plus good neighbors! These broad and sweeping stretches of majestic hills and scenic glory have a subtle but powerful influence on author and artist in widening the breadth of vision not attainable in the surroundings of city life.

"Thackery's influence on American literature will endure," continued Mr. Churchill, enthusiastically, "and his success in handling historical subjects was the stroke of a master hand. Yes, Paul Jones was always one of my great 'boyhood' heroes, and I presume that had something to do with my going to Annapolis, which in its famous old mansions with walls four feet thick, always seem to tell the stories of past days to me."

Mr. Churchill loves his work, impelled by motives of genuine sincerity. With a comfortable competence, a life of ease has no attraction for him; his gospel is work, and his purposes and ideals are ennobling.

The private mail bag when it arrives at Mr. Churchill's home is a condensed curiosity shop. There are queries as to who sells "Richard Carvel" in India, and accounts of the babies named after him by admirers. There is almost every sort of a request that could be imagined.

At different times I found myself addressing him as "Mr. Carvel," and he was always careful to correct me, modestly affirming that he could not take to himself the honor. "I was Carvel's secretary," he replied, smiling.

* * *

In the fading glow of the back-log, he talked with the strong vigor of hunt and chase. There was never a minor or unpleasant note—none of the exotic pessimism which clouds and benumbs. In the flickering shadows I fancied we were back again living in those times which bring to us visions of stately grace and chivalry. We can live over the best of those days, as time has kindly hidden the dross—leaving only their purest and best, which usually survive in the chronicles of history. When I left the hospitable roof, I felt I had been under the spell of those rare old days, and in the author of "Richard Carvel" there was an emphasis of the true knighthood of genuineness, in which several generations, dating from sturdy Puritan stock blended with the spirit of the Southern Cavalier.

The first photograph taken of Mr. Churchill's new home, "Harlakenden House," after the first snowstorm in November, 1899

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RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

Paraphrased, for the Most Part, from the Literal Version of Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell

By Charles Perez Murphy

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

OF all the great writers of the Far East, two only can be said to have achieved world-wide popularity. One is Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia, while the other is known by his works alone, for his name is hopelessly lost. I refer, of course, to the unknown author of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Among the Oriental poets, therefore, Omar Khayyám occupies a position that is positively unique; for, while the writings of Sadi, Hafiz, Firdusi and a few others are known to students of general literature, their verses are but little read, and very rarely quoted.

It was in 1859—just forty years ago—that FitzGerald's now celebrated paraphrase of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám made its first appearance in England. It was published anonymously, and is described by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the well-known London publisher, as a "little, insignificant-looking, brown-paper-covered pamphlet." This first edition included only seventy-five quatrains, and of the "little, brown-paper-covered pamphlets" but two hundred and fifty were printed. Of these, Mr. FitzGerald kept fifty, and gave the remaining two hundred to Mr. Quaritch, who sold a considerable number of them for *one penny each*,— for the simple reason that he could get no more. Remembering this fact, it is interesting to note that, in 1898, a single copy of this first edition was sold at auction in London for twenty-one guineas. Yet the poem, obscure and unattractive as was the guise in which it first appeared, commanded a certain attention, and it is said that Swinburne and D. G. Rossetti were among its earliest admirers.

FitzGerald's second edition appeared in 1868, and his third in 1872. Both were anonymous; and the first American edition, reproduced from the third English, was published by James R. Osgood & Co., in 1878. A privately-printed edition of a hundred copies of a reproduction of the second English redaction had been brought out in Columbus, Ohio, in 1870, and is now very scarce. As may be inferred from this recognized need for an American edition, "FitzGerald's Omar" had come, by this time, to be rather widely known; and it was, indeed, studied by scholars and by literary students; but, until the appearance of the now famous "Vedder Edition," the poem did not achieve a real and general popularity.

Mr. Elihu Vedder, an American artist, went to Rome early in 1883, and in May of that year began his monumental work, that of illustrating FitzGerald's paraphrase of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. For nearly a year he labored, most industriously, at his chosen task, and in March, 1884, he finished the last drawing of a series so artistic, so appropriate and so beautiful that it seems destined to link the name of Vedder, for all time, with those of Khayyám and FitzGerald.

For this marvelous poem, paraphrased by FitzGerald and illustrated by Vedder, comes as near, perhaps, to ideal perfection as any work ever offered to the public, by any publisher, in any land. Vedder's plates were widely copied, and were discussed at length in the leading periodicals. In brief, Mr. Vedder's pictures proved the one thing needful to confer upon "FitzGerald's Omar" a general, and probably permanent, popularity; for Vedder's wonderful angels and imposing allegorical figures awoke the popular imagination, and many persons who had never even heard of Omar Khayyám, or of Edward FitzGerald, came to know the Rubáiyát, if only as "the Oriental poem that Vedder illustrated."

During the last fifteen years — ever since the appearance of the Vedder edition—the fame of the Rubáiyát has steadily increased, and, by general consent, it is now ranked among the great poems of the world. In America and in England the study of the poem, has given rise to an "Omar Khayyám cult," and from this have sprung various clubs and societies bearing the name of the astronomer-poet; and the Omar Khayyám fad appeared to have reached a climax when, during the winter of 1898-9, portions of the poem set to music by Madame Liza Lehmann, were rendered in select circles in many of the leading American cities, and one young woman attracted considerable attention, in Chicago and elsewhere, by a not unsuccessful attempt to interpret Omar Khayyám by a series of dances and poses.

But, while the Rubáiyát owed much of its original popularity to Mr. Vedder's pictures; a poem, or a literary work of any kind, must possess intrinsic merits peculiarly its own to attain, and to retain, in the world's best literature, the important position which this poem now occupies. FitzGerald's latest, corrected edition contains one hundred and one quatrains, and these four hundred and four lines form a poem so exquisite and inimitable that most admirers of it are inclined to resent the appearance of any other. Yet others have tried their hands at it: notably Mr. E. H. Whinfield, who accompanied his creditable but laborious version with a reprint of the Persian text; Mr. John Payne, who published through the Villon Society a complete rendering of all the known Rubáiyát in the original meters—a colossal undertaking, admirable in its attempt rather than in its success; and in America Mr. John Leslie Garner, whose "Strophes of Omar Khayyám" were published in Milwaukee in 1888, and were republished, revised and enlarged, in Philadelphia in 1898.

Mr. Garner's rendering is entirely creditable, and, relatively considered, possesses the merit of comparative brevity. In his preface, Mr. Garner says: "The collection might have been made much larger, but it was deemed inadvisable, as Omar's themes are not many, and the ever-recurring Wine, Rose and Nightingale are somewhat cloying to Occidental senses."

There have been a number of other metrical versions of selections from the original, besides the various literal prose translations of Prof. E. B. Cowell—the first in the field—Justin Huntley McCarthy, M. P., which follows Nicolas with much fidelity—and last and most important of all, the superb achievement of Edward Heron-Allen, Esq., whose investigations into the sources of Edward FitzGerald's paraphrase and reproduction of the Bodleyan Ms. deserve the highest commendation.

Of paraphrases, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's has hitherto been the most notable both for its musical verse and its attempt to introduce some of the witty qualities of the old astronomer.

Nor is it only in English-speaking countries that the Rubáiyát is appreciated and studied; Germany has her own FitzGeralds in Herr Friedrich von Bodenstedt and the Count von Schack, while France can boast of the very comprehensive prose translation of Monsieur J. B. Nicolas.

Yet, with all its surpassing excellence, FitzGerald's pharaprase is far from being, or even approximating, a literal translation of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám. A knowledge of the Persian language is extremely rare, even among persons of the highest literary and educational attainments; many inferred, therefore, and very naturally, that Mr. FitzGerald had reproduced in English, and as literally as the laws of versification and the idioms of two widely differing languages would permit, the Rubáiyát,* of the old Persian poet.

Reproduced from one of Elihu Vedder's famous drawings

This is not true; for while FitzGerald has perfectly preserved the Oriental character of the original, and the tone and spirit of the Persian poet, to a wonderful degree, FitzGerald's Rubáiyát must be regarded as a *resultam*—a peculiarly happy combination—in which one man trace the ideas of Omar Khayyám, mingled in a nearly equal degree with FitzGerald's own.

But there is one diligent student of the Persian language and literature who has scarcely, as yet, received the recognition which her learning and her erudition deserve. I refer to Mrs. Jessie E. Cadell, wife of H. M. Cadell, a British officer in the East Indian army. Born in Scotland in 1844, and married while still quite young, Mrs. Cadell accompanied her husband to India. Having ample leisure, and being of a studious turn of mind, she made herself mistress of the Persian language, and labored assiduously in the elucidation of Omar Khayyám. The fruits of her studies are embodied in a very scholarly article which appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" for May, 1879. In considering this re-

* The word "*Rubaiyat*," (plural of rubai, a quatrain) is probably derived from the Arabic *arba*, a numeral adjective, meaning "four."

markable work, of about ten magazine pages, let us bear in mind that it either just preceded, or immediately followed, the appearance of FitzGerald's fourth edition.

"As very beautiful English verse," Mrs. Cadell greatly admires the work of Mr. FitzGerald; but, as a translation, she is "less satisfied with it. * * * * It is a poem on Omar, rather than a translation of his work, and its very faults have, to English readers, taken nothing from its charm, and added much to its popularity. Its inexactness has allowed for the infusion of a modern element, which we believe to exist in the Persian only in the sense in which the deepest questions of human life are of all time."

In India, large numbers of quatrains are current under the name of Omar Khayyám; Mrs. Cadell herself collected one thousand and forty of them. But the greater portion of these are probably spurious, as the most competent judges believe that only from one-fourth to one-third of the stanzas attributed to Omar Khayyám were really written by him. And, as remarked by Mr. Garner, "Omar's themes are not many;" then, too, he has the distinctively Oriental habit of repeating the same thought in slightly differing forms, and, as Mrs. Cadell has observed and noted, certain of the quatrains, even among those undoubtedly genuine, express sentiments decidedly contradictory.

Therefore, while by no means depreciating the comprehensive and, in many respects, admirable, work of such writers as Mr. John Payne, Mr. Whinfield and Mr. Garner, one must admit the wisdom of FitzGerald and Mr. Le Gallienne, who have striven to produce an English equivalent of the Persian original, rather than a mere translation.

Still, a merely literal rendering is not without its value, if only for purposes of comparison, and for the stanzas that follow it may be claimed that they are, for the most part, as nearly iteral as, in metrical form I was able to make them; with a very few exceptions, they are paraphrased from the literal version of Mrs. Cadell, and my idea, throughout, has been to preserve the literal sense of the original. Some attempt has also been made in the way of a general classification, stanzas bearing an apparent relation one to another being placed together, and in such sequence as seemed most natural and effective.

I am deeply conscious of my audacity in submitting my present work for publication; and any merit that may be found in the accompanying verses must be attributed, in great part, to the conscientious and scholarly trsanlation of Mrs. Cadell, whose untimely death, in 1884, deprived the world of a diligent student of Oriental literature, from whose ready pen much might have been expected.

To illustrate the very simple method used in the following stanzas, I here give Mrs. Cadell's literal rendering of a single quatrain; my own metrical version of the same is the seventh in the first division:

"See the morning breeze has torn the garment of the rose
With its loveliness the nightingale is wildly glad.
Sit in the rose's shade, but know, that many roses,
Fair as this is, have fallen on earth and mixed with it."

Anyone desiring to make a further comparison is referred to the volume of "Fraser" containing Mrs. Cadell's article, or to the resume of the same in Nathan Haskell Dole's valuable variorum edition of Omar Khayyám.

We may add that John Lane of London has just published Mrs. Cadell's metrical version of the Rubáiyát, with a biographical sketch and appreciation of her work by Dr. Richard Garnett.

RUBÁIYÁT

I

OF TO-DAY

About Existence, Friend, why fret thee aught?
Why weary soul and mind with useless thought?
Enjoy all things; pass gaily through this world;
Thy counsel, at the first, was never sought.

In heaven, we hear, are Houris, and bright streams,
Where wine runs red, and golden honey gleams.
If these we worship here, why, where's the harm?
For in the end we get them—so it seems.

The day is sweet, nor hot nor cool the air;
The dew has left the garden fresh and fair;
The bulbul, softly to the yellow rose
Lamenting, bids us to our wine repair.

Soft, misty veils the rose's face still shroud;
For wine my longing heart doth cry aloud.
Sleep not, dear Love; it is no time for sleep;
Bring wine, ere morning's sun be veiled in cloud.

Upon the rose breathes morn's fresh, fragrant breeze;
Fair glows a lovely face 'mid orchard trees.
But sad is all your talk of yesterday;
Sweet is to-day; its passing pleasure seize.

To-day, when all the earth with gladness burns,
Each living heart to greet the desert turns;
On every branch gleams Moses' snowy hand,
In every breath the soul of Jesus yearns.

Behold, the morning breeze has torn away
The garment of the rose; the bulbul's lay
Is wildly glad. Yet roses fair as this
Have dropped to earth, and mingled with the clay.

Eternal life we find, and lasting truth,
In wine, that harvest of our fleeting youth;
In time of roses, wine and merry friends,
Be glad and drink,—for that is life, forsooth.

Eternal things, past, present, or to be,
Are mysteries too profound for you and me.
Discuss them not, but be content with wine;
To many a problem it affords a key.

In Heaven, they tell us, fairest Houris are,
Rich sweets, and purest wine in many a jar.
Hand me yon brimming cup; one ringing coin
Is more than boundless credit—off so far.

Drink while you may! Life will not long abide
As bright quicksilver runs, 'twill swiftly glide.
Fortune is false, and hope a dream, and youth
Ebbs all too soon, like ocean's heaving tide.

II

OF LIFE

To men unborn, if you and I could show
What ills await them in this world of woe,
They never would be born; and you and I
Had best have stopped away—as now we know.

I never yet have seen a prosperous day;
Propitious winds have never blown my way;
And if with joy one single breath I drew,
Grief quickly chilled my soul with dire dismay.

The Eternal knot no man has e'er untied,
Nor trod one single step himself outside.
I look from helpless child to helpless sage:
The space betwixt the two is far from wide.

Had choice been mine, I ne'er had come this way;
Were choice now mine, I gladly here would stay;
But, best of all, if in this world of Earth,
Were neither death, nor change, nor sure decay.

Where'er a rose, or flaming tulip, springs,
It takes its hue from blood of buried kings;
From some fair cheek, now dust, each violet grows
That to this summer air its fragrance flings.

Of all the travelers to that unknown shore
Who o'er this self-same road their burdens bore,
Not one came back. Then pass no pleasure by;
For, once departed, you'll return no more.

Belief from unbelief, as life from death,
Is separate by just a single breath.
Pass gaily over the dividing line,
Nor heed what Fear or Superstition saith.

We come with anguish to this world of Earth;
We live in wonder, from the hour of birth;
We go with pain, not knowing why, or where,—
Nor why or whence we came, nor life's true worth.

Yon rolling stars but amplify our woe;
Whate'er they raise, they quickly overthrow.
Ah! Men unborn would never come to Earth,
If what awaits them here they could but know.

III

OF LOVE

When first it knew thee, to thy presence bright
My heart flew, quickly, and forsook me, quite.
Its mournful master it recalls no more;
Once having loved thee, it reflects thy light.

There's not a heart but bleeds for thy disdain,
Nor sage, but for thy love hath gone insane;
Though love for love thou never dost return,
The love for thee abides in every brain.

For love of thee, all kinds of blame I bear;
Woe be to me, should I this faith forswear.
Short will the time from now to Judgment be,
If, all through life, thy tyrant chains I wear.

From each red drop that trickles from mine eye
Will spring a gorgeous tulip, by-and-by;
Which, when the heart-sick lover shall behold,
He'll hope that thou art true, and cease to sigh.

From feigned love no lustre can be shed;
'Tis like a smouldering fire, and well-nigh dead.
Nights, days, months, years, to weary lovers bring
No peace, no sleep, no rest for heart or head.

Let wine be in my hand, or ever nigh,
And love of beauty still inform mine eye.
Men say to me: "God grant that thou repent!"
Suppose He did? I would not even try.

To hearts on whom the light of love hath shone,—
To those whom love hath made his very own,—
To them, in synagogue, or church, or mosque,
Are hopes of Heaven and fear of Hell unknown.

IV

OF GOD

Some God within this mould my body cast,
Foreseeing all my acts, from first to last;
From Laws of His my sins have birth; so why
Need I be burned in fires, when life is past?

Priest, monk and sinner, we are all the same;
From water and from earth at first we came;
  Of fame, or shame—whatever comes to us—
The honor is Thine own,— and Thine the blame.

Need He speak ill of such as you and I?
Or faults of ours by hundreds multiply?
  His mirrors, we: All good and ill, in us,
Within Himself He surely must descry.

Along my path Thou layest many a snare,
And sayest: "I will trip thee, unaware."
  Each atom of this world obeys Thy Law;
I, too, obey,—yet sin, for all my care.

Lay not too hard commands upon the soul;
How can it o'er the body win control?
  To drink, or to abstain, is sin. In brief,
He says: "Invert, but do not spill, the bowl."

This whole, wide world hath gone in search of Thee,
But far astray, and in distress, are we.
  We find Thee not; Thou speakest to deaf ears;
Thou art before us,—yet we cannot see.

Obedience is a pearl I ne'er did wear;
Ne'er swept I, with my heart, Thine altar-stair.
  Still, of Thy mercy, (since complaints of mine
Ne'er wearied Thee), I do not yet despair.

In ceaseless strife, my passions war within,
And constant pain I bear, because of sin.
  Though Thou mayst pardon all, I burn with shame
From knowing that Thou knowest what has been.

To me, obedience is a pearl unknown;
Thy face I have not sought, because mine own
  Was dark with sin. Yet do I not despair;
For Thou, Thyself, art God, and Thou alone.

All human sin is naught, in Thy just sight;
Ordain that men may read this truth aright.
  To see Iniquity's accomplice in
Divine Foreknowledge! That is folly's height.

Great Knower of each thought and secret thing,
To Whom all men, in time of weakness, cling!
  Give me, I pray, repentance, Thy best gift;
Accept my late remorse, O Righteous King!

V

THE WHEEL OF FATE

That Tyrant Wheel, revolving overhead,
Ne'er loosed one knot, for living man or dead;
  But when it finds a scarred and bleeding heart,
It adds another wound, more blood to shed.

O Tyrant Wheel! I chafe as thou dost turn.
Oh! set me free, for as thy slave I burn.
  The fool and the unwise are favored most;
Then why not I, who have so much to learn?

Lift high your cups, like tulips in the spring;
With tulip-cheeked companions drink and sing.
  Soon will this Azure Wheel, with one fell stroke,
Your shattered cup in flying fragments fling.

Dark Wheel! As inhumane as Great Ayaz,
Or Mighty Mahmud, thou hast slain, alas!
  Thy myriads. Let us drink! Man's single life
Is quickly ended, and—'tis all he has.

VI

OF THINGS ETERNAL

From Earth's deep heart to Saturn's starry height
I sprang, and solved all problems in my flight;
  I leapt out free from bonds of fraud and lies,
And every knot—save Death's—I severed, quite.

Above the spheres, my heart, on that first day,
Strove hard to find where Hell and Heaven lay;
  Till that Right-thinking Master said, at last:
"Seek both within thyself—for there are they."

Hell is the echoing cry of human grief,
And Heaven, the echoed sigh of pain's relief,—
  Borne round this Earth, whereon men live and die,
Content or hopeless, in some vague belief.

All things were fixed, long since; the resting pen,
For good or ill, will never move again;
  Himself predestined all, long, long ago,
And useless are the grief and strife of men.

Of countless millions, passed beyond the veil,
Not one has e'er returned to tell the tale.
  To need, not pray'r, that secret will be shown.
Without firm faith, petitions can but fail.

Deep in the centre of the circling sphere,
There waits a cup for all who sojourn here.
  Drink of it, gladly; 'twill be time to drink;
So murmur not when thine own end draws near.

I do not fear to die; I'd not forego
A better world, mayhap, than this below.
  To Him who loaned it gladly I'll return
This life; and what comes then no man can know.

NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON IN THE HARBOR OF LA GUAIRA

AN AMERICAN IN VENEZUELA

By B. Wilkins*

EARLY one Sunday morning about the first of last March, I stood upon the deck of the mail steamer, Red "D" Line, making the port of La Guaira, and for the first time, gazed in wonder and admiration under the spell of the majestic grandeur of the Andees, towering among the clouds, which was my first glimpse of the Venezuelan coast.

To an American, this view means more at this time than ever before, for the spirit of mercantile expansion is active and all pervading to-day; and as the mist lifted, and the ship glided up to the massive cement breakwater wharf, my mind was full of the historic significance of the plot; for it was here that Americus Vespuccia voyaged, and his account of this magnificent coast line gave to our continent the name of "America."

But there was no time for historic reverie; the stern realities of the custom house were upon me, and the grandeur of the picturesque coast, suggesting not a Venice for which it was named, but rather a tropical Yosemite valley, was soon dissipated in keeping close watch of my dress suit case, to see that I received at least a comb and brush from the confiscatory designs of the official who had the keys in charge.

Terrace on terrace above us stretched the famous coffee plantations in all the lively verdure of May-time.

*Mr. Wilkins has recently returned from Venezuela, where he made extensive observations for "The National Magazine," to give these real facts to interest Americans. The photographs were secured by Mr. Wilkins personally.

MONUMENTAL ARCH COMMEMORATING CONFEDERATION

for the rainy seasons were now past.

The higher the altitude, the better the coffee, and as I sat down under the tropical trees to drink a cool cup of the beverage, I could scarcely realize that I was so near to the Equator; and those white capped peaks in Equador almost directly under the equatorial line, whose eternal snows defy even the intensity of the tropical sun.

Roses and flowers were everywhere; birds of rich plumage; strange and beautiful shrubs; it was like a dream in fairy land, for only eight days before I had been fighting with the slush, and raw March winds of the northland.

I paid tribute to the English syndicate which built the cement breakwater. It cost forty cents to ride about forty seconds to the town, and none could pass without it. The surf rolls upon the breakwater with all the eternal restlessness of the Carribean sea, for there is no harbor at La Guaira except that afforded by the breakwater and La Guaira is the seaport of Caracas, the capitol of the republic.

The ride by rail to Caracas is inspiring. The distance is only six miles, but it takes twenty-two miles of rails to cover it. Here again English capital has anchored, and German capital controls the extension from Caracas to Valencia.

Before I could enter the city, I was compelled to show a vaccination certificate, which I secured for $2, without going to the annoyance of the operation. That Sunday there were 4000 people at the bull-fight where the beauty and chivalry of the republic showed to the best advantage. That assemblage expressed the acme of the

MAIN PATIO OF GRAN HOTEL, CARACAS

REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND THE COMMANDERS OF HIS SQUADRON

pleasures of life in a South American republic.

At the Gran Hotel I continued those minute observations which every American traveler feels impelled to make, that he may utilize to the best advantage every minute of time. The great hewn-stone bath-tubs in the corridors of the hotel suggested unwonted cleanliness, and in the same breath the thought, "Yes, the American spirit of enterprise has been there." Electric lights and street cars were in evidence, and the pavements about the parks suggested the solid luxury of the Roman Empire, and Caracas is called the Paris of South America. There was nothing particularly distinctive about stores and shops. The Colonnade is one huge department store, suggesting our Faneuil Hall Market, only dry goods instead of meats, owned by individual dealers. Every one seemed to take life easy, and an American was greeted everywhere with the greatest consideration, by both business men and natives; for the memory of what the United States did for their country in the boundary dispute is not forgotten.

I was present at the ball given in honor of Admiral Sampson, who was then in the port. The native women are exceedingly beautiful, and were nearly all gowned by Parisian modistes. They are especially erect, and have that innocent, confiding, guileless way, that always wins the heart of a man.

Bolivar, the great liberator of this northwestern section of South America, died a poor man, giving away even the fortune he possessed before he entered the struggle for the independence of his native country, while Blanco died in Paris, with $15,000,000. Blanco tried to buy a historical nunnery, for a site for an opera house; but his offers were refused, and a short

time later he placed his artillery in position, took possession of the property, and built one of the handsomest in South America.

Strolling about in the moonlight on that Sunday evening of my arrival, I stood in the shadow of one of the most prominent statues in the park. The shimmering rays of the tropical moon

of Bolivar. Defeated, baffled in his great purpose, for the most part of his life, he was the first to begin the great work which the United States completed in banishing Spain from the western hemisphere.

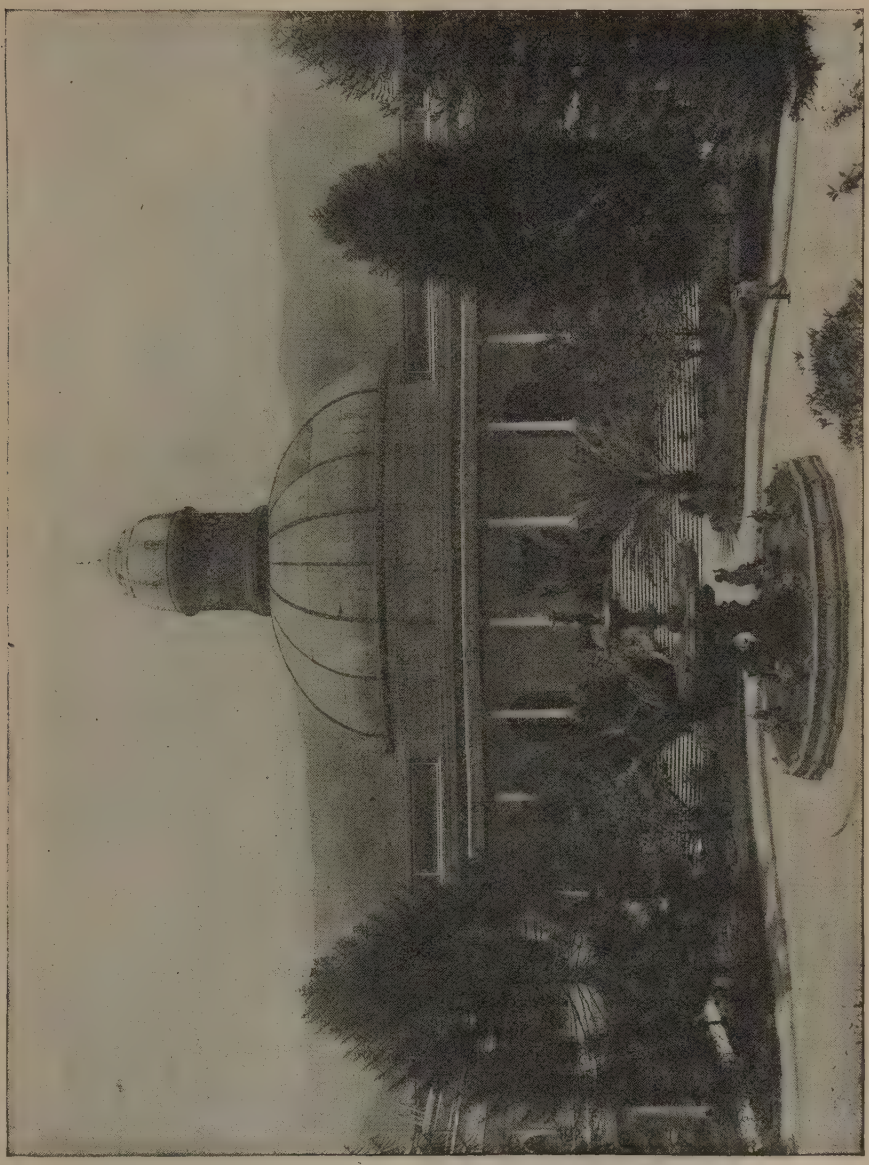
In view of this, it is difficult to realize that there are only 250 Americans in the entire republic. With over 90,-

NEAR ZIG-ZAG, LA GUAIRA & CARACAS RAILWAY, SHOWING TRAIN CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

played upon the classic form and noble features of the statue, which seemed to awaken the reverence of the passers-by. I looked once—I looked twice—who was this to whom such adoration was paid? It was George Washington, and at the base were fresh wreaths of Venezuelan blossoms. Washington was the ideal of Bolivar, and it was through his influence that the statue was erected. History can never give full credit to the great achievements

000 people, Caracas is the great field for American enterprise. The government buildings are all planned after the structures at Washington—of wood, with rough stone steps. They are located in beautiful grounds. The constitution and laws of the country are based upon those of the United States. The twelve provinces are represented by senators, and there is a representative for every 35,000 people. President Andrade, who has recently

come to this country, is a small man, about five feet tall, with blue eyes, and a shrewd diplomat. He is a most



PATIO OF THE CAPITOLIO, CARACAS

considerate man, and the day I was there he put aside all business, because of the illness of his child. On entering the spacious parlor of President Andrade's dwelling, a shell from a man-of-war is seen, with a band of silver around it, and bearing an inscription to the effect that it came from Santiago, and was a present from President McKinley in the exchange of presidential courtesies. The family

relations of the Venezuelans are exceedingly happy. The ladies do not go out on the streets alone, although

CASTILLOA ELASTICA, RUBBER TREE

one wealthy young lady, educated in America, has defied this custom. I came down the steps of the president's house, around which there is always a strong guard in gold-laced uniforms, and heard the native band break down in trying to play "Red, White and Blue," in honor of Admiral Sampson, but the spirit was there. The band played exceptionally fine music in the evening, in the parks, where you can procure a chair for two cents, and drink native cocoa—without exception the finest in the world. At these times every one seems happy, and yet there is a seriousness in it all that suggests the smouldering revolutionary spirit, which is the *bete noir* of every foreign resident, although the United States Minister, Mr. Loomis, has certainly made a wonderful record through all the troublous scenes of recent elections and revolutions.

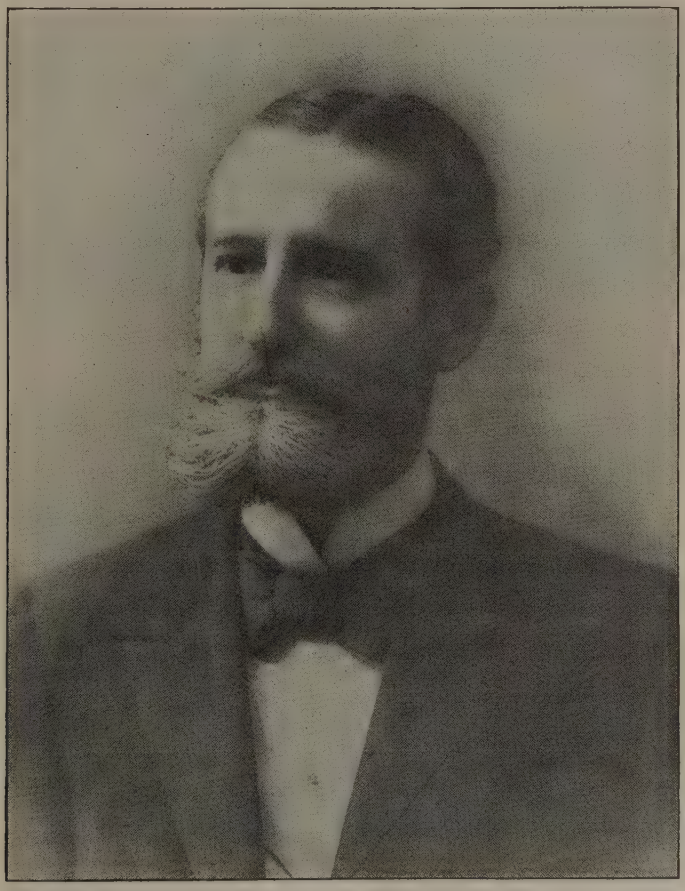
The Venezuelan seems to be a mixture of Indian, Negro and Spaniard, varying in complexion from the perfectly white Caucasian type to nearly black in color. The early morning rolls and coffee, with breakfast at 11 a. m. and the inevitable siesta afterwards until 2 o'clock, indicates the easy

and indolent life of the tropics. Early in the afternoon, the streets are thronged with carriages and handsome equipages—everyone who can, drives out, and if not driving, ladies sit behind the iron-barred windows with their elbows on cushions in the window casements and watch the equipages and cavaliers as they pass.

A man who owns a cocoanut grove is independent, as the fruit continues to ripen all the year round, and brings a good price. Each tree averages an annual income of $1.20. A popular and refreshing beverage is the juice of a green cocoanut, which, when first opened, appears like lemonade, but later turns to the color of milk. Cotton grows wild from ten to twelve feet high near the lake of Valencia which rivals any of ours in the South, and as a stock raising country, Venezuela could supply the world with beef.

The parade given on the day of Sampson's arrival showed only a small regular army of less than 3,000 men in new uniforms. The control of this small Venezuelan army, however, is a very important factor in Venezuelan political strategy; and there are only two distinct classes, peons and politicians. The election of

DR. BERNARDINO MOSQUERA, AT THE HEAD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION



CARACAS FROM OSERVATORY

members of congress occurs every four years. The representatives elect a counsel of eight, and these in turn choose a president, and this leaves a chance for the politicians after elections, which are only a matter of form.

No president can succeed himself—one term must intervene.

Crespo, when his term expired, tried to abrogate this, by getting up a revolution and putting it down, to demonstrate how important he was to the republic; but as he was killed, his well-laid plans miscarried and Andrade became president.

Dr. Hernandez had stumped the country and was virtually the choice of the people and a very popular man, but the troops with "Vote for Andrade" pinned on their caps, was a significant indication as to who would be elected, no matter what the vote might be. Dr. Jose M. Hernandez was hustled into jail. Castro took up the Doctor's fight but also took his office of president, which he holds at this time, but since then Hernandez drew out with 2000 men and started a revolution on his own hook. All members of congress are called "Doctors," and each purposes to get enough money in his four years' term to last him a lifetime.

The chief resources of the government are from concessions, and import and export duties, as there is no land tax whatever. The average wages is $1 per day; with American gold at 4 per cent and American greenbacks at one-half per cent premium.

The great national games are chess and checkers, and I saw but little card playing or gambling.

The mineral resources of the country consist of great mines of Bessemer iron and copper, and the gold and richer mines on the boundary occasioned the trouble with Great Britain. If there are any gold mines in the Klondike, Transvaal, or Venezuela, and England cannot get up a boundary question, there is something wrong.

The forests of mahogany and cedar are also a tempting plum, for only a few saw-mills are located in the republic, but in a short time the American lumbermen will make lumber an important export from Venezuela, and the government is making great efforts to secure American emigrants to develop the agricultural resources.

The cost of living may be indicated by the price of corn—fifty cents per bushel; eggs, fifty cents a dozen; butter, seventy-five cents per pound; and potatoes four dollars per bushel; and yet, strange to say, all these products may be easily produced in Venezuela.

The policemen are an interesting study. They are attired as soldiers, and carry a sabre bayonet. At every hour of the night they give a peculiar musical whistle, meaning "All's well," which sounds like "Bob White's" peculiar cry, with a few notes added. In the old cathedral, now the Pantheon where Bolivar and the illustrious dead are buried, there are indications of native Venezuelan art, which flourished at one time under the influence of Velasquez, Murillo, and other Spanish masters.

The chief piece of money is the bolivar (about twenty cents), and for this amount I took a trip to the famous summer resort, Morotuto, to catch a glimpse of fashionable life. I took an

CARACAS FROM THE SOUTH

interpreter along, and wandered down the coast to a coffee estate, where the coffee is cleaned, hulled, and sacked for market. A few miles further on was a sugar plantation and refinery, which furnishes nearly all the granulated sugar for the republic. It was Holy Week, and in a lonely spot we came to a beautiful shrine. It was tastefully decorated, and inside there were candles and a box of matches. I could not understand why it was located there. A graceful Indian girl, with long, flowing hair, came along on horseback. She went inside and offered her devotions, kissing the crucifix, and remounted her horse. We asked her why she did it.

SUGAR PLANTATION IN THE CARACAS VALLEY

"If I have a wish to make, it will be granted me, senor," she replied, smiling, and showing her beautiful teeth.

The next devotee, a peon, told us it was put in that particular lonely spot, where many murders had been committed, to keep away the evil spirit, and it had done so. Later on we met a crowd of peons who were celebrating "Good Friday" by hanging an effigy, with a cocoanut for a head. They surrounded us. The image represented Judas, and they wanted some money to help celebrate the hanging of the apostate.

There were a large number of effigies near the hotel when we returned, and the *fete* begins when they are taken down and burned. The music from the great pipe organ on "Good Friday" week at the cathedral was inspiring. On the walls of the church is a painting half finished. The Venezuelan artist died in the midst of his labors and to honor his memory, no one has been allowed to complete the picture of the "Last Supper."

If there is any tradesman who would flourish and prosper in Venezuela, it is the American barber. The methods of shaving are very primitive, but that is not the reason; it is because whiskers and hair grow about twice as fast as in our northern climate. I was compelled to shave morning and evening to be presentable, and at home I shave every other day, and fancy my surprise when the hair began to sprout on my head, which had been bald for lo! these many years. This is not fancy, but fact. I did not see a native who was bald and none are gray headed. It may be that the manner of living has something to do with it, but the fact is

a curious one to an American, nevertheless.

The traces of the great earthquake in 1812 are still visible in Caracas. A crevice, 200 or 300 feet wide, extends clear across the eastern part of the city. Water runs through it, and the sides are now overgrown with vegetation. Bridges span the crevices on various streets. When I expressed my horror of the earthquake and its fatalities, a shrewd native observed:

"Why should we fear earthquakes! You have more people killed in one year from cyclones and hurricanes in the United States."

The university is a large building, and the republic has a well-established school system, and with a more pronounced American influence it is not hard to predict that Venezuela will forge ahead to a prominent place in the galaxy of American republics. It is difficult to imagine that the town and country, invaded by Sir Francis Drake, in 1592, is now taking on Yankee renaissance in the dawn of the twentieth century. The country was discovered 500 years ago, but it has not kept pace with the times, and the needs of the human race on this earth, a century hence, will demand the utilization of waste places. Call this onward march of the world imperialism, or whatever you please, but America must fulfil its destiny of development. This continent has been spanned one

GENERAL CIPRIANO CASTRO

way, and why not the hemisphere the other way? The influence of America must be pre-eminent and potential in South America, if taken in time, and that is "the continent of the twentieth century," as Hezekiah Butterworth has well said. Every race has its destiny to fulfil, and if it does not take hold of its destiny when "within one day's journey," then wandering in the wilderness is the inevitable penalty.

A closer and more definite alliance with Venezuela is but the overture to a great epoch-making event, and the dream of Bolivar, the great liberator of South America, will be fulfilled in the spirit of Washington, his great ideal; and the Declaration of Independence in the liberty and prosperity of the human race in its truest and broadest sense will be realized.

A VISION OF THE DESERT

By Vance Thompson

PERE VOISIN, of the French mission, will tell you that when the Kabyle—lost in the desert—draws his cloak over his face and waits for death, there comes to him a vision of Tamgoutlalla-Khadidja—the Peak of the Lady. (Men of Cro-Magaon, who were the color of bistre, Iberians and dead Vascons; Guachos, Touaregs and Kabyles—the Peak of the Lady is the white mother of them all.) But when Zaid, the Amine of Taourirt-en-Taidith, brooded in the desert, he saw a stranger vision.

* * * *

Facqueral was as well known in Fort National as Wasserman himself—and Wasserman was the Cantinier. He had served his time in the Red Zouaves, and then, instead of taking flight for Paris—as any sensible Parisian would have done—he had taken a little farm on the hillside just above the Jesuit mission, and "settled down." Farming, however, did not seem to occupy much of his time. Every other evening he was to be seen in Bitterman's Cafe, playing dominoes, or gloomily listening to the gossip of the Fort—the quarrels of the Tirailleurs and the Zouaves, or sous-lieutenant Levy's latest explosion of ill-temper. And twice a day—at seven in the morning and two in the afternoon—he came down to watch the drills. A cigarette between his lips, his old forage-cap on one side of his head, one hand in his jacket pocket and the other fretting his hard, little black mustache, Facqueral would lean against the wall, watching the regiments march and countermarch, while sergeants and corporals raged and drums rumbled lightly. It was not an unphilosophical way of taking his pleasure. When the cart-horse is turned out to grass, he can find no better pleasure than watching his old mates toil along the highway.

The drill-grounds lie outside the walls of Fort National—a broad, dusty plain on the edge of the military road that stretches away to Tizi-Ouzon and Dellys. There were rarely any spectators at the morning drill. Sometimes Pere Voisin came down from the missions. Sometimes a few Kabyles, or Arabs on their way to the market, paused on the edge of the highway to watch the tirailleurs swarm up the fortifications, or the Zouaves bravely attack the thorny aloes; usually there was no one but Facqueral, sombre, silent, smoking his black cigarette.

One morning Pere Voisin caught him by the arm, shouted, "one, two, three, march!" and swung him round. Facqueral smiled.

"As you please, father," he said; "but where are we going?"

"To the mission," said Pere Voisin, "and breakfast."

"Good," said Facqueral.

"And to confession," the old priest added.

And this time Facqueral had no answer ready.

They had turned off into a mule-path that twisted away under the cork-trees, and led to the door of the little stone mission house.

"Breakfast will come first," said Pere Voisin, glancing down at the

young man—for Pere Voisin was a great, white-haired, kindly old giant of a man.

"And then the confession," said Facqueral, dolefully.

"Yes—the Paris mail came in last night."

"I know," said Facqueral; he threw away his cigarette and twisted up the corners of his little mustache with the resolute air of one who goes into battle.

It was not until they had finished the omelet and the salad, and were sipping their black coffee, that they returned to the subject. The Kabyle servant had left the room and they were alone. From where he sat Facqueral could look through the open door—just above him was his little farm-stead with its stucco buildings, and beyond rose huge masses of the Djudjura hills, and, high above them, the Peak of the Lady—one white glory—flashed in the morning light.

"The village is not in sight from here," said Pere Voisin.

"No," said Facqueral shortly.

"You have kept your word, my son? You have not been there? You have not seen her?"

"Not since she left, father—*Je suis de parole.*"

"I know it, Raoul—or you would not be my sister's son," the priest said, "but come, your father has answered my letter."

"I am to go home?"

"He has left that to me."

"He might have left it to me," said Facqueral gloomily, "but let me hear the letter."

Pere Voisin put on a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, sought through the letter until he found the passage he wanted and read:

"We had all hoped that Raoul was cured by this time—Alas! it is extraordinary. That he should turn barbarian—at his age!"

"Is there any fixed age for turning barbarian?" the young man asked.

Pere Voisin read on:—

"That a son of mine should wish to marry a barbarian—"

"Is there any reason why I should listen to all that again?" Facqueral asked drearily. "I have heard it so often."

"The interesting part is to come," said Pere Voisin, and went on:

"I used to boast that no one could be more Parisian than my poor Raoul—born in the Cite and baptized at Notre-Dame and learned his trade with Briquet, the jeweller of the Palais Royal—and now (it is very sad!) he turns barbarian! Of course, if he were a priest like you I could understand; then it would be noble; but at his age! Had his poor mother lived I am sure this would not have happened. Well, he must have his own way. He has had his share of his mother's fortune. The shop must go to his brothers, who are not guilty of—"

The priest paused:

"It's a tremendous charge," he said, and then read: "who are not guilty of *lese-societe.*"

"I did not know that I was guilty of any disrespect to society," said Facqueral, "but perhaps I am—after this," he glanced through the open door, "the hills and the air of the hills and the friends I have here, I could not go back to Paris and the little shop in the Quai des Orfevres—'tis no right life for a man to sit on a bench, a glass screwed in his eye, tinkering old watches."

"And then," Pere Voisin remarked, "there is Yamina."

"Above all there is Yamina," said Facqueral, "no one knows better than you how much I love her."

Pere Voisin folded up the letter and laid it aside.

"I know, I know," he said, "you have made me believe in you. And yet I mistrust this—Yamina does not belong to your world. Your father is right, Raoul. She is a barbarian. No—no listen to me. She is a good Christian, I know, but against a year of Christian training there is all her life of paganism—the influence of her tribe and of her race. She is a sweet Christian soul in the body of a pagan."

"You cannot understand," said Raoul helplessly, "what is the use of going over it all again? To me she is just Yamina, the woman I love. It is because she is just what she is that I love her. You cannot understand."

"No, I cannot understand," said the old priest thoughtfully, "there is part of life I have never known. I will oppose you no longer. I have tested you for many months. You have been faithful. I cannot doubt the sincerity of your love. And Yamina?"

"I have no fear," the young man said proudly, "I told her I would come for her—she is waiting."

"You have your father's consent and mine," said Pere Voisin. "I will see that the Military governor makes no objection to the marriage—if I can."

"What can he do?"

"He will not object if Zaid consents."

"The Amine of her village?"

"Yes, he is head of the tribe."

Facqueral snapped his fingers.

"Do you suppose I care that for the old Mohammedan?" he asked.

"If Zaid does not consent, the Military governor would not dare—not even he—to assist you. He will not risk a revolt for the sake of obliging an ex-Zouave, my dear Raoul."

"We'll get away to Algiers, to France, before he can hear of it," said Facqueral stoutly. "I have your consent—you promise to marry us—for the rest I shall take care myself."

"Nonsense, my son," Pere Voisin said, "you'd be in prison in a week. You must leave me to arrange matters with Zaid—he is an honorable man and my friend."

"I shall wait no longer," Raoul cried impatiently, "here for months I've been wandering about like a homeless dog, eating my heart out. I must see her. I shall go to her village to-day—"

"You will do nothing rash, my son?"

"Have I been rash, father? Have I not done everything you wished? The law says this, and the law says that. I did it. I had to wait for my father's consent. I waited. I have been patient, but now—"

He stood up and threw out his arms—

"I am going to Yamina."

"Perhaps you have done all I could ask," said the old priest, "you are a good lad, Raoul, but be careful—and to-morrow I will go to Zaid."

But Raoul was already running up the steep path that twisted up the hillside to the hamlet of Taourirt-en-Taidith, which is the Hill of the Dogs.

* * * *

The girl was slight and dark. The touch of red paint on her cheeks gave her an air of barbaric coquetry. Silver rings shone in her ears and round her little ankles were tinkling bangles. She was clothed from head to foot in soft white linen. She went swiftly down the long deserted street to the village, past the great barren mosque, where the dogs quarreled for shade. At the far end of the village, was a long, cool, open djama, built of rough blocks of stone. It was quite empty, and the girl sat down on the stone bench within. From where she sat she could see far down the mountain-side—first Arba, where the market is, then the little French Mission on a tree-cluttered ridge, farther down

Fort National, and then farther still, the parched desert — a brown-grey blanket. By the shadow of the houses she knew the hour. The afternoon was wearing away. Soon the villagers would return from the market,—the men driving long, dusty lines of sheep and goats and asses; the hooded women carrying jars or cheeses done up in hides, or in the skins of Barbary apes—shot now and then, as they came pillaging the fig-orchards.

The girl waited, with a strange anxiety of hope and fear.

Two months before she had come back from the French mission and drawn the white haik over her face, like a Berber woman. Zaid, the chief of the village, had seen her; then for days the men of her house had bargained and argued, until the price had been fixed; and now at nightfall Zaid was to claim the wife he had bought. Once she had hoped for something else, and she had waited; but now she seemed to see all that her life must be—for a little while Zaid would smile on her and she would dance to please him; for a little while there would be sunlight and youth and tinkling bangles, and then another would take her place, and she would be sent to drag the plow in the olive-orchard, and labor with the beasts. There came to her a thought of all the women in all the years who had lived and suffered thus—the pity of it! She had seen the wives of the officers at the Fort. For them, she thought, life was a wonderful white garment of love. She could not understand—not even Pere Voisin could make her understand—why the old cruel law of her race must be laid upon her.

The shadows lengthened in front of the djama. She stared down the narrow road with anxious eyes. She was waiting for the miracle to happen. What miracle? Ah! that she did not know. Perhaps one of the strange miracles of which she had heard at the mission—St. Michael with his sword, or some shining saint, all in silver and white, who should come swiftly to her aid.

"If it should be he," she whispered, suddenly; "if it should be he!"

A man came up the road, but she could not see very well for the shadow of the cork-trees; but somehow she knew it was he. He came swiftly up the hill, humming to himself some old song of the barracks. He was a straight and handsome young man, with black hair and a soldierly mustache and the light step of a Zouave.

At first the girl had started up as if to meet him; then she dropped her veil and waited. It was a moment before he saw her there in the shadow.

"Yamina," he cried; "that I should meet you here! Did your heart tell you I was coming? Did you know it?"

"I prayed you might come," the girl said, in the queer, precise French she had learned at the mission, "that you you might come to-day, Raoul, before it was too late."

He took one of her hands in his.

"Too late, dear! I do not understand what you mean. You knew I would come. I had to wait until I heard from France; but now"—he drew her close to him—"now, Yamina, no one can separate us. Ah, you knew I would come!"

She threw back the white veil from her face, and looked at him with happy eyes.

"Yes. I knew you would come," she said, softly. "My miracle!"

"And you did not doubt my love—in all these long weeks?"

"Had you not told me you loved me?" she replied. "No, I did not doubt; but it has been very long since Pere Voisin told me I must not see you—must not come back to the mis-

sion; but now—" her eyes said the rest.

They sat down side by side on the stone bench, and Facqueral held her hand lightly and said:

"Listen, dear, and I will tell you everything. It has been a long, sad time, has it not? but now the sadness is all done with. I had to get my father's consent. At first he refused, but Pere Voisin wrote to him and at last he consented. And now everything is clear. We shall be married by the laws of France—first at the Fort and then at the mission."

"But I am not French," said the girl, sadly.

"When you are my wife you will be a Frenchwoman—"

"Like the wives of the officers at the Fort?"

"Just the same, only a thousand times more beautiful."

But Yamina started up.

"To-morrow you shall be Madame Jacqueral;" and he laughed lightly, as lovers will.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Yamina; "oh, I had forgotten—the Amine!"

"The Amine," said Facqueral, "to be sure; I, too, had forgotten. But Pere Voisin is coming to ask his consent, and Zaid will not refuse him—they are friends."

"But you do not understand—you do not know," she cried; "Zaid has been to my father—he has claimed me for himself."

"He has claimed you!" Raoul cried, and then with quick, impulsive jealousy, he added: "and you would let him!"

"I? But what could I do? He has bought me, and—" she made a weary little gesture in which there was the pathetic resignation of the women of her race—the sad acquiescence in life, which is the heritage of the veiled woman.

Raoul drew her down on the seat and gathered her tenderly in his arms.

"Forgive me," he whispered, and kissed her gently; then for a moment he did not speak; he realized now how useless it would be to ask Zaid's consent, and without it he felt that even Pere Voisin could not help him; not all the power of France was great enough to take this one little maid away from her tribe if Zaid bade her stay. And yet he would never, never give her up.

If he could only reach Algiers! There he could take ship for Italy, and in a few hours they would be safe—beyond the reach of the Berber law and the law of France. He knew that a train left Fort National for Algiers that evening. There was yet time. By to-morrow, when Zaid returned, they would be far beyond reach.

"We must go, Yamina," he whispered, "at once—and very far. Will you come?"

"With you, Raoul?"

"With me, dear—to be my wife—"

To Yamina it seemed that the miracle had happened. St. Michael had not come, but *he* had come.

"I will go with you, my Raoul," she said, softly, "wherever you will—forever."

He stooped and kissed her face; then hand in hand they went down the narrow path under the darkening trees.

Up among the white masses and rocky domes of the Djudjura the last sunlight shone, with fierce hints of red; the south was blocked with sombre clouds, and the wind fretted the tree-tops and whistled shrilly as it swept down the mountain.

* * * *

On all sides stretched the desert—like yellow linen. The sun flamed steadily out of a cloudless sky. Where the springs of the Seffthi bubbled there was a little verdure, ten paces wide and thirty paces in length. Three

spindling palms grew there and cast a shade. Zaid's mare—prized above his creed—cropped daintily at the wiry grass. Now and then she peered at his face with eyes like a woman's, but he paid no heed. Huddled in his cloak he sat at the foot of the palm-tree, brooding. The eyes that looked out of his brown and bearded face were fixed on the far horizon, where the burnished sky met the copper sand. There was nothing to see but the glitter of this metal rim. Beyond it were the green folds of the foot-hills, the Fort and the French soldiers, the white-washed mission-house, and higher still, above the savage mountain stream, was the village; it almost seemed to him that he could see the sunlight on the mosque and the villagers gathered in the shade of the djama. The sun was still high. With fixed eyes Zaid stared out over the flickering sands. The horizon faded. And then he clearly saw the street of his village and the dogs quarreling at the door of the mosque. He saw a slight, girlish figure go swiftly down the deserted street—saw even the twinkle of silver round her ankles. He smiled gravely in his brown beard and whispered to himself:

"Allah, who made the pomegranate, give me my fate!
Give me Yamina with the dark eyelashes.
Allah, who made the fig and the date, give me my fate!
Give me Yamina with the little ankles.

It was the song he had made for Yamina. He watched her pass on into the shade of the djama. He saw her sitting, a white, slight figure, on the stone bench and he thought:

"She is thinking of her lover, the chief, as he comes to her across the desert; she is thinking of Zaid."

So clear to him was the vision that he could have counted the folds of Yamina's veil; so real that he could almost read the thought in her heart; and yet it seemed to be a vision in which there was no time—it raced past him like a bird in the wind. He saw Yamina, and then, she was not alone—he saw a man approach her, and she laughed and ran to his arms; and hand in hand they went down the hill-side. Zaid did not breathe. His whole life was in his eyes. He saw the lovers laughing under the trees; and then—as an eagle stoops—he saw a black storm sweep down out of the south. Like a great flag the feathery snow flew out from the Peak of the Lady. Farther down where the snow rots in the hollows, the wind bred a tumult. Great ledges of snow slipped into the streams and the streams rattled it down. Of a sudden the rain fell—a dark torrent of rain. Zaid watched the streams racing down the mountain: he saw the tempest straining the tree-tops; and then the vision seemed to part that he might see Yamina and her lover. They were hurrying down the narrow road to the mission. He saw them running hand in hand in the darkness. The waters were tearing away the path beneath their feet. They came to the bridge, and hesitated—for the waters dragged fiercely at the shaking structure.

Zaid started up with a cry—a loud cry of warning. His heart was black with wrath, and with a joy more evil than anger, but Yamina, the jewel of his heart, he could not see her swept to death; could not see the vengeance of his God fall upon the woman who had fled from him, and the man who had robbed him. He knew the bridge—there upon the mountain where the gorge deepened—and he knew the footpath that led round it. She must not cross that bridge.

They came to the bridge. Again Zaid shouted out a loud warning, but his eyes were still fixed on that far horizon of shining metal, where the vision shaped itself for him.

Of a sudden Yamina caught her

lover by the hand. For a moment they disappeared from sight. Then Zaid saw them running down the foot-path, just as the bridge fell crashing. They stood for a moment as though dazed by the danger they had escaped; and he saw them hurry through the darkness and the rain.

The vision parted like a curtain; he saw them enter the warmth and light of the mission-house—he could see the candles flicker in the wind from the open door, the fire shining in the little stove; the old priest stretching out his kindly hand to the frightened girl. He could see the look of proud love on the young man's face, and it almost seemed that he could hear him saying:

"She is to be mine, father—this little Yamina of my heart!"

The vision faded. Zaid looked about him vaguely. Over his head was the noonday sun. Round him on every side the metallic sands stretched away to meet the steel rim of the sky. His face was hard and grey. The mare cropped the wiry grass near by. Now and then she raised her head and peered at him with eyes like a woman's. But Zaid threw himself down in the spindling shadow of the palm-trees and covered his face with his cloak.

WHEN CANDLES GLEAMED

Eleanor stands at the ball to-night,
Pale pearls gleam in her dusky hair,
As long ago, by dim candle-light,
Her grandmother wore them, twined as fair.

Long ago in her white satin gown
Grandmamma stepped in the minuet.
She was the belle of the quaint old town,
And opened the ball with Lafayette.

They bowed and stepped and swayed to the lilt,
Of a stately, courtly old-world tune.
The light struck sparks from the burnished gilt
Of his epaulets. The yellow moon

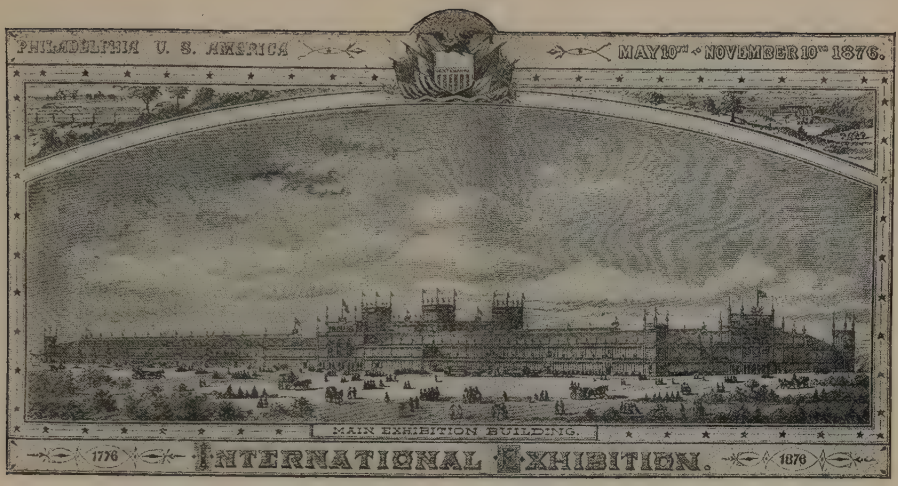
Through open windows stealing a glance
Glowed on her pearls and her happy face.
Shone on him, too, as oft in the dance,
He bowed with the true Parisian grace.

And at the end of the ball that night
With a stately bow he kissed her hand,
Whispering low in the gentle light,
"Thanks, fairest lady in all the land."

As I see Eleanor standing now,
Wearing the pearls that her grandmother wore,
I long to bend o'er her head and bow
Lafayette-like with the grace of yore.

Long to say in the hush of the tune,
Just what the Chevalier said that night,
Years gone by, in the shadowy room,
To her grandmamma, by candle light.

Alice Van Leer Carrick



REMINISCENCES OF THE CENTENNIAL

By Thomas Gold Alvord

WHAT tricks memory plays us! How often as the stored up films of the brain are unwound by thought, the reverie is made strange by a picture long forgotten and seemingly out of all keeping with others on the roll. Recollections of the great exposition of 1876 should be of the national splendor there evinced; the marvelous displays of other lands; the wondrous beauty of it all. But, I see first a negative showing a swarthy oriental, radiant in a purple turban, flowing robes of silk and flashing jewels, who one morning found his pathway in the grounds disputed by some plain Americans. In their haste the visitors pushed the gorgeous vision off the walk. Shaking his fist at the rude disturbers of his dignity, the walking rainbow exclaimed in good Celtic-Saxon, "Begorra, does ye take me for a real Turk?"

This is a strange thing to remember whenever the Centennial Exposition is spoken of, but such brain pictures are in colors and never fade. There are others taken at the time equally bright that come when called.

I recollect that a firm in Agricultural Hall had a lot of cards printed which they intended to put over their card cases in various parts of the hall, and on them was printed in large letters, "Take One." Some graceless wag stole the whole package and spying a magnificent display of fruits and pickles, from which the owner was at the moment absent, placed a ticket on each bottle and can, and then withdrew to observe the result. It was not long before the place was entirely stripped by the persons attracted by the generous invitation, and when the unlucky owner returned all that remained was the empty shelves over which were scattered the cards that told the story of his despoilation. The remembrance of the whole scene passes

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The illustrations accompanying this articles are reproduced from rare prints, secured at much trouble and expense, and serve to show the great strides made in American progress in the past twenty-five years.

THE SPANISH BUILDING

in review like a treasured dream. Seeing it was the great event in the youth of many, who to-day cannot realize that nearly a quarter of a century has gone since then. Its recent great successor, the World's Fair, is now a memory. There have been three such displays in our history —the New York Exposition in 1853; the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876 and the Chicago Exposition in 1893. These were the seed, the bloom and the fruit of American desire to show the old world its progress in ingenuity and art.

THE ENGINE USED IN THE GROUNDS

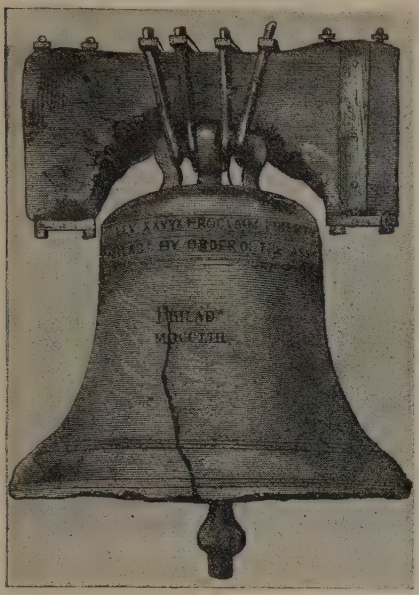
THE EVOLUTION OF EXPOSITIONS

The first was a model to which the glory of the others is as the steamship of to-day to the boat of Fulton, or the perfected printing press to the device of Franklin. Comparisons, however, have no place in reveries. Nor do bare facts nor tiresome figures nor details, nor any of the data that statesmen love to find in encyclopedias and use in extemporaneous speeches. No one can remember how much the buildings cost at the Centennial, the size of the Corliss engine, the weight of the great Rodman gun, the number of visitors, the miles of exhibits, the tons of sausage eaten or the amount of the gate receipts or who got them, but all who went there cannot forget the superb picture presented at the grounds, how it thrilled them as Americans and made them gloat over their foreign friends, how they slept two in a bed or three on a board placed over a bath-tub at $5 a night, and expected to find Philadelphia paved with gold forever after. Not even a statesman can find these facts in a book of reference and it is only after twenty-three years that one who has to pass through Philadelphia now and then dares to refer to them.

Even the atmosphere around the fair was charged. It contained something that made everybody feel that here was not a mere show of iron and steel, silk and cotton, cheese and pork, but a triumphant festival to celebrate the first century of our national existence. As such it will ever be remembered. When some one tells who

ENTRANCE TO THE BRAZILIAN COURT

OLD BELL OF INDEPENDENCE HALL



proposed such a celebration and proves it, that event should have another fair to commorate it. At last accounts the still disputed authorship of the idea had been narrowed down by the sheer effect of time and exhaustion to four gentlemen: the Honorable John Bigelow, Colonel M. R. Muckle, General Charles B. Norton and Professor Campbell of Indiana. It is even now not safe to say more on this point. The suggestion of holding such a celebration in Philadelphia was a winning one because it was there that the Declaration of Independence was signed. After much popular agitation the Pennsylvania Legislature memorialized Congress, the late Senator Morrill presented the necessary bill, the United States Centennial Commission was organized and the city of Philadelphia set apart four hundred and fifty acres in Fairmont Park for the purpose. Here it was proposed to hold "An Industrial Exposition of arts, manufactures of the soil and mind, to be opened on the 19th day of October, 1876." All foreign countries were invited to take part "In the interest of peace, civilization, domestic and international friendship and intercourse." Twenty-four such countries responded with exhibits, and twenty-three states subscribed some cash.

A THREATENED FINANCIAL FAILURE

There was a great deal of trouble over the finances at first, for the panic of 1873 made the stock certificates sell very slowly. Failure seemed certain. All at once Philadelphia gave $1,500,000, the state of Pennsylvania $1,000,000 and Uncle Sam lent the managers $1,500,000. This made the fair a success, and for once the government got its money back.

The opening day will never be forgotten by those who were in the crush. The pressure of visitors strained the suburbs for miles around. The city was buried in flags and banners. A Mississippi of strangers poured into the grounds and the stream was fed by excursion trains from all parts of the nation. Theodore Thomas began the ceremonies with a great orchestra and

IN THE CHINESE DEPARTMENT

STAIRWAY IN HORTICULTURAL HALL

gave his Centennial Inauguration March to a delighted multitude and the world when General Grant appeared on the grand stand and officially opened the exhibition. The stars and stripes shot to the peak of a tall staff, scores of foreign flags broke out on the buildings, a Chorus of Song burst forth, a hundred cannon roared, bells pealed, the machinery was set in motion, and the whole nation rejoiced that its festival had begun.

From that time until the close the Centennial Celebration, for so it was regarded by the people, was enjoyed by everyone who had money enough to go to Philadelphia or could borrow it to get there. Of the multitudinous exhibitions those in the French section, particularly the exhibits of porcelain, faience and majolica work, were unsurpassed. The silk display was charming and the jewelry exhibit well illustrated the taste and ingenuity of Parisian workmen.

One of the most beautiful and unique exhibits which I remember to have seen was an alto-relievo, in butter, of "Iolanthe," the heroine of Hon. Edmund Phipps's lyric drama of that name. "Iolanthe" was the beautiful daughter of King Reve, and up to the age of sixteen was blind, yet unconscious of her infirmity. To her the world was all darkness, as those with whom she came in contact manifested neither by word or sign that they possessed an additional sense. She therefore remained in ignorance of her misfortune until her sight was suddenly restored by a surgical operation on the eve of her marriage with a prince. Of the two centres of interest presented by the plot of the drama, the one converging about the dreaming princess, and the other indicated by the flood of emotion produced by the unexpected revelation of a new world, the artist of the exhibit chose the first.

The only tools made use of in the apparently difficult task of modelling in butter the expressive face and the bust were common butter paddles, ceder sticks, broom straws and camels'-hair pencils.

While strolling about the grounds one day I became weary, and was glad to seat myself in a great splint-bottomed chair in the new England log-house.

This, as its name implied, was built of logs, and wore an ancient aspect, which was well set off by the

more modern structures that surrounded it. The interior comprised two small, low-studded square rooms, which had an exceedingly antiquated look, and which were filled with old-fashioned furniture and Revolutionary relics.

The great open fireplace monopolized nearly all the one side of the front room, while the narrow and low windows and doors shared with a few wrinkled pictures and relics the other wall. From the ceiling depended strings of dried apples and peppers, ears of corn and other emblems of the olden time. Another spot that greatly interested me was the Hunter's Cabin, built of logs in the "salt-box" style, entirely open in front. It was not only a fac-simile of the abode of a Western hunter or trapper of the period, but within and around it were all the paraphernalia that a pushing and ingenious pioneer would be likely to provide. There were also several stalwart fellows—practical hunters—in the buckskin garb of their profession. They lounged on the rough log couch, smoked, cooked and ate with sharp sticks for forks and with Arkansas tooth-picks—fourteen-inches long—for knives.

The Main Building, Machinery Hall, the Art Gallery, the Women's Pavilion, Horticulture Hall, the Agricultural display, had their admirers, and indeed there was enough to see in the 159 days in any one structure if it alone could be visited. The railway carried over three million passengers, and was one of the best features of the exhibition. It enabled one hundred thousand persons on a single day to go about without killing anybody, although the intense heat on certain days claimed many victims.

The bulk of the passenger traffic was controlled by the Pennyslvania railroad, then as now, one of the most perfect organizations of its kind in this country. By its main line visitors were brought from all parts of the West; by its New Jersey division came visitors from New York and the Eastern States. This road made extraordinary provision for transporting the great number of passengers, and the New York and Philadelphia branch ran

COOK'S WORLD'S TICKET OFFICE

VIEW IN THE MAIN BUILDING

two regular excursion trains daily, in addition to the usual service.

There was little disorder and as a rule room enough to very comfortably accommodate the daily average attendance of 81,000, which was greatly eclipsed at Chicago.

There was no question that the American people were proud of their Festival and thoroughly enjoyed it. That it did them good is equally certain. It brought the different parts of the country into closer touch and proved the advantages of international exhibitions by increased trade and commerce between states and with foreign lands.

AND NOW THE PARIS EXPOSITION

An exhibition of this kind is to be held next year in Paris. It behooves this country to render it a grander occasion than were the French exhibitions of 1876 and 1889. The United States should rank next to France in the completeness and brilliancy of its exhibits, and volume of its attendance. After recent utterances in some foreign newspapers it is a splendid opportunity to produce a great moral effect and there is little doubt that the American people will respond with a warmth and liberality worthy of their record, their ambitions and their resources. Blood is indeed thicker than water, and it was French blood that made the "Centennial" possible. Without the help of Lafayette what would we have had to celebrate at Philadelphia and in all portions of a great nation on the fourth day of July?

When Santa Claus was but a boy
He didn't have a single toy,
No Noah's Ark or drum or sled -
But played with Polar Bears instead;
It must have been that way because
There was no grown-up Santa Claus.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS AND THEIR WRITERS

By Flynn Wayne

HE spirit of imperialism is upon the Anglo-Saxon race. We may as well confess it, and indissolubly connected with this wave of patriotic sentiment are our national songs. Who can estimate the power of the songs that have become as inseparable and fixed a part of our national life as the Constitution itself?

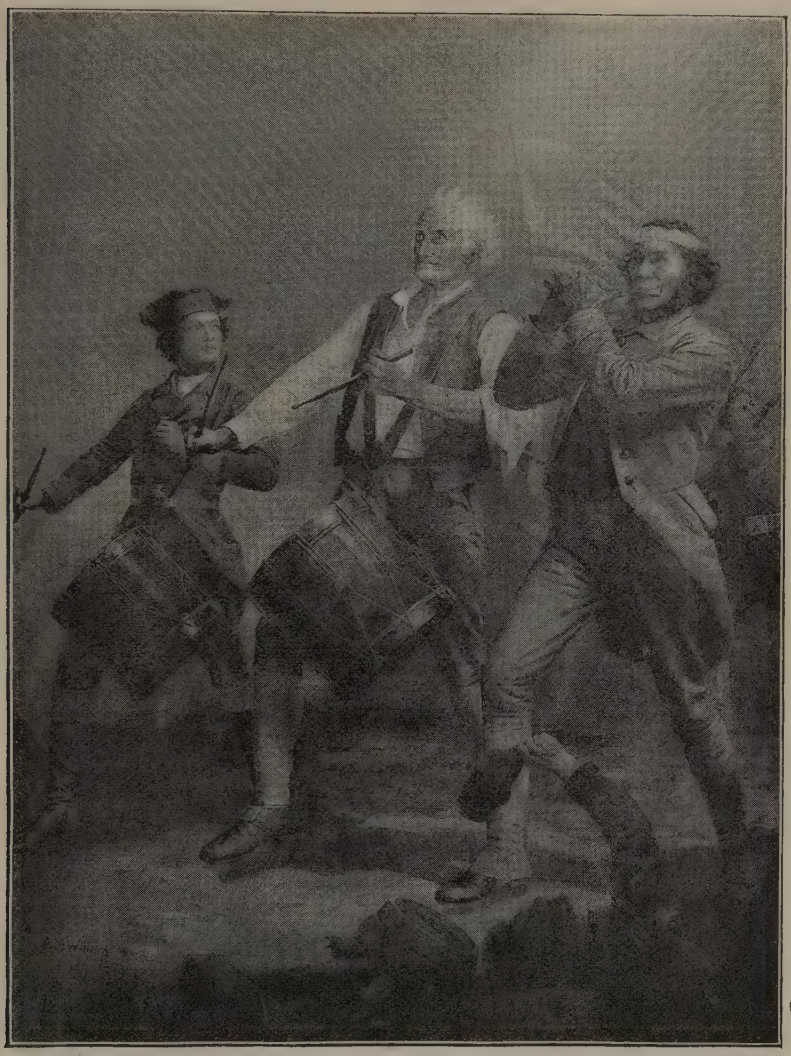
A book of more than ordinary interest is "Stories of Great National Songs,"* by Colonel Nicholas Smith. Music has had more to do in soothing the stormy and bitter passions of mankind, in elevating their thoughts, in exciting their sympathies, than any other of man's inventions, and the story of the origin of the best known national songs, with short biographical sketches of the writers and composers, cannot fail to appeal strongly to every person who is at all interested in the history of his country. The first American song dealt with is "Yankee Doodle."

"The story of 'Yankee Doodle,' from the time it was brought to this country is definite, and absorbingly interesting. It has had a great mission. With all the derision that has been heaped upon it, it is none the less a great tune. When one hears the once ridiculed and rollicksome strains of 'Yankee Doodle,' let him cogitate the fact that it has been the marching tune of all the victorious armies of American patriots, and has such a universality, that it will measure the tread of coming millions. It is one of the indestructible institutions of America. It has a character of its own—comical, rampant, 'rattle-brainish,' but with all its oddities, it has somehow entwined itself so closely about the national heart that one might as well try to rob the people of the American bicycle, or Bunker Hill, as this 'clattering, right-about-face, defiant battle march.'

"The tune was brought to this country in 1755, when the British were engaged in a war with the French and Indians. The story goes that the militia which were called to aid the British regular army were strangely clad in many colors, some wearing long coats, some short ones, and many having none of any kind to wear. In the British army was one Dr. Richard Shackburg, who not only mended shattered limbs, but was somewhat of a musician. One day he thought to play a joke upon the militia because of their grotesque figure and awkward manner, and with much mock solemnity he presented them the words and music of 'Yankee Doodle,' commending the tune as one of the most distinguished in martial music. The joke greatly pleased the well-dressed British officers, but as a joke it proved a stupendous failure, for the tune soon became the battle march of the Revolution. They who laugh last laugh best. The British officers would raise shouts of laughter when they heard the innocent and simple-minded militia play 'Yankee Doodle,' and the British bands would repeat it in derision of the colonists. This contemptuous use of the song by the English

* "Stories of Our Great National Songs," by Colonel Nicholas Smith. Price $1.50. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee.

YANKEE DOODLE



From the painting by Williard, now in Abbott Hall, Marblehead, Mass.

army continued more than twenty years; then came the battle of Lexington, and by a strange irony of fate, the colonists made the British dance to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' The giving of the tune to the ill-circumstanced militia in mockery of their unfortunate appearance, was a prophetic piece of fun, for twenty-five years later Lord Cornwallis was forced to march to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' when entering the lines of the same colonists to surrender his sword and his army to General Washington."

A short chapter is devoted to William Billings, the Charlestown tanner, who was a pioneer in the musical life of America, and who wrote many hymns and war songs at the time of the revolution.

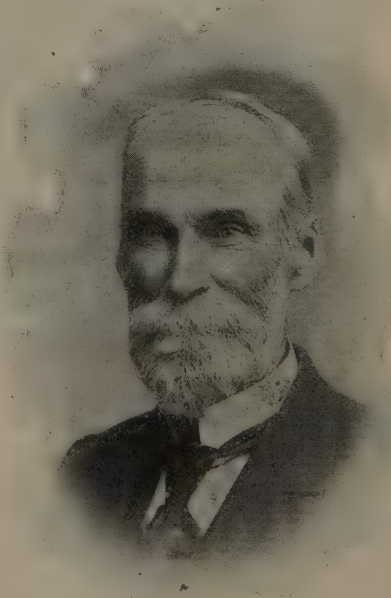
"It can be justly said that Billings—'the mixture of ludicrous, eccentric, commonplace, smart, honest, patriotic,

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
Author of "The Star Spangled Banner"

and religious elements'—did more for the musical advancement of New England, considering the condition of the times in which he lived, than any man who followed him. For one hundred and fifty years music in New England scarcely had a voice, until Billings came. We are told by Hezekiah Butterworth, long connected with the 'Youth's Companion,' that, like the prophet of old, he led the way of those who have made Boston a musical city. He was a man of surprising energy. He published several books of musical instruction, and six tune books, and nearly all the airs were his own composition. This zealous patriot, who was the first to teach the American people to sing anthems of praise and songs of victory, has been dead one century, and no monument, not so much as a simple stone slab, marks his resting place in a Boston graveyard.

"It was during this reign of partisanship that a theatre was opened in Philadelphia, and a benefit was to be given to a young man, Gilbert Fox by name, who had some talent as a singer. But the warlike condition of things threw discouragement on the undertaking. The singer was somewhat acquainted with Joseph Hopkinson, who was then a young lawyer, and calling upon him one Saturday afternoon in April, 1798, he earnestly pleaded with him to furnish a patriotic song which could be sung to the tune then known as the 'President's March,' composed in 1789 by a German professor in Philadelphia, named Phylo, alias Feyles, alias Thyla, alias Phyla, alias Roth, and was first played at Trenton when Washington was on his way to New York to be inaugurated president. Mr. Hopkinson's sym-

WALTER KITTREDGE
Author of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"



pathy for the young man induced him to write the words now recognized as 'Hail Columbia.' The two stanzas

which were more frequently used than any others are the following:

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS:
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the sacred prize.
While off'ring peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

"The song packed the house. It was called for again and again during the same performance, and at the finale the audience rose and lustily joined in the chorus, and the public heart was so profoundly touched by its patriotic sentiment that England and France sank before 'Hail Columbia.' The song evoked such universal interest that within a few nights after it was first given, President Adams and the heads of all the governmental departments attended the theater to hear the new-born song, and the enthusiasm was so intense that the singer was called out time and again."

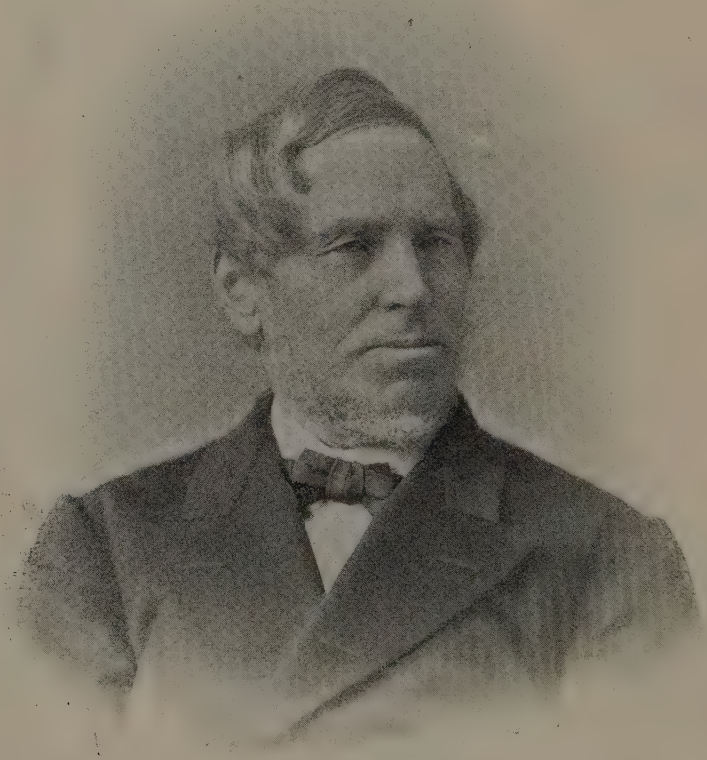
"The Star Spangled Banner" was composed during the war of 1812, by Francis Scott Key, and the story of its origin is given in the following words:

"In the latter part of August, 1814, Dr. William Beanes, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, was captured by Gen. Ross, of the British army, and held as a prisoner on the admiral's flagship, the 'Surprise.' The doctor was a personal friend of Francis Scott Key, then a young lawyer living at Baltimore. On the 2d of September, 1814, writing from Georgetown, to his mother, Mr. Key said: 'I am going to Baltimore in the morning to proceed in a flag vessel to Gen. Ross. Old Dr. Beanes, of Marlborough, is taken prisoner by the enemy, who threaten to carry him off.' Key found the English fleet in Chesapeake Bay and was kindly received by Admiral Cochrane. But the enemy was about to make a combined attack

THE KEY MONUMENT, FREDERICK, MD.

by sea and land upon Fort McHenry; and while Gen. Ross consented to the release of Dr. Beanes, it was stipulated that all of the American party should remain on the 'Surprise' until the fort was reduced.

SAMUEL F. SMITH
Author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"



"All during that eventful night, the 13th of September, the great guns of the fleet poured a blazing shower of shot and shell upon the fortress. Key, standing on the deck of the English ship, in the midst of the excitement of the terrific bombardment, could see at intervals, by the glare of the rocket and the flash of the cannon, he American flag waving victoriously over its gallant defenders. It was a hot, persistent fight, taxing the courage, the endurance, and the patriotism of the brave soldiers to the utmost. In the stirring enthusiasm of that supreme moment, and at the dawn's early light, when the Stars and Stripes rose above the smoke of conflict, and seemed to wave in triumph from the very battlements of heaven, Key wrote the song that should be as deathless as the flag itself.

"When some one demanded that it should be sung, one account says that Ferdinand Durang, an actor, being acquainted with an old English air

'To Anacreon in Heaven,' quickly made the proper adaptation, and, mounting a chair, sang the song with such voice and feeling as to throw the hearers into the wildest state of excitement. In four days it found its way on the stage, where it was re-received with spontaneous and unbounded enthusiasm. The song seems to have been pitched to the keynote of a screaming shell, and everywhere, in places of amusement, in camp, and in the home, it went straight to the popular heart.

"The old English tune, 'To Anacreon in Heaven,' with which 'The Star Spangled Banner' is inseparably associated, was composed in London, sometime between 1770 and 1775, by John Strafford Smith. He was a member of an aristocratic society called the 'Anacreonites, and the regular fortnightly meetings were always opened with the constitutional song, 'To Anacreon in Heaven.'

"Just four years after the flag was hauled down at Sumter, there was a memorable gathering at the same fort. It was on the very day Lincoln was assassinated. The self-same flag, shell-tattered in the bombardment of '61, was to be re-hoisted. Henry Ward Beecher was requested by the United States government to go to Sumter and deliver the oration. It was a day of victory for 'Old Glory.'

"One of the most thrilling incidents in the annals of war, showing the power of patriotic song, was that on the ramparts of Santiago, on that memorable Friday, the 1st of July, 1898. I think it was in the Twenty-first regulars, that man after man was fast falling in blood and death before a blazing fire of Mauser bullets, when the soldiers, catching a fresh gleam of the flag at a critical moment, spontaneously began to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and its majestic strains so thrilled the souls of the men that they seemed to be nerved by some superhuman power to defy the storm of battle, and to win the victory that sealed the fate of Santiago."

Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the writer of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is the subject of an interesting sketch.

"Dr. Holmes said, a short time before his death, in 1894: 'Now, there's

JULIA WARD HOWE
Author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
Author of "Home, Sweet Home"

Smith. His name will be honored by every school child in the land when I have been forgotten a hundred years. He wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." If he had said "Our Country" the hymn would not have been immortal, but that "My" was a masterpiece. Every one who sings the hymn at once feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country.'

"Samuel F. Smith was born in Boston in 1808. He became a theological student, and was graduated from Andover Seminary in 1832. The story of the origin of the great national hymn is a simple one and has been many times repeated. In 1832 William C. Woodbridge, a friend of Dr. Smith's, who had been visiting Germany and the German schools, brought home with him a lot of German music books. Mr. Woodbridge gave the books to Lowell Mason, who was then giving vocal music an extraordinary impulse throughout New England; and afterwards did more to raise the standard of American church music and make it popular than any other man who ever lived. But Mr. Mason, being unable to read German, turned the books over to Dr. Smith, remarking at the time that he would be pleased to have any poetical translation the young man saw proper to make. 'Turning over the leaves of the books one gloomy day in February, 1832,' said Dr. Smith, many years afterwards, 'I came across the air "God Save the King." I liked the music I glanced at the German words at the foot of the page. Under the inspiration of the moment I went to work and in half an hour "America" was the result.

" 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' did not have a widespread popularity until the civil war began. It was found in a few hymn books, and was sung on stated occasions, but as a national song—as a special inspirer of patriotism—it did not stir the people in any impressive degree until the flag was shot down at Sumter. Since then it has been used more frequently than any other of the so-called national songs. It is recognized the world over as a great national hymn—beautifully simple in its poetry, rich in its patriotic sentiment, and vigorous enough to reflect the ennobling spirit of true American liberty.

"It is passing strange that a national hymn, beautiful and animating in its melody, should be so little known among the American people. Twelve or thirteen years ago, when that magnificent English steamship, the 'City of Berlin,' then commanded by Captain Watkins, was on a return trip from Liverpool, the captain presided at an entertainment given by the passengers for the benefit of the seamen's fund. One interesting feature of the program was the singing of national songs. 'God Save the Queen' was sung with

wonderful power and feeling, and then Captain Watkins suggested that 'America' should be sung out of courtesy to the many well-known Americans aboard. After an outburst of applause,

"My country, 'tis of Thee,
Sweet land of liberty,"

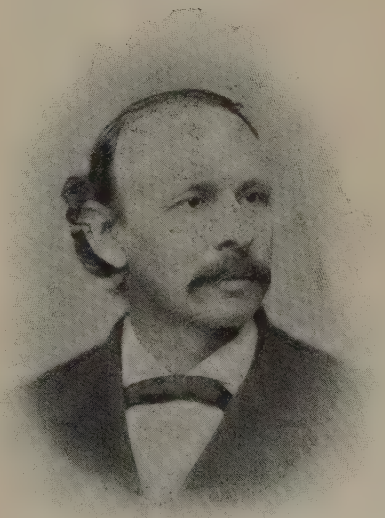
rose in full chorus. But at the close of the fourth line the words grew fainter and fainter, and when the end of the first verse was reached, only three voices were heard, and one of them was the gallant English captain striving bravely as best he could to sing what is called our national hymn, which the American passengers evidently could not sing.

"In 1889, 'The Christian Union,' since changed to 'The Outlook,' said that if the patriotism of the Americans is to be measured by their familiarity with the words of our national hymn, then some other motive than 'love of country' would save the nation were its freedom imperiled. It then gave the following striking incident: 'On Decoration day about one hundred women were assembled in the parlors of one of the women's clubs of New York. The first number on the program was the national hymn, to be sung by the audience. The first verse was sung, after the first two lines, with firmness, the interlude was played and the first chord to begin the second verse given. There was perfect silence, except from the piano, which was under the hands of a master. Again the chord was struck, when a venturesome soul struck wildly into the first line of the third verse. Each woman gained courage and began independently wherever she chanced to remember a word, and the verse was sung in what was practically Volapuk, for each mumbled the words to hide her ignorance of what the rest were singing.'

"The incidents that led up to the making of 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' are as follows:

" 'In the fall of 1843, being then engaged as an actor at the Chestnut Street Theater in this city, I was waited upon by Mr. D. T. Shaw with the request that I would write him a song for his benefit night. He produced some patriotic lines, but I found them ungrammatical, and so deficient in measure as to be totally unfit to be adapted to music. We adjourned to the house of a friend and there I wrote the first two verses in pencil, and composed the melody on the piano. On reaching home, I added the third verse, wrote the symphonies and arrangements, made a fair copy, and gave it to Mr. Shaw, requesting him not to sell or give a copy. A few weeks later I left for New Orleans, and was much surprised to see a published copy, entitled 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' written, composed and sung by David T. Shaw, and arranged by T. a'Becket, Esq. On my return to Philadelphia, I waited upon Mr. Willig,

JAMES R. RANDALL
Author of "Maryland, My Maryland"



ALEXANDER C. ROSS
Author of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too"

the publisher, who told me that he had purchased the song from Mr. Shaw. I produced the original copy in pencil, and claimed the copyright, which Mr. Willig admitted. I then made arrangements with Mr. T. Osborn to publish the song in partnership; and within a week it appeared under its proper title, 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' written and composed by T. a'Becket, and sung by D. T. Shaw. Mr. E. L. Davenport, the eminent actor, sang the song nightly in London for some weeks; it became very popular, and was published without authority under the title of 'Britannia, the Gem,' etc. I visited London in 1847, and found the song claimed as an English composition. (Perhaps it is, I being an Englishman by birth.) During my absence from America, the land of my adoption, Osborn failed in business, and the plates of the song were sold to Mr. Benteen, of Baltimore. Thus it went out of my possession, much to my regret and loss.'

"When President Lincoln issued his second call for troops in the summer of 1861, the emergency had come when the Union army needed a battle cry of freedom, and George F. Root, living in Chicago, was deeply impressed with the mighty significance of the proclamation, and one afternoon he caught the spirit of the hour and there began to evolve in his mind the sentiment of a rallying song, and in an outburst of patriotic fervor there came the words and music of that soul-stirring and pulse-quickening battle hymn:

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys."

"The next evening, says Mr. Root in his 'Story of a Musical Life,' the famous Lumbard brothers—Jules and Frank—were to sing at a meeting to be held in the Chicago Court House square. Mr. Root gave them 'The Battle Cry of Freedom.' The magnificent voices of the brothers were electrifying; and in trumpet-like tones the refrain—

"The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

spread as if impelled by some magic influence, and almost instantly the grand chorus rose in mighty music from the vast multitude. The song struck fire, and leaped into widespread popularity and usefulness. Only a few days after the song was written a monster war-meeting was held in Union Square, New York. The excitement ran high, and the emotion was intense. The Hutchinson family sang 'The Battle Cry of Freedom.' The immense throng of listeners were aroused to the highest pitch of exaltation of soul. The song was sung again and again, and the great audience caught up the refrain, and it proved a resistless force in swelling the ranks of the army. No other war song was sung with bolder patriotism or with a more triumphant passion of the soul. It seemed to mount up as if on the

wings of magic, and was carried over all the North, and into all camps where the Stars and Stripes floated. It was often ordered to be sung as the men marched into action; and more than once its strains rose on the battle-field to stimulate courage.

"There is a stirring illustration of how this song saved a battle, which I find in Brainard's 'Our War Songs, North and South.' During the terrible battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of May, 1864, a brigade of the Ninth Army Corps, having broken the enemy's line by an assault, became exposed to a flank attack, and with heavy loss were driven back in disorder. They retreated but a few hundred yards, however, when they re-formed and again confronted the enemy. Just then some gallant fellow—an unknown hero—in the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, with a head filled with sense and a heart full of courage and song, began to sing:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

"The refrain was caught up by the entire regiment, and also by the regiments next in line. The air was filled with the crackle and smoke of the burning underbrush; the pitiful cries of the wounded, the rattle of musketry and the wild shouts of command, gave intense excitement to the scene; but above all, answering the exalted yell of the enemy, rose supreme the inspiring chorus—

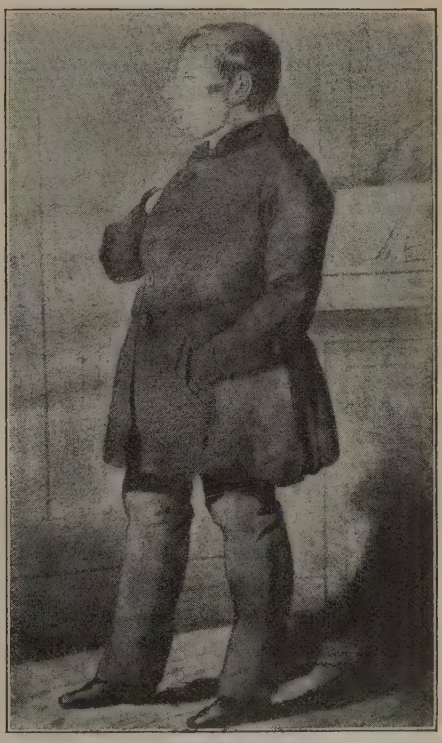
"The Union, forever! hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the stars,
And we'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

"What an impressive example of the power of patriotic song in invoking from men, when charging in the very jaws of death, a resolute and singing spirit!

"As a piece of poetry, the 'Battle Cry of Freedom' may not have great merit, but as an expression of patriotism it is beyond all price. It is great enough to gain enduring fame as a battle song; great enough for volunteers to sing on their marches from home in defense of the Union; great enough to be on their lips on going into battle; great enough to be associated with all the fierce struggles of the civil war; and great enough to be sung by ten thousand manly voices in a national convention that it might rouse enthusiasm for the peerless soldier of history.

"The story of the writing of the song 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' has been told many times, but for the edification of the rising generation of Americans, and others who will follow, it cannot be too often repeated. I can do no better than to reproduce a

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER
Author of "Watch on the Rhine"



OLD SHADY
The famous singing cook

portion of an article written by Florence Howe Hall for the New York 'Independent,' September 22, 1898. In telling of 'The Building of a Nation's War Hymn,' she says:

" 'It was in December, 1861, that Mrs. Howe, in company with her husband, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and other friends, visited Washington, itself almost in the condition of an armed camp. On their journey thither, "the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps" gleamed in the darkness, the railroad being paroled by pickets. Mrs. Howe has told of the martial sights and sounds in the national capital, and of her drive to a distance of several miles from the city to see a review of our troops. An attack of the enemy interrupted the program, and the return drive was made through files of soldiers, who occupied almost the entire road. To beguile the tedium of their slow progress, Mrs. Howe and her friends sang army songs, among others, "John Brown's Body." This seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the interval crying out to us, "Good for you!" Our poet had often wished to write words to be sung to this tune, and now, indeed, she "read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel."

" 'She slept quietly that night; but waking before dawn, found herself weaving together the lines of a poem, capable of being sung to the "John Brown" tune. Line after line, and verse after verse fell into place, and Mrs. Howe, fearing that they would fade from her mind, sprang out of bed, and in the gray half-light wrote down her verses, went back to bed and fell asleep again.

" 'When she returned to Boston she showed them to James T. Fields, then editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." He suggested the title, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and published them promptly. In the "Atlantic Monthly" for February, 1862, the poem is printed on the first page, but the name of the author is not mentioned; indeed, no names are appended to the table of contents. On the cover of this number the American flag is substituted for the usual design. It may interest practical people to learn that Mrs. Howe received five dollars for her poem.

" 'Unlike many of the songs of the civil war, it contains nothing sectional, nothing personal, nothing of a temporary character. Its author has repeated it to audiences without number, East, West, North and South. While we feel the beauty of the lines and their aspiration after freedom, even in the piping times of peace, it is only in time of storm and stress that their full meaning shines out. Written with intense feeling, they seem to burn and glow when our own emotions are aroused, as they have been of late.'

"There is more mournful pathos in Dr. Root's 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' than any other of the thirty or more army songs he composed. The song whose sentiment was truly pathetic had a mission in the army as

well as the song of humor,—'Wake, Nicodemus'—or the song of cheer—'Rally Round the Flag.' Dr. Root wrote for almost all the varied circumstances caused by the war, and he has written for all time as well. Some one has said, speaking of 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' that 'mother and sons are ever thinking of each other; there is always a war, a conflict, a battle, a triumph, a blessing somewhere, and Dr. Root caught its melody and gave it life.'

"The melody of 'Marching Through Georgia' has found its way into nearly every country of the globe. At a monthly dinner of the Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, given in New York City two or three years before General Sherman's death, he related this amusing incident: 'Wherever I go, not only in my own country, but in Europe, "Marching Through Georgia" pursues me. On one occasion, arriving at a Dublin hotel in a driving rain, I was congratulating myself that the weather was such as to preclude the possibility of the usual

DANIEL D. EMMETT
Author of "Dixie"

HENRY C. WORK
Author of "Marching Through Georgia"

serenade, and drawing forth my writing materials, I addressed myself to my long-neglected correspondence. Scarcely had I gotten under way, however, when the strains of that infernal tune smote upon my ear. I sprang up, and, hustling into my uniform, stepped out upon the veranda. In the distance a band was approaching, followed by a number of men with guns on their shoulders. I advanced to the railing, and prepared for the pending ovation, but without a pause, or even a glance toward the spot where I stood, they went on "Marching Through Georgia." It was a gunning club, so some one told me afterwards, going to a certain place to shoot at a target.'"

Of the less known songs and writers of the War of the Rebellion, an account is given of the cook, "Old Shady," who composed and sang the "Day of Jubilee;" also the account by Walter Kittredge of the origin of his song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

" 'I take this time to give you a little history of "Tenting on the Old Camp

Ground." I wrote the words and music at the same time one evening, soon expecting to go down South to join the boys in blue, and I desired to have something to sing for them, as that had been my profession, giving concerts for a few years before the war. I think I wrote the song in tears, thinking of my wife and little daughter; but I was not accepted when examined by the physician. He thought I could do my part better to sing for Uncle Sam, so I kept writing and singing for Liberty and Union. The song was composed in 1863, and published by Ditson, Boston, in 1864.

"In all the war song books in which 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' is found, the authorship has been credited to 'Louis Lambert.' The reader will be surprised, perhaps, to know that this was the nom de plume of Patrick S. Gilmore, the great bandmaster and projector of the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1869 and 1872. The song was written in 1863, and its rousing refrain still gives it a hold on the ears of the people. There is such a rattling good quality in the music that it has found its way into several European countries where its use is very frequent."

By no means the least interesting biographical sketch in the book is that of John Howard Payne, the writer of "Home, Sweet Home," whose checkered career was full of sadness, but whose song brought the original publishers a profit of $10,000, and secured for Miss M. Tree, who was the first person to sing it, a husband and a mansion filled with plenty. When Jenny Lind visited the United States in 1850 she, too, sang "Home, Sweet Home," and the "Philadelphia Record" of that time gave an interesting account of the event: "No common poet ever received a more enviable compliment than was paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on her last visit to his native land. It was in the great national hall of the city of Washington where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—'Casta Diva,' the 'Flute Song,' the 'Bird Song,' and 'Greeting to America.' But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face to the part of the auditorium where Payne was sitting and sang 'Home, Sweet Home' with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Daniel Webster himself almost lost his self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric."

The Southern songs are represented by "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," composed respectively by Daniel D. Emmet, the minstrel; James Ryder Randall, and Henry McCarthy. Short chapters are also devoted to Great Britain's national anthem, to the Marseillaise, and to the battle hymns of Germany. The book forms perhaps the most complete history of American war songs yet published and is a welcome addition to the literature dealing with that subject.

NED BRUCE'S TEMPER

By Octave Thanet

ALMOST any one would naturally stop and look over the trig fence at the farm-house behind the row of Lombardy poplars and the pink azaleas. There was neatness about the furrows, a fat, sleek contentment about the cattle in the pasture, and the brook under the willows was so pretty. Nevertheless, Adam Hull would have hurried past—for he was expecting to meet his wife at the station two miles away—had not a dog's howls smote his ears. He was a tender-hearted man with animals, and he stopped. His handsome, fair face darkened.

"Well, he *is* a mean man," he muttered, "if he ain't beating that dog I gave Aggie!"

But he reflected that the train would be due in half an hour and, shutting his ears, he lifted the reins. Yet he didn't go on. Instead, with a flushed and knitted brow, he sprang out of the wagon and ran into the yard. The dog's sharp yelps had trailed off into whimpering cries. He lay on the ground, and over him stood a man with a whip, who, in turn, was clasped in the arms of a young woman. She thrust her slight figure between the man and the trembling beast. "Whip us both, then!" she cried.

"Let go that dog!" the man said, not loudly, but with concentrated passion in his tones.

"I won't!"

"Then I'll make you."

"You coward!" sobbed the woman.

"Oh, you mean, cruel coward!"

The man straightened himself up and, as he did so, shifted his whip from one hand to the other. Something flashed white when the right hand appeared again. "If you don't let go that dog and let me lick him for chasing chickens, I'll kill him!" said he.

The woman lifted her white face. "It isn't because he chased chickens that you want to kill him; it's because he loves me and I love him. You torment him to hurt *me*."

The man stood looking at her darkly. Adam hesitated. There were stories afloat about Ned Bruce's temper and his furious disregard of consequences when in a passion. "If he strikes her, I'll interfere, gun or no gun!" thought Adam, lingering in the shadow of the poplars.

He did not strike her; he flung out his arms in a gesture of anguish of anger, of rage dumb and impotent; then he strode away.

Only the sound of the woman's weeping and her broken words of pity and caressing to the dog, were heard. "I shall have to, poor Jump," she sobbed, "I can't bear to see him abuse you so, day after day! There's where he threw the hot water on you, just because you came into the kitchen. Poor Jump, good Jump! Oh, Jump, it won't hurt you if *I* kill you! It will be me, me that it will hurt!" The tears were flowing unrestrained while the dog strove to comfort a grief he did not comprehend, by wagging his tail and licking her face. Adam Hull stepped hastily forward. His wife afterward told him that he ought to

have pretended to come from outside, after a decent interval and plenty of warning noise; but he blundered in, choking with sympathy.

"Don't feel so bad, Aggie," cried he, "give *me* the dog; I'll take care of it!"

The woman lifted her pretty, tear-stained face and made a piteous effort at composure. "I am just as silly as I can be," she said, "Mr. Bruce wanted to whip him for chasing chickens, but I can't bear to have him punished, he howls so." She rose to her feet as she spoke, and arranged her disordered dress. Very pretty she looked as she stood there, in her thin gown with its crumpled roses, and her cheeks the color of the printed flowers. But Adam Hull was not thinking of her beauty. Rather ruefully he asked, "Does he chase chickens *bad*, Aggie?"

"No, he never chased them before to-day," answered she. And he did not notice that her tone had changed; it was colder and quieter. "I think it was a mistake and just for fun to-day, for he went around the yard with me, every day, and he never bothered anything. But he's just young and playful."

"I guess he won't bother the chickens." Adam nodded as if reassured. "He's the kind of dog a lady would get fond of, don't you think?" There was a note of irresolution in his voice, masked by cheerfulness.

"Oh, yes," said Aggie, eagerly, "she couldn't help it. He knows tricks."

Adam nodded again. "I guess you'd better let me take him home. I guess he sorter bothers Bruce.

Bruce, for his better convenience in thrashing the dog, had tied a rope to his collar; by that same rope Jump was led away, to be finally hoisted into Adam's wagon. Neither Adam nor Mrs. Bruce noticed that Bruce, behind the grape vines, directed a burning gaze on every motion.

Adam was now in a desperate hurry, and Agnes Bruce had no time for more than a single glance at the wistful eyes of the hound.

"Thank you, Adam," was all she said, to which Adam responded in an embarrassed way, "Oh, that's all right, Aggie. Ella will drop in sometime soon and tell you how he gets along."

Then she was watching the dust and the whirling wheel-spokes. Very soon she turned; there was supper to get in the house; the burden of her daily life sank more heavily, more hopelessly down on her shrinking shoulders.

"I'd like to steal Ned's pistol and shoot myself," she muttered, "I don't believe it would be wicked—the way things are."

She had begun to set the supper table, wondering drearily how she could ever have been so pleased as she was over the pretty table linen and the new china.

"That was before I was married," she thought. "Oh, if girls only knew!"

But, in general, her state of mind too stunned for even silent words. She crawled about the room and, half of instinct, repeated every tidy, usual motion, in preparing the table. Once or twice her mind strayed dully after Adam, but his presence, that had once been the center of a young girl's romance, failed to move her now. "He was afraid of Ned," she thought, "and he was afraid his wife wouldn't like Jump. He never really cared for me. I wish I never had seen him. Maybe then I wouldn't have married Ned!"

Dizzily her thoughts crawled backwards through her husband's courtship. First, it was Adam came to see her, driving out from the village, where he kept a store, to her father's farm. Those handsome greys that he was driving to-day used to know the

way to Alfred Robbins' gate well enough to traverse it in the dark. One day he brought her a hound with long ears and beamy, dark eyes, so swift and agile of limb that Aggie called him Jump. More than once he brought her candy of a choicer sort than he sold in the store, the boxes decked with paper lace and a flattened pair of tin tongs, to Aggie a truly sumptuous offering.

Aggie's mother went about among the neighbors, incidentally mentioning Hull's presence in the house and his gifts to Aggie. The girl never remembered seeing her mother so cheerful. Mrs. Robbins was a gaunt woman with more wrinkles than her years needed, an anxious eye and a stoop of the shoulders. By unremitting energy she had kept a thriftless husband's head above water; and unwelcome as every one save the eldest had been, she had loved and tended all her great family. Aggie, however, was her idol, and to have Aggie marry well, marry a man who could "do for her," as she expressed it, was the one vivid hope in her colorless life.

Aggie was nineteen, teaching school, and flinging her meager salary into the hole of the family expenses. To nineteen the first lover who has straight eyes and a good coat on his back is gilded by romance into a hero.

Aggie regarded Adam's narrow shoulders, untanned cheeks and white hands with admiration; she saw how kind was his nature; and she had no doubt that she loved him.

But one Sunday night Adam did not come. Instead, Ned Bruce, who was her father's landlord, followed him into the kitchen. His dark face flushed as he greeted Aggie.

"What's the matter with him," thought Aggie, carelessly. But he was a lenient landlord, and she bestirred herself to help entertain him, although her ears ached, straining after every sound outside, which might be twisted into the rattle of wheels. Bruce laughed at her girlish pleasantries. He seemed uncommonly interested in her scholars. After a while, to do honor to the guest, a plate of apples was brought up; and Aggie's mother praised a certain tree in Bruce's orchard.

"They do taste good," said Bruce. "Say, Mrs. Robbins, let me send you over a barrel to-morrow."

The children's eyes were all shining. Each had been provided with half an apple, which was rapidly disappearing. Mrs. Robbins said she wouldn't have children eat much just before they went to bed, there was nothing so unhealthy. The oldest boy sat near Bruce and furtively smoothed the fur cuffs of his overcoat. "I like you," he said shyly.

The speech made Bruce redden again. "Well, that makes it even," he said, "for I like *you*." But he looked up and smiled at Aggie.

The next day the barrel of apples came. Casually, also, Bruce gave little Jonas a new pocket-knife with more blades in it than any Robbins boy had ever seen. Jonas was sure he was "an awful nice man," and frankly demanded of his sister why she wouldn't marry him instead of Adam.

"I'm not expecting to marry either of them," replied Aggie, tartly. Nevertheless, she experienced a certain gratitude toward Bruce because he had diverted her mother's thoughts from Adam's absence. She winced at the thought of her mother's disappointment. In fact, she suffered more from the dread of that than from any wound in her own heart.

Since she was ten years old she had been her mother's confidant. She knew every small economy that was practised in the household. It was she who declined the meat always at

supper. Meat made her have bad dreams.

"Well, I don't see what's become of Adam," Mrs. Robbins did say a few times during the next fortnight, "seems to me he acts awful queer." But before the fortnight was over an interview with Bruce had changed her approbation of Adam into irritated dread She only feared now that Aggie cared for him, and she heard with actual relief of his attentions to Ella Rhodes.

"They do say," she told Aggie, "as how he has been courting Ella for a year, but they had a tiff of some sort and they've just made it up. Mrs. Martin told me. I'm 'bout sure she jist wanted to be hateful. But I matched her. 'He's been awful attentive to Aggie,' says I, 'but I guess it was only tryin' to keep his mind took up. I *hope* so,' says I, 'seein' how Aggie has another beau she likes better—' "

Aggie's delicate cheek grew hot. "But you know I ain't, ma—"

"I know you *have*, Aggie. Ned Bruce spoke to me 'bout you this week, and he's a man Adam can't hold a candle to. Look at the way he's done that farm since his pa died! He owns two big farms and our little one, and there ain't a more respected man. He could go to the legislature any day if he'd only turn democrat."

Two months later Aggie married Bruce. To-day the first months of her married life were passing before her, unformed and shapeless, here a mist, there a startlingly vivid scene. "He was good to me, for a while," she said to herself, "but then, they always are, they say, at first."

He was "awful kind," he really was, until that day he came back from town full of the gossip he had heard about her and Adam. He asked her about it and he asked in such a tone that she grew angry. And then—she had heard Ned had a temper, but she did not know what the words meant.

On the table stood the pretty cups and saucers, sent her by Adam for a wedding present. One by one, her husband hurled them savagely at the empty stove. She started up to save them, but he held her at arm's length with one iron hand, while the other wrecked cup after cup.

It was just as he turned away, the last saucer gone, that Jump crept into the room. A snarl, like a wild beast's escaped Bruce. "*He* gave him to you that's why you're so everlastingly fond of that d—d dog," he yelled. Remembering, Aggie put her hands before her eyes, as if thus she could shut out the vision of the rage-distorted face of her husband, the brutal motion of his foot and the hound's body flying through the window.

That was the first outburst. She was too angry to reason. She locked herself in her room. He did not come to it; maybe because he had read the note she left down stairs. Did she perchance hope that he would disregard her hot words and plead for forgiveness? If so, she was disappointed. When she came down to breakfast she found the fire lighted and the milk strained as usual; and he was standing, very tall and strange-looking, by the kitchen table.

"I just wanted to say one word to you," said he, not raising his eyes, glowering at the buckle of her belt. "You don't need to lock your door; I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole, now I know you think more of another man than you do of me!"

Aggie's lips parted; yet she did not speak. She did think more of Adam, who was always so kind to beasts, than of this torturer of her dog. And while she hesitated, he darted at her one strange, tormented look and strode away.

Then began a woeful life. Ned threw himself doggedly into work. Most of the time he did not speak to her at all; but occasionally an access of anger would possess him, making him almost like a maniac. He never laid his hand on her, but once he cruelly flogged Jump because he would not go back to the house at his command. Another time he flung boiling water on the dog for coming into the kitchen with muddy feet. He had said, the last time, that he didn't mean to hit the dog. The first time his only remark was, "That'll teach him to mind, next time."

Yet he was not always unkind, though never pleasant and gentle any more. One day she found a great box on the table, and, ranged beside it, a row of cups of the exact pattern and size of those that had been broken. A note was open on one of the cups. It read:

"These are as good as those that fellow gave. I would have got them sooner, but they had to send away for them."

Aggie had experienced a movement of forgiveness, almost of attraction towards him. But at supper, he bore the same lowering brow and rigid mouth that she had learned to fear, and her carefully studied words of kindness ebbed away from her lips, as birds fly at the sight of a hunter's gun. Her hand held the new tea cup toward him, trembling.

"I'm obliged for the cups," she said. Fear made her voice cold.

"That's all right," said he. In a minute he added, "did you count them?"

"No," faltered she.

"There's two extry for those there, holding flowers," said he, "and I want them."

"Why, Ned," she asked, "what's the harm of keeping them?"

"No harm, maybe; its just my little notion." So saying, he made two strides to the window where pansies bloomed in a tea-cup lacking only a handle, and a saucer with but a slight nick; cup and saucer he took up in his hand. First, he dropped the cup on the newspaper which she saw had been spread on the floor, and ground his heel into plant and china until they were a shapeless mass; next, he flung down the saucer to splinter it, in the same fashion. Something in his face, in his cold fury, frightened his wife. She was silent.

"I don't want any of that d—d fool's truck around!" said he, sitting down at the table. He ate in morose dumbness; but she noticed—what she might have noticed before, had she been older or less absorbed in the tumult of her own feelings—that he showed her a certain deference and observance. Her plate was never empty that he did not proffer something to refill it. He lifted the heavy tea-kettle and poured the water into the dish-pan after supper. He carried the pans of milk into the ice-house where they were kept. He always filled the ice-box in the pantry and the wood-box in the kitchen. And until to-day she had at least kept her domestic misery to herself. In one respect, too, her husband had not disappointed her; his kindness to her people was all that she had hoped it would be, and more. There had gone over to the farm, where her father lived rent free, a continual overflow from Bruce's plenty. Jonas had a colt of his own. Her mother had Brahmas and Plymouth Rock fowls among the barnyard plebians of the leaner days. She never wore, but continually gloried in, a black silk bought by her son-in-law. Every time Aggie saw her mother's face, with its new look of placid satisfaction, she resolved afresh not to complain. And Bruce had

helped her. Did Mrs. Robbins come, he would always detain her for the next meal. During the meal he might be grave, but he was neither cross nor sullen; and sometimes he spoke to Aggie almost in his old manner.

"There ain't no need of pestering the old lady with our bickerings," he said.

Afterwards, she wished she had thanked him for showing her that much consideration, but at the time her misery choked her.

Trivial incidents of the same sort thronged on her. "It seems as if he wasn't *all* bad," she thought, "but then—he can be so hateful, and what will I do if he should be cruel to—"

Even at the thought the poor child broke down and sobbed. "O! what shall I do—what shall I do?" she moaned over and over. "I am so frightened. Oh, I hope I'll die! Oh, Lord, I've tried to be a good girl. *Please* let me die!"

She got up, restless in her agony, and began to walk the floor. As she passed the window, the picture outside froze her into a statue of chill fright. A peaceful picture a stranger might have called it,—the old-fashioned garden flooded with tranquil evening light, and darkly shaped against the glow, his figure rimmed by the setting sun, a man leaning on an axe-handle. Over the fence clambered a dog with a weight dangling at his heels. The weight—which was such as is used to hold gentle horses—caught on the fence and kept the dog captive, writhing and howling. Aggie understood it all in a flash. Adam was waiting for the train, and Jump had dragged his weight all the way home. Her heart was in her ears, pounding her breath away, as she looked at the faithful, meek creature struggling to crawl up to the feet of the man with the axe.

"He'll kill him! He said he would kill him!" she muttered. Useless as she knew her intercession to be, she tottered to the door—and stopped.

A most amazing thing had happened. The axe lay on the ground and Ned was patting Jump's head. His hand slipped down to the dog's neck—Jump all the time wagging his tail so violently Aggie could hear the thumps on the ground—and strap and collar fell together.

Bruce waved his hand, saying something at which the hound bounded away, to burst through the spring door and jump joyously on his mistress.

The man remained, his head sunk on his breast, in the attitude of one pondering deeply. At last he shook himself and walked briskly up to his own door. He entered but did not come into the dining room, going directly up stairs. She could hear him moving about in the room which he occupied.

What did it mean? What would he do next? Memories stirred in her heart of the days when he had been kind, when she had not shrunk from him, when even a timid affection and a pride that was very sweet, in his manly strength and daring, had begun to console her. She brushed away thoughts and visions; she cried out that she hated him, had always hated him; but his eyes would seem to shine again as they had once or twice; she felt a kiss, timid as passionate, on her hair, and, in a mixture of feelings she could not understand, found the tears rolling down her cheeks. His step aroused her. He was passing through the hall. Hastily she dried her eyes. He did not come in. She saw him going through the yard, wearing the good clothes he always wore to town. "He is going to town; I am glad. I *am* glad!" said she. And as she rose and went again to the window she repeated "I *am* glad. I wish he'd stay."

But in a minute she had left the window and gone out on the piazza to ring the bell. "He ought to have something to eat before he goes,"—so she excused her action to herself.

He was half way to the barn, where a hail had stopped him. Behind the honeysuckle, Aggie, unseen herself, could see Adam Hull's horses trotting up to the gate. In the wagon beside Adam sat his wife, shielding her new blue tailor suit with her husband's linen duster, and slipping her arms out of the duster as she drew in sight of the house.

"*She* will have to know!" thought the poor wife. She lingered and did not step out; though why she waited she hardly knew. Bruce stepped up to the wagon. He spoke with perfect calmness and civility.

"I was just going to hunt you up, Hull. Good evening, Mrs. Hull." He removed his hat. "Say, Hull, the dog you took came back, and I was glad enough to see him. I got in one of my damn-fool tempers at him for chasing a little sick chicken that's a pet and follows me about; and I wanted to cut the heart out of him. My wife punished me just right by giving him away. But I guess she punished herself, too, and, anyhow, when the feller came back and, you might say, begged my pardon, I felt all-fired cheap—"

"Did he get back?" cried Mrs. Hull. "I told Adam that was where he'd gone."

"Yes, ma'am. He came back with the weight on him—couldn't keep him; and the happiest dog you ever saw to get back! Now, that's what I'm coming to. I'd like to buy that dog of you, Hull. I've a Hereford calf—"

Adam interposed hastily, with the warmth of a much relieved man. "Oh, take him, you're welcome—you see, we keep chickens, too."

"We wouldn't have him for a gift if you ain't going to hurt him," chimed in Mrs. Hull.

"I shall never lick him again," said Bruce very sternly, "but look here, you've *got* to take that Hereford calf. Your wife can take it if you won't. Say, Mrs. Hull, just come over to the barn and look at it, once!"

Adam Hull wondered if he had dreamed of the violent passions of husband and wife, when he heard Ned Bruce asking his own wife to stay to supper, and calling Aggie to come out and help them keep them; and Aggie prettily seconding the invitation. "I guess they ain't so mad at each other, after all," he reflected.

But his shrewder wife noticed Aggie's red eyelids, and said to herself, "Hump, Ned Bruce may be awful nice, now; but I've heard of his temper before; I'm glad he ain't *my* husband."

She accepted the calf, which Adam had fain declined; but she would not stay to supper. Ned and his wife ate the meal alone and almost in total silence. Neither of them had any appetite. After supper, Ned, as usual, filled Aggie's dishpans and then went out in the yard. He was gone so long that the dishes were washed and his wife's brown head was bent over her sewing, in a white halo of lamp-light, when he stood on the threshold.

He looked at her thus for a few moments,—his handsome, dark face working,—before he entered. He did not notice, being strongly moved, that she thrust her work into the basket near her; but he did notice her frightened eyes and how she half rose at his entrance as if for a stranger. His mouth quivered a little. But when he spoke his voice was gentle and sad. "Aggie," said he, "when I get mad I don't know what I'm doing; and I got mad at Jump. I was angry at other things, too. I—aint—I ain't so angry now.

I'm sorry. I bought the dog back from Hull. He ain't Hull's dog any more, he's *mine*. Will you take him for a present from *me*? I'll never lick him again. *Will* you?"

Aggie did not look up yet. "Yes, Ned," she said, and she added a timid "thank you."

"That's all right. May I sit down here a minute? What's that you got there, sewing?" He only said it to make talk, he was so embarrassed, this young husband before his estranged wife.

Before she could interpose, he pulled the dainty bit of silk and flannel out of the basket. His face changed; his eyes flashed from his hand to her crimsoning face. Slowly the red dyed his own face. He could not speak; but she bent her head and, not raising it, she lifted the basket and pushed it in front of him.

"Wait—wait a minute," he gasped, "I—I can't—I'll be back pretty soon."

Then she was alone and he had rushed out into the night. She did not know how he felt; she did not know how she felt herself; but suddenly she found herself at the door calling his name. More than once she called before he came.

"Don't you be running and hollering and exciting yourself," he said, as he came up the steps, and he stood back until she should enter the house. He handed her a chair, but he remained on his feet and, during the conversation that followed, sometimes he would walk up and down and sometimes lean over the back of the empty chair in which he had sat, and sometimes talk with his back to her, staring out of the window,—in all postures or motions showing an agitation that was plain likewise in his pallid face and somber eyes and knitted brow, with the wet black hair dropping over it.

"Aggie, I've got to talk to you. I ain't much hope it will make you feel kindly to me, but I've got to try to make you feel you don't need to be afraid of me like you are. You don't know how I feel, Aggie. I've got to begin at the beginning. Aggie, I've been getting fonder and fonder of you for a year. You thought it was business; that I came over just for a few minutes just to see your father. It wasn't; it was you. And at last I made up my mind I'd try to marry you. I knew Hull was waiting on you, but I didn't care; you had a right to choose your own beau. And I came and you married me. I knew you had done it as much because I could help out your family as because you liked me; but I hoped you'd get to like me. Sometimes—at first"—he turned his black eyes, which were soft and wistful now, for a single glance at her—"it seemed like you *were* fond of me. Oh, Aggie, couldn't you *see* I loved you then? I loved you so much I was 'fraid of you. But I did tell you, sometimes. I was so happy. You see, since mother died I never had anybody to love me and I didn't know how to say things to women folks. Mother thought everything of me, but she never petted me; I used to wish she would. And of course I know lots of men and I get along all right with them, if I do get mad and charge around some. But I didn't know how to handle women folks. I used to ask your mother about what things you'd like to have, and then I'd hustle 'till I got them—"

"You were always generous, Ned, everybody said that," Aggie said.

"But they all said, too, I had a devil of a temper. That's true. That's what's making me feel fit to kill myself, I'm so d—d miserable—"

"Oh, Ned!"

"Excuse me, Aggie, I didn't mean to swear."

"Oh, not that, Ned, I meant—I felt sorry."

He halted in his nervous pacing of the floor. "That's kind of you, Aggie." There was the slightest break before the name, as if he had a tenderer word in his mind that he did not venture to use, but his wife was too agitated to observe it. "Yes, I am as miserable a d— feller as there is anywhere out of the penitentiary, I guess. You saw that dog awhile ago and the weight on him holding him so that he couldn't get away, not if I had come at him with my axe—well, Aggie, that's just my fix. I got this temper on me and I can't break away from it. Now, see. I had it when I was a little feller, but I was the only one, and ma and pa didn't cure me. Sometimes they got mad at me and gave me a good whipping; but they might have whipped the life out of me before I'd give in. So I guess they got discouraged; and then Pa died, and I never crossed ma. I liked her so, and I was a hard worker, so it went on; she humored me and I didn't often get mad. I truly *never* got mad at her. But I'd have these fits at other folks and at things. I was like a crazy man in them. Once, when I was a boy, I got mad at another boy and I beat him so he was sick. He wasn't really very sick, I guess; but I thought he was and that they'd take me to jail and hang me if he died. I never said a word, but I had my little bundle ready for a week to run away. It didn't matter who it was when the fit came on that roused it up. The teacher, he tried to punish me once, and I bit and kicked and somehow got way so that I could pull my knife. I'd have stabbed him if he'd tried to touch me. He sent me away from school, but he didn't hit me. That's how I'm so poorly educated. Once it was a horse that madded me. I ain't often unkind to beasts—not often—"

"I never saw you mean to anything except Jump," said Aggie.

He looked grateful. "That's good of you to say, Aggie. But once, once I had a balky horse and I got mad. He was worth a hundred and fifty dollars, but I pulled out a pistol and shot him dead. I was a fool to carry a pistol." He passed his hand over his damp forehead, tossing away the damp hair. "I'm just like Jump, Aggie. There's a weight I can't get rid of, holding me down. I run a little way; I pretend I'm free; but it always drags me down. I ain't a free man. I'm a prisoner."

"No, you're not, Edward Bruce," cried his wife, rising, "you *can* conquer yourself, if you will."

He was at the window, his back to her, and his answer came in a groan. "I thought I could down it. I thought I was free of the cursed thing. I didn't get mad once these two months. Then—then Mrs. Martin told me about Adam Hull's quarrel with Ella, and how he'd made it up; and it all came over me *that* was why you married me, you were mad at him. And she spoke of seeing you and Adam at the post-office, talking a long while and—I know I'm a fool, but I remembered how you *would* go to town that mean drizzly day—"

"But, Ned," interrupted Aggie, "it was to get ma's silk that came by express, her birthday was the next day, and she'd never had such a splendid present. It just happened I met Adam and—and I was thinking he would never have been so good to ma. And I was glad I'd married you."

"And I spoiled it all," groaned the man. "Aggie, I've been in—never mind, that ain't what I started out to say, it was that this morning when I saw Adam speaking to you I run away. I didn't *dare* to stay, for if I'd seen he or you do a thing, like you cared for him, I knew I'd have killed him. I

run, Aggie. I went out and chopped wood till I cooled down a little. But Aggie, what I'm coming at is this. In the worst of it, I wouldn't have hurt *you*. I'd have killed him if I'd seen you give him one kind look, but I wouldn't have touched *you*. And, Aggie—if—if you don't know how it makes me feel to think that maybe, sometime—Oh, Aggie, you don't think, bad as I am, I could be cruel to a little child?"

As he spoke he turned his face to her and something in it moved his wife as she had never been moved before.

"No, Ned, no!" she cried. He sank down on his knees before her and buried his head in the folds of her dress. His sobs shook him. But she could distinguish the words he whispered between them. "Oh, I've been so mean to you. And I didn't know."

"Ned, it was my fault as much as yours," she answered. Indeed, in that moment she believed it was, for she had a generous nature. "And don't feel so bad. I'll help you to get rid of —of that weight you talk of, and I know I can, for I shall never be 'fraid of you again."

She was smoothing his hair while at the same time she wiped her own fast-flowing tears away. Such different tears from those had that scorched her cheeks before, that day. Even as she spoke he withdrew himself gently from her and stood up a little way off. "You needn't be afraid, ever, Aggie, dear," he said; and you needn't be afraid, either, that I'm going to bother you, like I did at first. I'll keep my place."

But his wife, with her eyes shining, and a new, divine courage and trust in her heart, came up to him and laid her head on his breast. "You won't bother," she whispered, "I guess I missed you all the time. And, dear, it will need us both!"

* * * *

Three years later a man, a woman, and a very active little child were driving along the highway from Ned Bruce's farm to the village. Behind the wagon trotted a fat hound. Presently the man looked back. "I do think Jump's tired," he said, "shan't we let him in?"

"I'm 'fraid he's muddy," said the woman dubiously. "Ned, you just spoil Jump!"

The man laughed, and gave the woman, who was young and very pretty, a playful hug with his left arm. "And I spoil Baby, too, you say," said he, "how about *you?*"

"Oh, every one knows you spoil *me!*" returned the young woman, deftly removing the arm. "For shame, Ned, the Hulls are behind; how it looks!"

"It looks as if I was a happy man, and I am," returned the man stoutly, patting the cheek of the child, who looked up laughing.

"She's got an awful sweet temper," he continued in a graver tone; "she's got her mother's nature and her ways. Aggie, I'm glad."

"I don't know," the wife answered. "Ned, I'd like her to be more like you."

"Temper and all? Aggie Bruce, I heard of the awful whopper you told at the sewing society."

"That you were the best-tempered man I knew?" said Aggie fondly. "Ned, you are. Do you, know, Ned, I wonder sometimes how you *did* master your temper the way you have."

Ned smiled. "I loved you, Aggie," said he, "and,"—touching the rosy little face at his knee—"I loved *her*. You did it, not me. But"—drawing a deep breath—"it's been a big job and no mistake! And there's plenty left to do, still!"

CHARLES BROADWAY ROUSS

THE BLIND MILLIONAIRE-MERCHANT

By Gilson Willets

"A million dollars to any one who will restore my eyesight." Such is the offer made by Charles Broadway Rouss, the only one of New York's 1200 millionaires who is not permitted to enjoy his money according to his taste or whims. As his offer has recently been renewed through the press of the country, scientists are encouraged to proceed with their experiments to discover whether blindness can be cured. Meanwhile, people who have read of the offer, want to know the life-story of the one who makes it, of the man, who, while not exactly offering "a kingdom for a horse," is proffering the money-equivalent of his kingdom, namely, his big store and its entire contents, all for an eye.

A quarter of a century ago, it was lawful to imprison a man for debt. It was an absurd and impracticable law, and Charles Broadway Rouss happened to be one of its victims. On the wall of one of the cells of the debtors' prison, Ludlow street jail, in New York, the following inscription may be traced to this day: "When I leave here I shall become a rich man." It was cut into the stone by Mr. Rouss, who was suffering temporary durance vile, not for any kind of crime or misdemeanor, but simply for debt, and the most honest form of debt, at that.

It happened, however, that, outside the prison walls, Rouss had a friend, one who has since become famous as the King of Staten Island. This, of course, was Erastus Wiman. He secured the innocent debtor's release, and was afterward instrumental in having the law changed so that no one could be imprisoned for debt, save when fraud was proven.

True to his self-made promise, Charles Broadway Rouss became a rich man. Now six times a millionaire, he owes no man a penny, and none owe him. Years ago he burned his ledger and learned to say no, neither asking nor giving credit. He accumulated the greater part of his fortune, dollar by dollar, in buying every kind of merchandise at bargain prices, and selling the same at a small profit. At his Broadway stores you can buy anything from a sponge to an anvil. This big shop is the headquarters for Mr. Rouss' 30,000 shops, which form a chain around the earth.

His son is named Winchester, his daughter, Virginia. Is it hard to guess the name of his native town and state? His father wanted him to be a farmer, but "Charlie" declared farming to be too slow and too unremunerative. So the boy of fifteen left the parental farm, and "bound" himself to the master of the village store at one dollar a week and "found." He saved every cent of his earnings. He was the closest fisted boy in Winchester, except when he bought for one dollar something which he knew he could sell for two. His salary was increased every six months, and at the end of three years he had saved five hundred dollars. With this he bought a stock of general merchandise at auction, rented a store and undersold all competitors. At twenty-four years of age, he had the largest store in the town, and had accumulated $6,0000.

Then came the crash. War was declared—Bull Run was fought. Rouss loved Virginia then, as now; the Southern cause was his. In the Shenandoah valley salt and sugar became scarce. Merchants demanded $20 a sack for salt and 25 cents a pound for sugar. Rouss had had the forethought to lay in a large quantity of sugar. He sold this at cost—ten cents a pound. Of salt, however, he had none. But laying his plans carefully, he secretly despatched an agent to the salt works in southwest Virginia. In good time 1000 sacks of salt reached Mr. Rouss' store in Winchester. Speculators in the town immediately offered the owner a profit of $10,000 on his consignment. Mr. Rouss refused, and sold the necessary article to the people at cost—$5 a sack. In the Shenandoah valley, to this day, they tell the story of Rouss' self-sacrifice, how he resisted the temptation to make a profit of $20,000 in sugar and salt.

As his beloved state needed the help of every son within its borders, Rouss wound up his business affairs, leaped into the saddle, and, at the first recruiting station, enlisted in the Confederate ranks. He served in the

same company with William L. Wilson, who afterward became postmaster-general under Cleveland, and who, to-day, is one of Mr. Rouss' intimate friends. Since the war, Mr. Rouss has endowed a museum known as the Rouss Memorial Battle Abbey, in Virginia, for the preservation of Confederate war relics.

more than $10,000. By the time the 1866 crop was gathered, Charles said to his father: "I have thought it all out. I shall go to New York and make a fresh start. I shall become a second A. T. Stewart. I intend to pay off my own debts and yours."

When he arrived in New York city his fortune amounted to $1.80. He

THE BLIND MILLIONAIRE-MERCHANT IN HIS OFFICE

Long before the close of the war, when Rouss surrendered with the sad remnants at Appomattox, he had given his last cent to the "lost cause." With peace, the young man returned to his father's farm, as he said, to "think." He was penniless and in debt, his own and his father's debts amounting to

tramped the streets, slept at police stations, depended upon free lunch counters for food. Everywhere he sought credit for a stock of goods with which to start in business in the smallest way. Everywhere, credit was refused.

It was just at this juncture that one

of his creditors in New York caused his arrest and had him confined in Ludlow street jail—honest debt his only fault. While within the prison walls, he received news of his father's death. "Now I will pay off father's debts first," he said to himself, and it was probably in that same hour that he turned to the wall and scratched upon it the inscription quoted at the beginning of this story.

Erastus Wiman, who secured the debtor's release, then gave Mr. Rouss the opportunity for a second start in business. The King of Staten Island told the future merchant king that if the latter would sell a certain stock of goods, a liberal commission would be allowed. Mr. Rouss sold the goods and realized a handsome profit. After several like deals, the determined young man had money enough to hire a small store on Broadway, near Bleecker street and start in business for himself. He went among the auctioneers and bought for lump sums all sorts of merchandise that was to be sold under the hammer. At his store he sold the good at a small profit. For ten years he saved and saved, until in 1875, he was again worth a small fortune and had a corresponding credit.

Now, in his fortieth year, came the second crash—the financial panic of '75. Again he lost his store, again he stood in the street, penniless, and $50,000 in debt.

Mr. Rouss' career appears to reverse a familiar maxim, making it read: "Nothing succeds like failure." In the face of difficulties that would have discouraged men less determined, he went to Brooklyn, hired a store and again attended small auction sales, this time asking no credit, but buying for cash, and underselling everybody, for cash. The store rent was fifty cents a day. He paid the fifty cents every evening. In a few weeks the store was not large enough to hold the stock he was able to buy. He moved to a larger one, and, for the same reason, continued to move, until, in six months, he had moved six times. Eight months after his second failure he again had money in the bank.

Working thus, Mr. Rouss, after many years, became known and respected in all the markets of the world. He had become a second A. T. Stewart. And just as he reached the goal and the breathing-place on the mountain top whence he might look backward and see to what a dizzy height he had climbed, his eyesight began to fail him. Having won a fortune, he lost the power to enjoy it. He saw the world as through a haze, and finally it faded from his sight. With riches had come perpetual darkness.

In manner, Mr. Rouss is more impressive than in personal appearance. His clothes are of the ready-made sort, his boots are the old-fashioned raw-hides, reaching to the knees, his snow-white hair is always unkempt because of his nervous habit of combing it with his fingers.

He conducts his business on a system so free from red tape that he is sometimes called eccentric. Part of his scheme for reducing everything to the simplest common denomination is the phonetic system of spelling. When asked for his photograph for publication in this article, the reply received was as follows: "Dear Sir: I enclose you my shado."

"NO ROOM IN THE INN"

OR THE JEW'S CHRISTMAS GIFT *

By Hezekiah Butterworth

"IT is the fate of the wanderer to fall over the precipice." The speaker was an Amsterdam Jew named Chisdai. He was a heresy hunter, and he had long been pursuing a polisher of gems, or lenses, named Baruch Spinoza. This polisher of gems had made himself one of the most learned men of the world, but he was a lonely student. He had thought deeply while learning his trade, Baruch Spinoza. One day he startled the Wise Men of the Synagogue by declaring that "Thought must be free if it would know the truths of life, and it ought not to be governed by the laws of Church or State."

"Not by the laws of Moses?" asked the watchful Chisdai.

"Not by Moses, nor by any man. There is nothing that is true that is not universal and eternal, and truth is self revealing, and is open to all who seek its light."

"In that view the Jew is no more elect of God than the Gentile," said the heresy hunter.

"No, he is not; all men are alike the children of God, and he who denies himself the most for others shall receive the most truth from the light of God, like Melchisedec, to whom Abraham paid tithes, although Melchisedec was not a Jew, but had found the truth by the light of the spiritual laws of his own life. No, Chisdai, the Jew is not and never was more than any Gentile who obeys the laws of the inner light. Truth is truth wherever found."

"Baruch Spinoza, polisher of gems, thou hast spoken blasphemy, and I have long been following you to hear you speak that word that denies the priesthood of Israel. I have heard it; for that purpose I have crept after you in lonely courts at night, under the moon and stars, and for that purpose I have stood behind you at night on the bridges of Amsterdam. Hear me, Baruch Spinoza, polisher of gems, it is my duty to accuse you to the Synagogue. As a heretic I hate you, and I will make you a fugitive from your own race; you shall be spat upon in the streets of Amsterdam. I hate you as a heretic, and all the world shall come to avoid you. You shall be cursed in the Synagogue, with that curse on the parchment that makes men wither. It is the fate of the wanderer to fall over the precipice!"

The speaker glided away into the shadows of the law courts, where dim lights were flickering in the cold, raw winds, leaving the polisher of gems standing alone.

"O, Chisdai, Chisdai, my enemy," said Spinoza, "I pity thee out of the new light that has arisen in my heart. A curse withers the lips that utter it, hate poisons the blood of him who harbours it. I wait but the opportunity to do thee good, whatever thou mayest do to me."

He went to the Amstel bridge, under which the rapid waters were flowing. To him all men were equal; the soul was the true book of God; and divine revelation awaited all men who obeyed spiritual laws.

* The greater part of this story is true, but I offer it as fiction in which I have a point to make.

"The curse of the Synagogue," he said. "I heard it once pronounced, and no words more awful ever entered into the imagination of men. I have never done anything but to love my fellow-men. Why should Chisdai seek to bring upon me the curse of the Synagogue?" He walked to and fro in the dim light.

"I seek not to have revenge on any one," he said, "but when one harms me I only aim to learn the cause of it. To know all is to forgive all. It is the bigotry of my people that has led Chisdai to hate me. I pity him in my heart and forgive him for his blindness. I would change his heart if I could; to change a man's heart from an evil intent to love opens one of the gates of Heaven to the soul."

He walked to and fro; his soul glowed with love to God and to all men; he believed that the spirit of God lived in everything, and that every life that had consciousness was divine. He was, as one has long after his death described him, a "God-intoxicated" man.

His heart longed for the happiness of all men, and all men were about to leave him utterly alone in the world.

It was Christmas eve. The wind was going down, and the sails were falling about the quais. The early Christmas exercises in the churches were ending, and crowds with evergreens came hurrying joyfully over the bridge, and the polisher of gems stood there alone by a lamp-post to see the bright, happy faces pass.

His Jewish features stood out distinctly in the narrow circle of light. As the children saw him they pushed aside; they drew away their evergreens from him, and said one to another, "The Jew."

The bells filled the air above the glimmering waters—bells of joy, calling the people to celebrate the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, in the after service that was to follow the children's hour into the holy night.

The crowd of merry children had now passed over the bridge, and had done, as they dreamed, a signal service in shunning the Jew under the lamp.

One little girl came after the rest, alone. She was crying. She saw the polisher of gems and stopped. She looked up into his face wonderingly.

"You are a Jew?" she asked. "I pity you," she said. "I have been to the church, and they gave all the other girls presents, but they forgot me. I am all alone in the world: *you* are all alone in the world. You do pity me, don't you? There is no room for us in the inn. Would you, who are a Jew, make me a little Christmas present, if you had one?"

"My child, did ever a Christian make a little Jewish girl a Christmas present? Was ever such a heart large enough to do a thing like that?"

"Not that I ever heard."

"My child, that thought was unworthy of me. May the Highest forgive me."

"But did you ever know a Jew to make a little Christian girl, who was forgotten, a Christmas present?"

"No—no—may the Highest forgive them all!"

"And, sir, is *your* heart big enough to do that?"

He had a warm coat about him with great pockets. He took from one of them a gold and silver box. It contained spikenard.

"Here," said he, "is a box of nard. As often as you open it perfume will fill the air. It is my present to you. And here is a gold piece to go with it." He turned his face to the stars.

"They brought to the Babe nard," said the child.

"What Babe?" he said, looking down.

"The One for whom there was no room in the inn."

She turned away, the full light of joy in her eyes.

"My child, don't speak to me if you ever see me again. It is only what we do, without any desire for gratitude, love or reward, that enriches the soul."

She passed out of the circle of light into the shadows, and her light step was lost to his ear on the bridge, growing silent now.

And he soon after passed from the circle of light into the shadows. A terrible hour was at hand.

* * * *

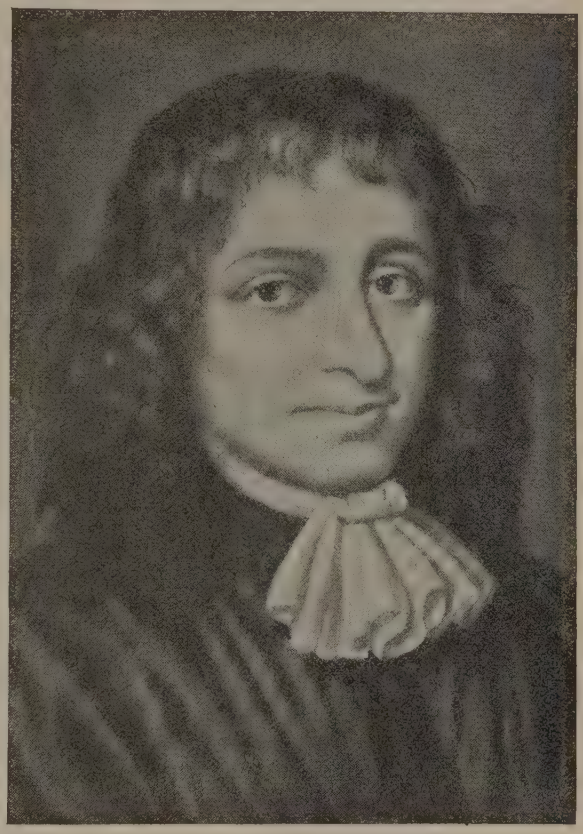
Over the door of a Synagogue in Amsterdam, the words בית יעקב "The House of Jacob," burned through the sun-illumined mist. Rabbis were passing through the seven columns of the vestibule, their long beards bending low, as though some weight of the world unusually heavy, was resting upon their shoulders. They descended, for the room where the people were assembling was below the ground, that they might cry to God "Out of the depths."

One old man passed in from the light in silence, and went down into the depths; it was the father of Spinoza, the polisher of gems.

Baruch ben Benjamin Spinoza, the polisher of gems, was to appear before the Council of Ten Judges that day to answer to the charge of heresy in that he had declared that all men were born equal, and that all thought should be free, and that all who obeyed spiritual laws and sought spiritual light were alike the children of God.

The fire of consumption was burning in the thin face of the accused, his soul shone through the light casement of his form like a pale flame in a vase of alabaster.

SPINOZA



He walked down the steps and into the golden room, with the air of one who had overcome the world, and stood near his father, who sat with his face to the floor, inwardly groaning.

Chisdai was there, his enemy and accuser. He felt that his hour of triumph had come.

An awesome silence fell on the as-

sembly. The initial ceremonies were performed, and the Judge read the charge and called the witnesses.

Chisdai arose.

"He has blasphemed God and the prophets. He has followed the Baal reason—Woe is the hour, woe is the hour!"

"You hear the charges," said the Judge. "You are a follower of reason; do you recant? Baruch ben Spinoza, answer me that!"

"Refute me by reason and I will recant. God works not contrary to reason."

It was so silent that it seemed as though the earth stood still.

The polisher of gems listened to other witnesses against him.

"Do you recant?" again asked the Judge.

"After the manner that you call reason, so worship I the God of my fathers, for so has been his revelations to me. I cannot think otherwise than I have thought, nor can you do otherwise than you have done. You may pronounce a curse upon me, but I curse you not, nor do I curse any one."

The rabbis tore their mantles at these words. The father of the accused bent down to the dust.

A rabbi took up a trumpet and blew it three times, and the echoing notes died away in the silence of the dusky arches.

Then the Judge opened the sacred ark from a golden recess, and took from it a parchment.

The old man in the dust heard the parchment unrolling, and exclaimed, "Out of the depths! Out of the depths!"

The Judge said, "Ye assembly hear, and witness."

A shudder that filled the hall followed these words.

He stood there, the polisher of gems, as a lamb led to the slaughter; and yet like a bird with lifted wing, he seemed to feel the presence of the sky, the azure brow of the Eternal All.

"In the name of the Lord of Hosts," said the Judge, "I lay thee, Baruch, son of Benjamin, under the eternal curse, earthly and heavenly.

"Cursed be thee by the saints above."

"Out of the depths," cried the father of Baruch, lying in the dust, "My son, my son!"

"I curse thee by the Seraphim!"

"Out of the depths," rose the same voice as before in deeper agony. "I am lost in my son."

"By the decree of this Council, be thy name shut out from all communities, and cast out of every nation under Heaven."

To this the lips of the old man in the dust made no response.

"On thee be great and heavy plagues, great distresses and horrible sicknesses. May thy star vanish, and thy house be a dragon's den."

His voice rose higher.

"By Michael and Gabriel and Mescharthel, be thou accursed!

"By the Seventy Spirits, go thou to Hell, like Korah!

"Where Israel lies buried, may thy grave never be!

"Baruch, son of Benjamin, may thy name be cast out from every nation under Heaven!"

He added, "Go out into the world again, and cursed be thy going out!"

The polisher of gems turned and departed. The assembly arose, and spat at him as he went.

"Out!" The sun still shone for him, the birds still sung for him, the flowers still bloomed for him, the stream flowed, and the seed sprung out of the earth. Human hearts shut their doors, but open still stood the gates of the visible Heavens. Out was the all.

"Out?" I am telling with but some bits of interprative fiction, a true story. What shall the future of this outcast be? Is his star indeed extinguished?

He wrote in hidden chambers now. The substance of what he wrote was that God is love, and the eye of the heart blind, and that obedience to spiritual law was illumination. The pure see, the obedient know.

One day a doctor came to him, and said, "I come to thee as a physician, and not as a Jew. There is a colony of Jewish emigrants about to start for Brazil. Chisdai wished to join them, but they did not receive him. There is not a Jew in Amsterdam that will ever forgive him for accusing you."

"There is one, doctor."

"Who?"

"I will forgive him."

We hate those whom we injure. Hate feeds on hate and grows into crime.

One night as Spinoza was resting in the church portico of St. Clave, a muffled stranger approached him, and thrust a dagger into his coat, thinking that he had stabbed him, and fled away. A few hours the body of this muffled stranger was found in the Amstel. The would-be assassin had thought that he had murdered his victim, which he had not. He was Chisdai.

It was Christmas eve in the Hague. The lime trees had shed their leaves, and there was a gray silence along the many canals.

In an open space, where were public seats, the polisher of gems had gone for rest. He was utterly deserted by all men. He had been writing books, but the work had been a consuming flame. He had written himself into his works. Consumption had long been wasting him, life flickered now, and would soon go out.

The bells rung out again as they had done in Amsterdam, on the night when he had met the friendless girl and given her the nard.

A procession came out of one of the chambers singing carols and bearing wreaths and gifts for the poor.

It was led by the same girl he had met, and to whom he had given the box of nard in the neighboring city. She was a grown woman now, and the wife of the parson of the church that was filling Hague at this hour with the thought of the Messiah of the Nativity.

As she drew near to him she recognized him. He remembered her. The procession moved aside as the good people saw the Jew. Did the pastor's wife leave a garland at his feet?

Answer ye, who sing carols, and still harbour race prejudices. Did she? It matters not. One of the noblest monuments of Holland adorns that place now, and the world visits it there, and the place around it is worn by the steps of the pilgrims. The name that was to be cast out of every nation under Heaven adorns that monument, and the star that was to be quenched forever shines on the eternal firmament of the benefactors of mankind, and of the revealers of light, who have held the truth of God to be more than self, fortune, or fame. There had been no room for him in the inn of the world, but he, too, had unconsciously lived in the Christ spirit, and taught in their highest sense many of the teachings of Him for whom had been found "no room in the inn," and Who had said, "If any man keep my saying he shall never see death."

The Christmas bells are ringing again. The world has received a new lesson this year at Rennes. May this be the year when the Christian will exchange gifts with the Jew, and the Jew with the Christian, for the time to do this has surely come to all men of "good-will." A Gentile laid at the feet of the Infant of Bethlehem a box of nard. It was two thousand years ago. Has the meaning of the gift been comprehended? Ask Rennes.

SOME VICTIMS AND A PLOT

By Theodosia Garrison

IT was proper and fitting and precisely in the natural order of things, that Merton should fall in love with Miss Deering. The only wonder in the affair was that she failed to respond in the slightest degree to his attentions and devotions, and moved on her maiden way as unconscious of his being as though he were a poster on a fence.

We all liked Merton. He was a mild little chap, with the sweetest disposition and the gentlest manners in the world. To look at him you knew instinctively that when he was a child he wore black velvet clothes and red sashes and had long golden curls, and received good merits every day at school.

He was quite famous, too, in a mild way. His first book of verse went through a decent number of editions, though you never heard him mention it, being the mildest little lion that ever roared in a falsetto voice, and he would blush to the roots of his blonde hair if you complimented him.

He was absolutely without the tiniest vice. His greatest fault would have been a virtue in another man, and I am positive the first time he ever loved any woman, beyond the imaginary persons mentioned in his verse, was when he saw Marian Deering's oval face and dark eyes opposite him at the Barkley's dinner.

Marian was Mrs. Jeremiah Condit's cousin and one of those slender, madonna-faced girls that one always sees painted in white robes with a lily in her hand. And she lived up to her appearance in a way that must have been slightly trying to her family at times. She had sewing classes in River street and was president of the club for the higher education of poor working girls, and only went to the theatre when Mrs. Jerry bullied her into it.

If there were ever two people formed for each other by an unusually indulgent providence, it was Miss Deering and Merton, and it was very annoying to those interested when she snubbed him in a sweetly angelic way, and failed to take the slightest interest in his passion.

Mrs. Jerry and I talked it over one afternoon in her library. Mrs. Jerry's library is a nice place. There are not over five dozen books in it, including the Encyclopedia, and nobody has to read them, and there are always great piles of magazines and paper novels, and Jerry's smoking things and easy chairs and pillows and divans—a place where one could get on terms of good fellowship with a Chinese god.

There was a driving snow storm outside and a crackling, cozy fire on the hearth inside, and it was altogether just the time to grow confidential over one's neighbor's affairs—Mrs. Jerry was properly disgusted with Marian, and said so.

"I'm exhausted," she said. "I have argued and threatened and used tact that would have done credit to a diplomatist, and I might as well have whistled to the wind. Why don't she

The door of the writing room opened and Miss Deering came suddenly upon us. She was very much excited, and there was a great red spot on either cheek

Drawn by C. W. Reed

marry the man who was put into the world for her? No frivolous up-to-date girl would consider him for a moment, and no sensible man—well, no; not exactly that," said Mrs. Jerry.

"We are of the earth earthy," I said. "No man has a right to marry a person a little below the angels, to say nothing of several grades above, only Merton—"

"Dear little fellow," said Mrs. Jerry, "My heart aches for him. When I see him following her about with his great wistful eyes—"

"To say nothing of his legs," I said.

"And always on hand to carry her coat and put her in the carriage—"

"Faithful Fido," I said.

"I get so furious. I could—"

"Remonstrate gently," I said.

"Bite her!" says Mrs. Jerry, fiercely.

It was plain to be seen that the ends of her nerves were becoming frayed, and that she was on the verge of letting affairs take their own course, which is the last thing a born matchmaker should do.

"If she could only see how suitable such a marriage would be," mourned Mrs. Jerry. "It's a pity it can't be compelled by law! If dear little Merton only looked like a bandit in a comic opera, and would drink and swear and look as though he was in the habit of beating his mother, she would adore him and be perfectly happy, making a medieval martyr of herself. I wish—"

"Stop!" I cried. "Mrs. Jerry, I have an idea."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Jerry, anxiously.

There was a long, five minutes' silence, while a great plan mapped itself beautifully out in my brain, and the snow whirled softly against the windows. Then I sat up in my chair and exulted.

"It's as good as done," I said. "In six months you will read that Mr. Reginald Merton and Miss Marian Deering were united by somebody-or-other, at such-and-such a place, in the holy bonds of matrimony."

"She's too big to kidnap," said Mrs. Jerry, "and hypnotising isn't generally practised in our circle. If you—"

"Listen," I said. I drew my chair close up beside her and talked very rapidly for twenty minutes.

"Now," said I, "what do you think?"

"It is glorious," said Mrs. Jerry, "and wicked enough to be successful. But if he ever found it out!"

"Don't be afraid," I said. "He won't until after they are married, and it won't matter then."

"And anyway," said Mrs. Jerry, "we are only doing what their guardian angels should have attended to personally. Marian is coming to lunch with me to-morrow, and you must be here at three, as she goes to her Dorcas society at four."

I took my hat and stick. "I shall be here on the stroke," I said. "Goodbye, I am going home to concoct a few brilliant lies."

"You know what a lie is?" said Mrs. Jerry, severely.

"An ever present help in time of trouble," I said, resurrecting a joke of my salad days.

"Amen," said Mrs. Jerry, piously.

I lunched at the club next day, in a remote corner, and found a deal of inspiration for my afternoon's work in the smoke of my cigar. Every new thought I jotted down carefully in my notebook and revised them afterward at ten minutes to three on Mrs. Jerry's doorstep.

I waited for the maid to leave the hall with my card before I opened proceedings. Then I rattled my stick loudly against the door and knocked the umbrella-stand against the wall. Afterward I addressed myself severely to the hat-rack.

"Merton," I said, "I beg of you not to insist upon calling here. You're in no condition to see any one. Take my cab and get home as soon as you can and sleep it off. Go easy there! Here, let me open the door for you."

I opened the door noisily. I had howled all this as loudly as possible so that my voice could be heard in the library. Mrs. Jerry said, afterward, that it could have been heard equally as well on the roof. But this is a mere detail. When I went into the library Miss Deering was looking rather startled, and Mrs. Jerry a bit flustered and giggily, but she quieted when she saw my anxious frown. I was very proud of that frown. I had practised before the glass twenty minutes the night before.

"Mrs. Jerry," I said, "I have come on very sad and important business. Will you ask Miss Deering to leave us for a few moments? It is about an old and valued friend," I said, addressing her, "whom I greatly fear—" I shook my head sadly and looked out of the window.

Mrs. Jerry opened a door. "Step in here for a moment, Marian, dear," she said sweetly. "There are some magazines on the little table that will interest you. It's the writing room," she whispered to me as she closed the door on Miss Deering, "and it's so small that she can't help hearing, even if she crouches in the farthermost corner with her hands over her ears."

We sat down very near the door, and I sighed loudly.

"I trust you will pardon my asking Miss Deering to withdraw," I said, "but I would not for the world—" raising my voice—"have her hear what I am to say."

"That will bring her to the keyhole if anything will," whispered Mrs. Jerry.

"You know," I continued, "the conversation we had concerning a certain person, some time ago—"

"Poor, dear Mr. Merton," sighed Mrs. Jerry.

"Rash and wicked man," I said, sternly.

Mrs. Jerry giggled and, for a moment, a vision of Merton's lamb-like features arose before me and I almost succumbed, but conquered myself in time and gave Mrs. Jerry a reproving look.

"What we have suspected so long is true," I said. "He has plunged into the wildest dissipation; he gambles; he drinks; he—" I consulted my note book— "consorts with the gayest men in town—"

"This is horrible of you," breathed Mrs. Jerry.

I continued slowly. "You heard me, perhaps, expostulating with him in the hall—"

"I should think I did," said Mrs. Jerry.

"He followed me here and insisted upon calling. I had almost to use force to induce him to leave," said I. "A more pathetic exhibition of intoxication I never hope—"

"Hope?" said Mrs. Jerry.

"*Trust* to see," said I.

"And to think what he used to be," said she. "So gentle, so kind, so—"

"Ladylike," said I absently.

"So chivalric," said Mrs. Jerry, with a frown. "And to think he has changed so completely and yet no one could hardly tell it from his face."

"Rank hypocrisy!" said I. "That is the worst of all, to think of the double life he leads. Oh, how I trust that no rumor of it will ever reach his poor old mother's ears." I had never heard of the existence of Mrs. Merton, but my remark was sincere nevertheless—I fervently hoped it never would reach his poor old mother's ears.

"And he a man of such talents, too,"

sighed Mrs. Jerry. "To think of the lovely verses he has written. Oh, why is it a genius is always first to fall before temptation?"

"Lovely verses," said I. "It is sad to think—I have every reason to believe that those exquisite lines of his —" I consulted my notebook again— "beginning 'Oh, rose-lipped maiden from a sun-touched land,' were written to the young person—" here I hitched my chair nearer the door—"who leads the ballet in an up-town music hall."

Mrs. Jerry's hand went up to her mouth.

"Don't laugh!" I whispered fiercely, "you will spoil everything."

Mrs. Jerry recovered bravely. "Oh, what is to be done," she said. "Can no influence be brought to turn him from these things?"

"If there was only," I said, "someone to reason with him, some one to show him how pure and sweet life might be—"

"Yourself, for instance," said Mrs. Jerry, wickedly.

"No, no!" I said, hurriedly, "this is a woman's work."

I heard a rustle in the adjoining room and addressed myself clearly to the keyhole.

"If there was only," I said, "some true, sweet woman who would undertake the task of his reformation! It needs all a woman's tact and courage and endurance, but it is a great task. Where can we find a woman brave enough to undertake it?"

The door of the writing room opened and Miss Deering came suddenly upon us. She was very much excited, and there was a great red spot on either cheek.

"Oh, Pattie," she cried to Mrs. Jerry, "I couldn't help hearing you, and I am so pained and so interested, and I quite agree with what Mr. Fairfax says. Poor Mr. Merton, he does need a good woman to influence him, to lead him gently into the right way. Let me be the woman."

"Impossible!" cried I.

"It is my duty," cried Miss Deering.

"But, Miss Deering," I said, "Merton is a difficult man. If he guessed for an instant what you were doing with him he would be off like a shot."

"Let me manage it," said Miss Deering. "I have dealt with such cases before. I shall never mention or allude in any way to the life he is leading, but by putting attractive pastimes before him, by filling in his time, little by little, with other things—" she pauses, breathless. "There was a longshoreman," she continued, earnestly, "who was brought to my notice, who drank and beat his wife; and we worked with him in the same way and now he is as sober as can be, and has developed a wonderful bass voice and sings in our choir at the mission."

I doubted if any amount of reformation would result in endowing Merton with a bass voice, but—I smiled and shook Miss Deering's hand warmly— "You have taken a great weight from my mind," I said. "I can leave my poor friend safely in your hands."

"I must go to my meeting," said Miss Deering. "Mr. Fairfax, will you give me Mr. Merton's address? I want to send him a card for mother's musical."

When I went back to the club, Merton was sitting alone by the window.

He nodded and smiled at me in his gentle way, and I owned for the moment a strange knowledge of how it feels to be a public benefactor and an unconvicted murderer at one and the same time.

The Mertons were married in June and are living in a pretty little house at Lynehurst. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry and I are to dine with them next Sunday.

THE ODD THINGS OF SOUTH AFRICA

By Howard C. Hillegas

Author of "Oom Paul's People"

SINCE the commencement of hostilities in South Africa all the commonplace affairs of that country have been thoroughly described in American periodicals, but the oddities have been neglected—and South Africa has been called the "odd end of creation."

At Cape Town, where the traveler from America usually has the first glimpse of the continent, is Table Mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet, and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance of a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as The Table-cloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on the top, while on the northern side of its base, near Cecil Rhodes' magnificent residence and zoological park, Groote Schuur, is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver-leaf tree, the foliage of which is much admired by Queen Victoria, who annually receives large quantities of it from loyal subjects at the Cape.

Near Table Mountain is another eminence, which has the descriptive name of Lion's Head. In the Drakensburg Mountains, in Natal, perched high in the air, is a natural formation known as Napoleon's Kop, which gives an excellent bust representation of the Little Corsican. The Drakensburg, with their snow-covered summits, impress it upon the lightly-clothed traveler that South Africa is not all sunshine and palm-trees.

At Howick, near the scene of the recent fighting, is the falls of the Umgeni, 365 feet high, but so small in volume that the visitor is inclined to believe that the water is "turned on" by the enterprising local hotel proprietor for the visitor's special delectation. A hundred miles west are the Tugela Falls, 1,800 feet high, and visible from a distance of ten miles. Near the magnificent city of Durban is the Place of Death, a funnel-like cleft in the coast rocks, into which, in times gone by, the Zulu chiefs were accustomed to throw the victims of their wrath to die. The smooth and precipitous sides of the cleft prevented the escape of the victims, who were beaten to death by the ceaseless rise and fall of the sea—a torture unspeakable. East of the city the prodigious hippopotamus, by grace of a law, is allowed to live in the waters of the Umgeni—the only place in South Africa where he may be found. Farther South, in the forests of the coast, the only elephants below the Zambesi are found, and occasionally appear in the agricultural country to have a taste of the farmer's corn and bullets. Hundreds of ostrich farms are situated in all parts of the country, and the traveler soon becomes so familiar with the sight of them that

Mr. Hillegas has lately returned from an extended stay in South Africa, and is regarded as one of the most authoritative writers on this subject.

he pays as little attention to them as he does to the unclothed natives, the impenetrable tropical verdure, or the treeless, waterless plain of the interior.

The picturesqueness of the natives —now rapidly disappearing, owing to the growing habit of wearing clothing —is most striking. A large, empty sardine box is a hat for one; a discarded red coat of a British soldier will never leave the back of another for a year; and a third will be as proud with only a pair of trousers as another with a white man's dress-shirt. All the natives smoke cigarettes, with the lighted end in their mouth, and when it is not desirable to consume it at once the cigarette is deftly inserted in a hole in the ear-lobe for future reference. When they enter the cities and towns the native women are compelled by local laws to wear blankets, but in their own reservations they are content to wear beads. A woman is sold into marriage by her father at prices ranging from six to sixteen cattle, and thereafter she and her husband's other wives support him or till the ground while he is at the mines earning money for the purchase of more cattle and, incidentally, more wives.

Although it is unlawful, witchcraft is still practised, and the tribe's witch-doctress is only second to the chief in power. By "smelling out" a victim the witch-doctress can place the blame of a drought or a plague upon any member of the tribe, and his punishment is as quick as it is horrible. The victims are tied to ant-heaps, to be tortured to death by the little insects, thrown from precipices or compelled to eat of the deadly ubuti root. Superstition still sways their minds, and a short time before the commencement of the war the Basutos skinned two live oxen in order to forecast whether the Boers or the British would be successful. The red ox, typifying Boer success, lived longer than the British white ox, and consequently the natives firmly believe that Great Britain will be defeated.

Thousands of natives are employed in the mines at Kimberley and Johannesburg, whither they walk over the mountains and plains for hundreds of miles. At the Kimberley diamond mines they receive $1.25 a day, and at Johannesburg a trifle less. Although closely guarded at the diamond mines, the natives succeed annually in stealing about a million dollars' worth of the stones by swallowing them, hiding them in their ears, or cutting open the flesh and secreting them under the skin. When detected, the native is sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labor, which also carries with it the disintegration of his numerous family at home.

Two of the most remarkable cities in the world are Kimberley and Johannesburg; the one producing two-thirds of the world's diamonds, the other one-third of all the gold mined. Twenty years ago the present site of these cities were grazing grounds for the Boer's cattle; now Kimberley has a population of 30,000, while Johannesburg is a modern city of 100,000, in the centre of a gold-mining district, 100 miles long and a mile wide. Where wild beasts were then wont to seek their victims, now is heard the rumble of locomotives and electric cars, the ring of the telephone, and the stock-broker's cry. Land sold for a few cents an acre before the discovery of gold has become so valuable that small building lots on the principal streets of Johannesburg frequently bring $250,000 each.

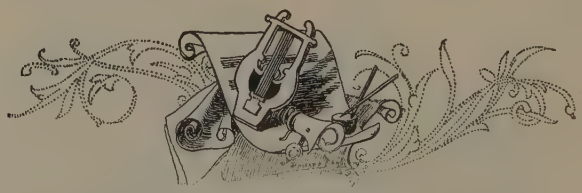
Since the advent of the railroads into the interior the old-time conveyances have disappeared, to a certain extent, but the quaint ox-team, the

HOWARD C. HILLEGAS

'ricksha and the mashela are still in use in almost all parts of the country. The mashela is a hammock swung on a long bamboo pole borne on the shoulders of two or four negroes, who, with a peculiar swinging stride, convey their passenger at the rate of about six miles an hour. The 'ricksha is a pattern of the Japanese two-wheeler, and is usually piloted along the streets of the larger towns by energetic Zulus. The 'ricksha boys—who are as numerous, and occupy the same position as the American cab-driver—take great pride in their personal ornamentation, and appear with monstrous wigs of feathers, gaudy clothing, and rattling shells at their naked ankles. Like playful colts they dash along the streets, champing, whistling, and kicking their heels, as if nothing was more pleasurable than to drag an adipose white man in one of their conveyances at the rate of six miles an hour. Durban, the magnificent city at the edge of Zululand, is the 'ricksha boys' Para-

dise, and the traveler's memory will always retain the pleasant picture of "Christmas," or "Happy Days," or "Hotfoot," who, like a faithful pet, met him with extraordinary manifestation of joy at the hotel door every morning, remained his self-appointed custodian during the entire day, and bade him a broken English "Good-night, boss," at night. The ox-teams are none the less interesting, for it is typically South African to have sixteen or twenty sleek oxen dragging a cumbersome, white-roofed transport wagon over the treeless, sun-tanned plain. Quite as interesting is it to watch the antics of the driver, who, with a stout, fifty-foot rawhide whip, operated in the air like a lasso, urges his "steeds of the plains" forward with well-directed applications.

Not necessarily the strangest, but undoubtedly the most astonishing revelation to an American traveling in South Africa, is the extent and nature of American works and enterprise. Everywhere the hands of the Yankee —as all Americans are called in that country—are visible. On the farms American implements are used almost exclusively; in the mines American machinery is the best; American electric cars and lights are in all the cities, and on the railroads they have American locomotives and palace cars. Americans are at the head of all the gold and diamond mines, and a regiment of Yankees is assisting Kruger's army in fighting for a cause which they believe is as just as that for which their forefathers fought so valiantly at Bunker Hill.



THE COVENANT OF THE BOERS

Of the Transvaal Republic at Wonderfontein, March, 1879, and Almost Exactly Paraphrased

"In the presence of God Almighty,
Who searcheth the hearts of men,
From our homes in the Transvaal Desert
We have journeyed to meet again.
Free burghers, we ask His mercy,
And trust in His boundless grace,
And bind ourselves and our children
Before His awful face.
We join in a sacred compact,
By solemn oaths made sure,
While the rule of the tyrant hireling
In our borders shall endure.

"When our fathers to exile journeyed
From the shores of the southern sea,
From the victor's hateful presence
They fled to the desert free.
Forty long seasons of sorrow,
Warfare and famine and fears
Have passed since like Israel's wanderings
Began their long journey in tears.
Thrice with labor and peril they builded
A State in the wilderness;
Thrice hath the treacherous foeman
Invaded, deceived and oppressed.

"Like robbers in midnight darkness
They have made of our land a prey;
They have humbled our lowly banner
And taken our laws away.
Such outrage we may not suffer;
Such bondage we cannot brook.
From the power and fear of the tyrant
To Almighty God we look.
In freedom and peace our children
Shall hold the land of their sires.
By our father's wrongs we swear it;
By their graves, and our homestead fires.

"Therefore, as true men and brothers,
We give each other the hand.
Solemnly sworn to be faithful,
Banded together we stand.
E'en to the death-pang together,
We strive, till our land is free.
So truly help us, Almighty,
For our trust is only in Thee."
Deathless as fame and freedom,
Grand as their rifle's ring,
Shall live the tale of their meeting
And their oath by the Wonder-Spring.

C. W. Hall

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

THE OLD AGE OF SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS totters under his pack, wearing a long, old face, these days. Probably in his youth he had no idea of growing old or departing this life; therefore, when his enthusiasm and joyousness began to wane unaccountably, he must have opined that the world was tottering—not his own generous throne of life. Now-a-days he creeps down the chimney stealthily as if somewhat ashamed of his mission, like a polar burglar, and his eight tiny reindeer make small clatter on the lawn, for many of their joy bells have been lost. When Santa lays a finger aside of his nose reflectively in our times, he exclaims, without a bit of a jolly shake below the waist: "Degenerates! Degenerates! Has my world come to such a pass that people wish to pay me for presents? Can it be that little children are so surfeited with toys that they stop to ask how much they cost before accepting them? There was little Willie, last year, who said to his mamma, when he first saw a beautiful wooley dog, 'What's it got inside? Candy or money? Don't want a dog 'nless it's got somethin' inside.'"

Then Santa Claus recalls the lost simplicity of his youth, and how people in those days accepted presents as remembrances, not in the spirit of debt-paying, nor elaborate display, and the tears froze on his eyelids. While listening down the chimney to see what people want, previous to the celebration of warm hearts, he had overheard pitiful remarks such as "I'll have to spend five dollars on her for Christmas, any way, and that will pay off, at least, one indebtedness."

Poor Santa Claus wanted to shout at him: "You knave of Hearts! Why do you interfere with my business? 'Tis my place to give presents because my spirit is right—yours is all wrong. Christ was not born to teach barter, but to tell the story of love and free offering to all the world. Alas for humanity!"

But men can no longer hear the voice of the Christmas Saint, and when he calls they imagine they hear the wind howling down the chimney, and shiver, while Santa limps off with a sigh, leaning heavily on a staff in his old age.

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A SHORT CUT TO ENMITY

IT has been said that the one certain way of making an enemy is by placing a man under obligations to one's self. There are many proofs for, and few against, this proposition. In the long run we discover our staunchest friends among those who have found us more necessary to their social enjoyments than to their worldly emoluments, for the reason that unless the latter

can be repaid in coin of the realm they can seldom be repaid at all; and it takes a master of generosity to owe debts gracefully. When a man has a long-standing account with his butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker, he replies to the still, small voice: "In due time I'll have the money and I'll make it all right;" but when a fellow creature has a bill against him for kindly offices performed, that same man, in case no opportunity presents itself to repay the bill of generosity, soon begins to feel a disagreeable dependence in relation to his benefactor—and who is more ungrateful than the beggar?

As time goes on, while the bill still stands, the debtor chafes more and more under a very human desire to pay back, until finally he forgets entirely the nature of the bill and cares little about how he pays, provided he can pay something.

Oftentimes, as a result, kindness is returned with contempt, generosity with contumely, a smile with a sneer; an enemy is made, and the account closed. When this does not occur the debtor's nature resembles a sieve; what goes in one side goes out the other—that is, a kindness received, although not returned, is passed on in the original spirit to some other needy mortal at the first opportunity, thus clearing the debtor's conscience and relieving him of a burden which must find egress or turn acid inside of him.

Beware of obligating any man! If a generous deed comes in our way, the truest kindness lies in bestowing it either as a free gift or as an assured debt, to be repaid in like measure at the earliest convenience of the debtor.

Also it is to be remembered—the larger the obligation the greater the enemy.

Small favors pass from hand to hand like old-fashioned hospitality, but a big favor makes a big enemy.

THE DON'T WORRY CLUBS

AS an especially convincing indication of religious progress at the present time the inauguration throughout the United States of bodies of people pledged not to borrow trouble, may well be cited.

That a psychological theory can be reduced to practical bearing upon the average intelligence and, what is more, made acceptable to our daily needs, is an indication that soul is out-stripping body in the race of life.

The word religion is used above in the acceptation of spiritual support—that faith or belief which helps human beings to live a happier, more useful and productive life. The highest use of Christmas Day as we know it, is to be found primarily in its cheerful thought of others' happiness, and after that is to be noted the holiday freedom from care. The purpose of the Don't Worry Club is to ease the unnecessary nervous strain, caused by a constant exercise of the wearing emotions. Medical opinion corroborates the psychological belief that worry is responsible for a considerable amount of the killing in these days. Taking thought for to-morrow where thought is necessary is not worry; but imagining disagreeable possibilities, were given circumstances to come about when there is no good reason for believing hysterically in a dire future, may be safely termed worry. The Don't Worry Clubs are built upon the finest and most useful principles of all the isms calculated to destroy "the hypo" (the most prevalent disease in our nervous times) and they go further back for a doctrine of Peace and Good-Will, than which none other can be more helpful, when added to the law of cheerfulness—that cheerfulness which without weakness promotes courage, hope and righteous endeavor

THE FUNNY MAN

IF every inhabitant of every large city in the world were given two weeks of experimenting with smiles and tears, each emotional expression to be sustained respectively one week at a time, it is safe to predict that almost to a man this multitude would choose perpetual wailing to perpetual grinning, were they doomed to an alternative during the remainder of their lives. When people are occupied exclusively with social affairs, their most difficult task is to be found in the necessity for baiting favors and admiration with an artificial smile which, frankly labelled, could pass only as a miserable grin.

When a man or woman is perpetually sunny by nature, the smiling muscles work flexibly without effort, but very few natures are sufficiently laughable to produce this sort of facial effect, and the consequence of forcing the required muscular action is an assemblage of court jesters.

Once having admitted the truth of this statement, it is easy to realize the melancholy existence of the professional funny man, who must eat and drink the financial result of his own jokes.

Now, if he could sell exclusively those jokes he makes spontaneously or has a fair opinion of himself, his clouds would be silver lined, but in our day, when jokes for publication are cut and dried, and limited to variations on the four or five best calculated not to offend supersensitive advertisers or subscribers, all the funny man can do is to sit and groan out his funny business.

Whereas, the undertaker or gravedigger can have his own quiet and enjoyable little jokes out of business hours, the funny man becomes so worn with making jokes to suit other people, that out of hours the most joyous thing he can do is to weep cheerfully. Beware of the funny business, too!

❋

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO

HALL CAINE, in "The Christian," makes his hero in pursuit of social reforms assert that England, toppling on the brink of social ruin, can only be reclaimed by some great, good woman, who will not only preach, but also live the doctrine of unselfishness, because from woman comes man, who is exactly what she moulds him into, with or without his volition. If that is true of England, how much more is it true of America, where women enjoy a supremacy unknown to any other section of the world. It might prove salutary if every woman were to remember that even in the most limited sphere of action a woman has a mission which is to make noblemen of those men immediately about her. If chivalric days pass out of sight entirely, if the Knights of the Holy Grail sing their swan songs and disappear, women may hold themselves largely responsible for that calamity. Whatever a woman demands from men she gets. Most men attest to this fact, consciously or unconsciously. The better a woman lives, the more respect she has for herself, the higher the ideal she sets before men, the more aspiring will all mankind become. In secret she longs for worlds to conquer, when at her very door a great world of hearts and minds is awaiting her touch. In social, as in all relations, the door to progressive happiness is opened by the words: "You first, I last," or by the sentiment of Maurice Hewlitt's knightly hero, "Love is service."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The Christmas bells were pealing thro' the frosty midnight air,
The great Yule logs were burning, and the hearty Christmas cheer
On the ample board was ready for the Squire and his guests,
While the lackeys, laced and powdered, waited for their lord's behests.
In the billiant, crowded ballroom—where a thousand tapers shone—
The Squire and his partner danced a measure all alone.
Holly leaves and ivy garlands glistened in the candle-light,
Silks and satins and fair faces made a gay and goodly sight;
But the Squire thought, of all the fair, the very fairest yet
Was Margery, the dainty maid who danced the minuet.

To the stately, graceful music—on the polished oaken floor—
The Squire and his sweetheart danced the music o'er and o'er,
Till he led his blushing partner just beneath the mistletoe
And—stole a kiss that Christmas eve, a hundred years ago.
True love is like the lavender, whose perfume faint and rare
Will linger in its blossoms even when they're dry and sere;
And the memory of that courtship and the kiss so fairly won
Wake in hearts a chord of kinship, though so many years have gone.
For now sweet Mistress Margery, "the toast" at every ball,
And the gay and gallant Squire are but—pictures on the wall.

The Margerys of our day are every whit as fair
As those that danced the minuet in puffed and powdered hair;
And tho' the Squires of days gone by were brave and fine to see,
In this dear land to-day we find no lack of chivalry.
Though buckled shoes and 'broidered coats are "in the mode" no more,
And days of courtly compliment, and powdered hair, are o'er—
True knighthood and nobility are not yet obsolete,
And even in these busy days our hearts have time to beat,
And tongues, at Cupid's prompting, tell their tales of tender passion—
You'll find in every century that Love is still the fashion!

Then ring the Christmas bells again, with holly deck the walls,
Let happy faces crowd the board and fill the festive halls!
The mistletoe is out of date, and kisses are forbidden—
A modern Squire for such a theft would be severely chidden—
But then the sweetest roses always bloom just out of reach;
'Tis ever on the topmost bough you spy the rarest peach.
The fiddle plays a merry tune, light feet are keeping time,
And gaily goes the two-step waltz until the midnight chime.
Ah! hearts are young and gay but once—so come when Pleasure calls!
For by-and-by we too shall be but—pictures on the wall.

Annie T. Colcock

Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XXI INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon. He fears that Mildred will not forgive the past, but tells her all and finds her equal to the trial. Mrs. Marshall finds a ring DeLoste had given to her daughter, and with it confronts his wife. Several years pass, and Judge Terrill's son graduates from college and goes west with Kenneth Phillips for the summer. They stop in Detroit and Mrs. Marshall recognizes Terrill. He meets and falls in love with Margaret Howard. They become engaged and she informs him that she is a foster daughter. Terrill announces his engagement to his parents, and greatly surprises them.

CHAPTER XXII

THE family had all retired with the exception of Margaret. It now consisted not only of Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Margaret, but Mr. and Mrs. Terrill and Mildred, who had been in the city for the past two days.

It was the night before the wedding; and the elaborate preparations were almost completed. To-morrow when Thornton and Margaret meet it will be the hour of their marriage, which is to take place at high noon.

It is not late, scarcely half past nine, The family have retired early, not alone on account of fatigue, but also tactically leaving the young lovers alone for the last evening.

After a time Margaret rose from her seat at his side and went to the piano. It was her confident upon all occasions. "You do not care if I play softly a while do you, Thornton? I do not believe it will disturb any one if I am careful."

Thornton took possession of an easy chair where he could watch her face. Thornton shaded his eyes with his hands, that he might watch her the more intently. She began to play something bright and joyous that she knew Thornton admired. But her mood was too strong. She played for fully three-quarters of an hour and did not speak one word. As she drifted from one conception to another, the strains grew more and more plaintive.

Thornton felt as though she were struggling to say something and could not. He could scarcely set quietly in his chair. She had turned her face to the side, and he could not see her eyes.

Finally, it seemed that whatever was burdening her heart and mind reached to her finger tips, and she struck the last notes falsely and with a dull, muffled sound.

Thornton could sit still no longer. He walked quickly to her side and

placed his hand gently on her shoulder. She shuddered and turned from him. "Margaret!" he said, "Margaret," slowly and gravely, when he was deeply moved. "Margaret, look at me."

"I cannot," she replied.

"Do not turn from me, dear. Turn from all the world if you will, but not from me."

With these words he took her head between his hands, and turned it gently backwards until he could look into her eyes. Her eyes fascinated him. They appeared twice their normal size. They seemed as dark, as vast as a stormy night. They glowed peculiarly, as though fed by some inner fire. As she tried to meet his penetrating glance, they filled with tears. There is no position more trying to a man than to see the woman he loves in tears, especially upon the eve of his marriage to her.

Thornton had hoped never to see Margaret's face clouded again, forgetting that heredity is stronger than love. Scarcely realizing what he was doing, he lifted her suddenly from her seat at the piano and placed her in the chair he had just occupied. He then brought a cushion and seated himself at her feet where he might look up into her face unhindered. She watched him in silence. His strength had always fascinated her, just as her seeming fragility always aroused in him a protective sense.

He placed one hand over hers upon her knee as though to reassure her. As he did so a tear fell upon his hand. Gravely he took his handkerchief from his pocket and reached up to dry her eyes as gently as though he were drying the eyes of a troubled child.

"There, there, do not weep," he said, "There is nothing worth weeping for to-night, sweet."

She tried to smile through her tears. Margaret Howard felt that she had placed her love in safe hands. She felt no regret at the step she was about to take. Yet to-night the old self struggled with the new, and her heart was full of a vague oppression.

Thornton was troubled. He could not bear to feel she was not wholly happy. He wished her to be so happy that she would forget the old apprehensions. "I want you to be happy, Margaret, more than I want anything else in the world," he said earnestly.

"I know that you do, Thornton, and I have been happy, but—to-day—"

"What happened to-day?"

"Don't think me foolish," and her face grew crimson as she answered, "but to-day as I was watching your sister Mildred, a realization of what she has and I have not, came to me and the crowded back all the old miserable doubts and fears. You know what I mean," she said anxiously.

"Yes, dear, I know."

"And Thornton, you do not think they ought to know about me—is it necessary?"

"No, Margaret, I cannot see how the knowledge could make any difference to them. Since I know, it seems to me that is all that is necessary. It makes no difference with your real self, and I know they are more than pleased with you."

She looked at him gratefully as he continued: "You know that if Mr. and Mrs. Howard thought it necessary or a point of honor, they would have told me and probably my parents. They have said nothing, and therefore, dear, can you not trust in their love and experience?"

"I do not mean to make it hard for you, Thornton, you have been so good to me. But it is hard for me sometimes as much as I love Mr. and Mrs. Howard. All to-day as they completed the arrangements for to-morrow, I

would keep thinking that to-morrow was my wedding day, and my mother, my own mother, where was she? I wondered wherever she was if she were thinking of me. If she knew, would she be glad for me? Somehow, Thornton, I do not know why, but I have always thought that I would have loved my mother best. I—Oh, I wish, I knew where she is to-night."

He did not interrupt her, excepting to lay his cheek softly upon her hand for a moment.

"To think, Thornton, that I will probably never see her, never know who she was, nor what she was," she almost whispered now. "I think I would rather have been poor, and worked hard always and have known the truth than to have everything luxurious and carry this doubt always."

"Margaret, I know just how hard this must be for you. I have tried to place myself in your position over and over again. I have never given much thought to religion, but it seems to me that there are many things that one simply must trust to higher hands. We cannot hope to understand all things. When we cannot understand we must trust. The world would go mad if it had nothing to anchor to. Do not spoil your life and mine by grieving over that for which you are not in the least responsible. There must be purpose, a wisdom in it all. Think of how much happiness your existence has brought into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Howard. Loving children as they do, their home would have been desolate without you. When you grow morbid I want you to think of all these things. If one counts up everything the good features always overbalance the bad in life." Thornton spoke very earnestly and his words brought comfort to the heart of the girl.

Perhaps he was right, she thought, and perhaps she did have the right to be happy. Margaret possessed as great a capacity for happiness as she did for suffering. She looked into his face. He seemed so strong and brave and earnestness sat well upon the young face. Could she not trust him wholly? She longed to be happy.

Thornton watched her face closely, for he felt that if he could once conquer every fear her future happiness would be safe with him. When he told her that he longed for nothing so much as for her happiness, it was true. Margaret's personality added to the pathos of her history appealed to him strongly. He found himself wondering what her nationality or her parantage could have been, she was so wholly unlike any type of girl with which he was familiar.

Her nature was so intense and her temperament so ardent that the possibilities for her own happiness and his were vast if only he could remove the shadow. He measured her pain when she suffered by the intensity of her happiness the days when she had yielded wholly to happiness.

"Margaret, it is almost time for me to leave you. I want to feel that I leave you happy this last night before our marriage. Think of it, dear! To-morrow is our wedding day, and then will follow days, weeks, months, years of life together. You believe me, don't you, Margaret, when I say that I mean never to falter one hour even in my resolution to make you happy? What better is there for man to do than to make glad always the heart of the woman he loves?"

"And just as I am you love me?" she asked softly. She did not doubt his answer, but it was dear to her to know that he loved her even when he knew all that she knew of her life.

"Love you? Do you ask me if I love you? How can I tell you how much?" He grew almost pale as he half rose

and leaning nearer to her he touched the deep red rose caught in the folds of lace on her gown.

"Every rose that has ever bloomed massed together cannot compare with my love for you. I have no words to tell you. It seems strange when one's heart is full that words take wings and fly away. But here to-night I vow that you shall never regret trusting your future to me. What more can I say than that, Margaret? Now will you not believe that what you have told me, excepting for the pain it has brought to your dear heart and the tears to your eyes, is as nothing to me. Have faith in me, dear. Oh, have faith in me, that from your faith I may gather strength to be the man I am ambitious to be."

His words, his voice, his attitude thrilled the very soul of her he loved. All her doubts that things might happen that could dim his love, every trace of sorrow or apprehension broke and disappeared as the last cloud after a storm and the horizon of her life became cloudless and serene.

An exquisite tenderness was in her face as she leaned over him and softly pressed a kiss upon his forehead. "Dear Thornton, you are so dear to me. May I never disappoint you. I can say nothing more to-night, but good-by until we meet to-morrow."

As he left the house, lightly closing the door after him, he wondered if there could live a man so happy, so rich in love as he. And he thought of this again the next evening when, with Margaret, he took the east bound train for their future home. He did not regret that Judge and Mrs. Terrill remained in Detroit for a few days of sight-seeing.

The day following the wedding Mrs. Terrill and Mrs. Howard went for a drive while the Judge remained at home to attend to his mail. As he seated himself in the library to look over the letters and papers that had accumulated in the past twenty-four hours, he was surprised to find one postmarked "Detroit."

It was in a woman's handwriting. Was it intuition that caused his usually steady hand to tremble? He opened the letter slowly. He glanced first at the signature. As he realized its full import the letter dropped from his hand, and with a shudder as though he had received a nervous shock, he leaned back in his chair as one stunned.

CHAPTER XXIII

Everett Terrill was not a coward, either morally or physically, and during his eventful life he had, upon many an occasion, proved the truth of this assertion. He had been called upon to face death more than once. That he was morally a brave man more than one person had had excellent reason to remember always. Still as he leaned back in his chair trying to summon courage to read the letter before him, he felt that he was a coward.

Indeed, could he have foreseen the events that were to take place in the twenty-four hours following his son's departure for the East it is doubtful if there was anything that could have prevented him from leaving Detroit immediately after the ceremony. There are many who would have justified him in doing so.

When he read the name signed with a flourish to the letter it is not strange that he shuddered and his face blanched. "Mrs. J. Irving Marshall" —this was the name, and he had not seen it for years.

"What can the woman want," he muttered to himself, and could scarcely bear to read the letter. She had gone wholly out of his life, and if

he could have one dominant desire it was that he might never lay eyes upon her again. She was the only person in the world he despised. He had always from the first blamed her more than her daughter in what had at one time bid fair to become a tragedy in his life. Many a tragedy is the outcome of a loveless marriage.

At that time he had thought much upon Beatrice's character. He could appreciate the power Mrs. Marshall held over her, since in a measure she was weak and easily swayed.

Time softens all things, and he had long ago learned to think of Beatrice with sympathy. Mildred's charity toward mankind was one of her sweetest traits. Since she judged Beatrice with the greatest charity and always spoke of her pityingly, Everett had grown to do likewise.

And now, after this long lapse of years, to be confronted by the woman who had once betrayed his confidence! He felt the impulse to destroy the letter without reading it. And then he decided whatever it might contain it would be safer for him to know. After reading it slowly through he knew why, even as he began to read it, he hesitated as one hesitates to face an unseen foe.

He read:

"Everett Terrill:—I stand before you to-day, in imagination at least, with eyes ablaze with triumph. At last I am revenged. Do you think for one moment that I have ever lost trace of you through all these years? Or do you think that I have lost sight of the nameless child whom, though you knew of its existence, you have scorned? Had my daughter not confessed upon her deathbed that she loved you I might have watched you less zealously. I might even—well no matter what. I vowed because I loved her and she loved you that you would regret the day that you cast aside her love. And now, when you have read the following and know the truth, I shall have accomplished my purpose. I recognized your son a few months ago at Hotel Eunice by an unmistakable likeness to your face. And when he rose and walked from the dining room I knew I had made no mistake. I noted whom he was with, and a certain possibility flashed through my mind and almost stifled me with joy. I could have gone to him and opened his eyes and warned him,—ah yes!—All summer I have watched with happy eyes his growing attachment. Do you know, Everett Terrill, who the girl is that your son yesterday married? Who is she whom you kissed farewell at the station, and to whom you whispered, "my daughter"? She is the nameless child born long ago in St. Louis. She was placed in ———Home in Chicago. One year later she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Howard, and has since borne their name. I gladly enclose papers giving you the absolute proof of my statement. 'The sins of the father shall be visited upon the sons even unto the third and fourth generation.' May every evil trait of her father crop out. I long for her to make your son suffer, and through him you shall suffer. You are a proud man, Everett Terrill, and no better way could I be revenged. To me revenge is sweet.

"Mrs. J. Irving Marshall."

The letter and papers fell from the hands of the man and he sat as one turned to stone. What a Judas was this woman!

That son, the idol of his father, his first born, married to one who came of such stock as Margaret. He saw clearly now what had so held his attention in her face. It was not that she resembled her mother. But it was those marvellous dark eyes, shaped peculiarly like her grandmother's. He wondered now why he had not thought immediately of Mrs. Marshall, for he had never seen other eyes so shaped. But the sweet seriousness, the brooding tenderness of Margaret's eyes had made them beautiful while the older woman's were too often the contrary.

Judge Terrill's face grew very grave, for his mind was full of doubt. While he believed thoroughly in the refining influence of education and culture, still to him it was a question whether the effects of birth can be wholly obliterated. What might Margaret not have inherited from the heartless man—the villain who could so wrong her mother?

Was he, Everett Terrill, to be compelled after all these years to be confronted constantly by the face of one who might daily grow more and more like her mother in feature at least? The memory of the past was painful to him.

What could he do? Should he confide in Mildred and ask her council? Should he warn Thornton that he might thus be upon his guard in the future? He felt that he was stifling in-doors, and rising he took his hat and left the house. He walked slowly towards the suburbs, where he might be alone to think.

The wind blew gently against the heated cheeks of the man as though trying to help him, and by its light caress to express sympathy for him in his perplexity.

'Tis well that one can forget, for with all her sweetness memory can likewise be remorseless. He wished that he could remember nothing, and yet a hundred memories crowded each other for supremacy in his thoughts.

The winter's night years ago—the glowing grate fire — the delicious languor, he felt it all again. He tried to walk more briskly and shake off the impression that Beatrice's melancholy eyes were riveted upon him. He cannot. He feels them coming nearer—again she kneels at his side. Her eyes are dazzling his, and unconsciously just as he did that night years ago he closes his eyes to escape hers. From the weight of his anxiety his head felt heavy. What a hideous fancy that he was again upon the couch and that he drew the girl carelessly to him, as in fancy her head drooped again to his breast. He started horribly. He walked even faster. He was determined to escape the vivid fancies that were unmercifully pursuing him. Then trooped back to memory the hideous weeks that followed. His face grew dark, for it seemed to his keen imagination that he was living them all again instead of walking down a quiet street in Detroit.

What should he do? Was he not jstified in summarily dealing with the woman who pursued his destiny like an evil spirit? But she was a woman, and how could he lift his hand against a woman?

As the sun breaks through a rift in the clouds, so light came to him and shone through the shadows that had clouded his face but a moment before. Memory in its enforced march had finally reached the sudden termination of his life in St. Louis. Again he took the journey south and lived his first quiet year in Savannah. And then, oh blessed memory! There dawned into his life a new day with the advent of Mildred. Mildred—Mildred, with the thought of her came a thousand sweet fancies. His blood quickened, his eyes grew brighter, his step more elastic.

Just as he had relieved his dreary life in St. Louis, so now did fancy lead him again through the flower bordered paths in Savannah. The ideally happy years with her repaid a thousand fold for every hour of suffering that had gone before. Her very life had proved love in its highest and best sense. She had lived love, and what fairer tribute can be paid to womanhood.

Everett had always made a confi-

dent of Mildred, and now he longed to go to her and seek her sympathy and ask her advice in this new trouble. And yet after all her years of faithfulness was it quite right to do so? How could it help but pain her to look into Margaret's face, knowing who she was and what was her history? Would it not be infinitely better for her to remain in ignorance of the unfortunate circumstances surrounding her birth and learn to love Margaret simply for her own many lovable traits?

Even between those with whom secrets do not habitually exist, even when love reaches its highest state between man and wife, there must arise questions like this one where the solution is that ignorance is better than knowledge.

After all, what good could result from his reviving sad memories with Mildred, or why darken Thornton's heart with forebodings? Loving Margaret, Thornton had married her. Their faces as he last saw them as the train slowly faded from view were full of happiness of the present, and hopefulness for the future. He reasoned that he would be heartless, cruel, to place even the possibility of a barrier between the young husband and wife.

The fact that Beatrice had loved him had made her mother relentless in her efforts to bring him misery. This knowledge tha she had loved him and had died in pain and sorrow with the confession of her love for him upon her lips, now softened his heart towards the innocent girl who had married his son.

What though he did suffer each time that he looked into her face, he thought it was far better for him to bear alone the suspense and the anxiety. What better work could he have than to foster every good trait in Margaret, and to help build up her character? Having arrived at this conclusion, he started towards home.

As far as Judge Terrill himself was concerned Margaret to her own family and to all who came in contact with her, would be what she appeared to be. The secret of her birth would never be disclosed by him. Mrs. J. Irving Marshall's letter had failed in its mission.

(To be concluded next month)

A STORM BY THE SEA

On and on in a frenzied hurry,
The storm clouds drive across the sky,
A sullen calm broods o'er the ocean,
And a single gull makes a plaintive cry.

The dark blue green of the peaceful sea,
Changes to black as the storm draws near,
And the summer sun like a golden disk,
Hangs high in the thickening atmosphere.

All nature breathlessly awaits,
The storm king coming in his might,
And the single gull to a creviced rock,
Now fearfully takes its flight.

With a sudden fury the storm is here,
At the curse of the wind great waves arise,
To prove the strength of the slumbering sea,
While swords of lightning rend the skies.

A. H.

BOOK BABBLINGS

The Reason for Popularity

By Helen Ray Kent

THE "King's Jackal" lay face downward on the broad leather sofa in the library in a most uncomfortable, and rather unbecoming position.

"I wish boys knew how to treat books with any sort of respect," he remarked in an injured and somewhat muffled voice.

"Tom tossed me down here in the most unceremonious fashion you can imagine, after remarking most rudely that I was N. G. Considering that I am not his property; and that Miss Mary is extremely fond of me, as well as everything else by my celebrated author, his treatment was very inconsiderate, to say the least. I don't wish to complain, but my poor back is in danger of breaking."

"That's the penalty of being popular," interposed the "Landlord At Lion's Head," rather spitefully for so colorless a volume.

Several of the books nudged each other at this, while the more well-bred lifted their eye-brows,—that is to say their titles,— in quiet amusement. Mr. Howell's growing dissatisfaction at being rather pushed aside by his younger contemporaries, was well-known on the shelves.

"It must be trying to be the 'American Representative Man of Letters'— and have nobody read you," whispered "The Houseboat on the Styx" to "Search Light Letters."

"Still he needn't be quite so sarcastic over 'Dear Dickey's' failure to be himself plus Anthony Hope. Poor little 'Jackal!' I'm sorry for him. It must be trying not to come up to the standard of your brothers and sisters. He's not in the same class even with 'Aline,' or 'The Soldiers.' What's that?" he added, addressing a volume in dark leather near by.

Silence fell like a mantle over the shelves as "That Fortune" remarked in the gentle tone for which Mr. Warner's books were noted: "O! I was only trying to comfort the 'Jackal' and make him forget his troubles by asking some of you what you think really makes a book popular? Makes it the fashion, I mean. Let us each give the reason that seems most obvious to us. You begin, Richard, you are—to use the pat expression—'the latest.' "

Mr. Carvel, thus addressed, replied in that beautiful style for which many had likened him to "Lorna Doone"— and indeed, the sympathetic understanding between the two was so great that their engagement was already rumored in the library—

"Of course, I am hardly a judge, sir; for I have yet to stand the test of Father Time; but from my humble experience it appears to me that to be popular one needs only to be active, and attractive. That is, one must be well dressed; not written in a careless, slap-dash fashion: and must do something. I do not include the historical in my definition, though in my own case the great personages moving through my pages have been undoubtedly my greatest attraction."

"Isn't it positively refreshing to hear a really modest man speak?"

whispered "Penelope's Progress" to "Tiverton Tales." "I do hope he and that dear Doone creature will announce their betrothal soon, or I shall burst my Scotch plaid covers in anxiety over it."

Here the silence brought to her attention the fact that the courteous "Maryland Cavalier" had waited for her, and she blushed a deeper scarlet as he continued:

"But so many succeed without them that I believe the really primary condition is to have a story to tell,—and tell it. Yes; beauty, but especially action, would be my formula."

"Foorce rules the world," commented Mr. Dooley, to the delight of his neighbors, next taking up the thread of discussion. The quaint Irishman was a great favorite among his companions.

"Although I don't like him to talk too much," "Windfalls of Observation" had said once, "For one gets worn out laughing."

The philosopher to-day, however, was content with few words.

"Divle a bit do people care phat it is that makes thim happy as long as they are so, Hinnissey, and wid most of thim, a laugh does the business foive toimes as quick as anything else in the world—unless it's whiskey. I spake from me own expayrience, moind. Most folks don't. They can tell all about their naybors' business, and manage it bether than he does, ivery toime—when they ain't got it!

"People has throuble enough wid other things, so whin they sits down to rade they wants a divarsion. I tuck in a bit of the other side now and then, so they'll know Oi'm no fool and have seen thim both. But in the main, Oi tickle thim under the ribs. As a raysult Oim that handed about that me cover looks loike an impressionistic landscape. Begobs! 'tis been pressed. And Miss Mary said yisterday that her heart wud be broke intirely if me younger brother 'In the Hearts of His Countrymen' wasn't born soon. A laugh does the business!"

As the ripple of merriment at this speech died away, a fervid, melancholy-looking volume, in dark garnet, with spectral gold trimmings, said, severely, from the top shelf:

"That may be your opinion, sir. I question no man's right to his honest convictions; but as I boast a sale of even larger numbers than you, may I not with equal fitness advance my views? Ah! my friends; suffering, agony, trial, emotion, sin, misery, love, passion, are the things that make us universal."

"Quite a prescription," commented the "Club of One," sarcastically.

"Worse than any of my doctor's, even." But no one appeared to hear his plaintive murmur, as "The Christian" went on, excitedly: "Yes! to feel, to throb, to burn, to glow, to pulsate, to—"

"Work one's self into a frenzy?" queried "The Rough Riders," in a rather disgusted tone, anxious to cut off farther hysteria, and not at all averse to occupying the centre of the stage—a position which he undeniably became.

"No one believes more in life—virility—than I do. But you overdo the thing, Caine. People can't live keyed up to your pitch all the time. And then you're too gloomy. I tell you, to succeed, to be popular in books, or anywhere else, one must be an optimist: an out-and-out fighter, with an uncrushed spirit, full of good red blood, and ready to die for one's country."

"Or come home and be Governor of New York, eh?" put in Mr. Dooley, slyly, to the delight of his hearers.

"Yes, an eternal optimist. The will of the people and the might of the right always conquer in this country. Thank God," concluded the patriotic Colonel, midst a burst of applause. "Teddy" always took himself seriously, and was one of the most popular fellows in the library.

"Don't forget Love," suggested "When Knighthood was in Flower," with a romantic expression. "After all's said and done, what is the best thing life has to offer? The memory that lasts longest and is sweetest? Love not only beautifies and enriches life, but it is the lever that makes man a force in the universe. Sift the motives of ninety-nine men out of a hundred down to a fine point, and you'll find that love for some woman is at the bottom of his course. Then think what a dreary desert this world would be without it. Yes; in the language of one whose experiences fell in another age than mine, which, by the by, proves that my definition is right, as it stands the test of Time—'Tis Love that makes the world go round.' "

"Wal," piped a thin, rather nasal voice, which instantly commanded attention. "I dunno's I've any business to advance *my* views in this discussion. 'Tain't exactly what you'd call literary. But I've got considerable sense of the horse variety;" here David winked knowingly at his nearest neighbor, who happened to be a volume of Andrew Lang.

"Mr. Harum's a delightful fellow," observed the Englishman, aside, to "The Two Magics." "So different and clever from us. So American, you know. Oh! I beg pardon. I always think of you as an Englishman."

And silence again reigned for a moment, when David resumed, slowly:

"And I guess that bein' a little grain of everything: sympathetic, and understandin' folks, amusin' 'em, and makin' 'em feel, too, is the main thing.

"Now I've done tolerable well in the line of bein' pop'lar."

"Two hundred thousand copies," sniffed "The Failure of Popular Government," impatiently. Mr. Bradford naturally resented anything, however insignificant, that contradicted his theories.

"And alas! fiction, too—"

"Do be still," begged Senator Lodge, from the leaves of his "History of Our War with Spain," frowning at his political opponent.

And Mr. Harum once more continued, pleasantly: "Folks like to laugh —most o' the time; and they want to know that there's somethin' else besides fun in life, too. Human natur's a pretty curious mixture. Some folks has more human in 'em, and others more natur'; and then agen it's purty evenly balanced. The nigher you get to people's hearts *and* heads, the more pop'lar you are."

"That's it, exactly," said a rich, earnest voice, after a moment's silence,

> "And each for the joy of the working,
> And each in his separate star
> Shall draw the thing, as he sees it,
> For the God of things as they are."

Just then, as if she knew that the final verdict had been rendered by "The Master," Miss Mary entered the library for the morning's study; and quiet reigned once more among the books.

A Glance at New Books

Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"FATHER GOOSE—HIS BOOK"

MOST of us who are not too old—or too young—to feel a reminiscent pleasure in the little things that brightened childhood hours, can easily recall the avidity with which we seized upon the "Mother Goose" book, and what a never-ending fund of amusement lurked within its covers. And we cannot but rejoice that the children of to-day have been given a companion volume in "Father Goose—His Book." Mr. L. Frank Baum sets forth a great number of pleasant conceits in jingling rhyme that cannot fail to endear itself to the hearts of those for whom it is intended, and the illustrations, by Mr. Wm. W. Denslow, are a mine of delightful surprises. It is one of the successes of the year in this branch of literature, and no Christmas list would seem quite complete without it. Geo. M. Hill Co., Chicago.

"TROOPER 3809"

"TROOPER 3809" is an interesting and instructive book; but it is doubtful if it would have attracted such widespread attention, had it not been for the world-wide interest in the Dreyfus case. The author, Mr. Lionel Decke, who has been a contributor to various magazines, was born in France in 1859, and has himself served in the French army as a volunteer. Mr. Decke makes the most of his revolting story and experiences; and we must remember that he is writing of army life twenty years ago, although in the main facts it is undoubtedly true of militarism of to-day. The debasing effects of the iron-bound red tape system of a large standing army are vividly described; and as the author regretfully says of Dreyfus: "The case is unfortunately but a magnified example of what daily happens in the French army."

"Daily happens" is, of course, exaggerated; but the fact is incontrovertible that the French disinclination for honest industrial life and their eagerness for official or government positions—in brief, their superficiality—has been the cause of the nation's present predicament. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York City.

TWO BOOKS BY E. F. BENSON

MR. E. F. BENSON, the clever young author of "Dodo," has recently put forth two other novels of English or London life: "The Rubicon," and "Mammon & Co." Mr. Benson's evident familiarity; nay, rather part in the life of which he writes, gives a reality to his work which makes it extremely interesting. Indeed, the author, himself, as he appears between the lines—sometimes sarcastic, sometimes humorous, sometimes sincere—is vastly more attractive than most of his characters.

"The Rubicon" is rather unhealthy in motif: a young, unsophisticated girl marrying to escape monotony at home, or for the sake of new sensations.

It is undeniably true that persons marrying escape monotony for a while; at least, a year or two; but that this should be the only object of a well-bred, reasonably responsible woman, is to attribute the sex with a grossness of nature which makes one wince. One likes to believe that even in the circle of so-called "smart" society, most people wed because of some liking for one another. However, as in those very circles any real feeling or emotion is tabooed as vulgar; and a languid ennui about life and its interests, affected or real, seems to be deemed the essence of good breeding, the tale is the more lifelike.

The heroine's cold-blooded shallowness, and infatuation for her young lover are carefully drawn; and the suicide at the close of the story, when remorse over her husband's death makes her desperate, is eminently in keeping. Of true regret, and a nobly amended life she is incapable; and her end is exactly what one is constantly meeting in the columns of suicides in the daily papers.

"Mammon & Co.," while differing as to plot, is very like its predecessor. The style is more finished; and there are descriptive passages of real merit. In this tale Mr. Benson carries his art of writing conversation to a high degree. The book teems with witty remarks and asides. Here, also, one finds more stinging comments on the tragedy of a superficial existence than in "The Rubicon," or even "Dodo." For example:

"He and Kit had been married some seven years and had no children, a privation for which they were touchingly thankful. They had, both of them, quite sufficient responsibilities, or to speak more precisely, liabilities." And, "Chronic conditions, for the most part, tend to cease being actually felt; and both she and Jack would far sooner have had a couple of thousand pounds in hand, and fifty thousand pounds in debt, than not to have owed or owned a penny."

Mr. Benson sees the vices, follies and pleasures of a mundane existence with unusually keen vision, and writes exceedingly well of them. Both stories should tend to make the majority of readers, who are necessarily in another circle, more contented with their own lots in life. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ANOTHER "DOOLEY" BOOK

"MARTIN DOOLEY, in the Hearts of His Countrymen," which appeared in October, was eagerly awaited by the thousands who have enjoyed Mr. Dunne's delightful and pungent wit. Rumor has it that he is to give us a companion or rival to Martin, in one Molly Donahue, mentioned in an old sketch, "The New Woman." If he create a feminine type as good as Mr. Dooley, Mr. Dunne will be indeed fortunate. Small, Maynard & Co.

"DUTCH AND QUAKER COLONIES."

IN his "Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," Professor John Fiske has approached very closely to what we might call a popularly written history. This author has the too rare faculty in a historian of being extremely fascinating almost always, and in this recent work he demonstrates more forcibly than usual, that history may be made as entertaining as the most interesting fiction, with the added advantage of acquiring knowledge of a valuable and necessary kind. With here and there a flash of wit, and a humorous view of things, the book, nevertheless, lacks much of the dignity of his former works. There is a carelessness of diction and a tendency towards a common phrasing, which always mars a book, regardless of subject, and makes it suffer in comparison with such works as Douglas Campbell's, with whom he frequently disagrees. This history follows "The Beginnings of New England," a book widely known, and can be read with much greater interest after having read the former, as it then enables us to understand more readily the collision and blending of the English and Dutch during the beginnings of this country. While the first volume is devoted to the Dutch, the second is about that quaint and much abused sect, the Quakers, showing to the full, Penn's humane, reasonable and Christian policy towards the Indians; his friendship with James the Second, and the different views historians have given us of this gentle, kindly man. Altogether the book is worthy of great attention, as it has so many of the necessary qualifications of a reliable history, accuracy, unprejudiced mind, strong outlines of leading men, and graphic descriptions of important events. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AN APPROPRIATE SOUVENIR EDITION

THE Bowen Merrill Company take rank as one of the most successful American publishers of history. This firm have gotten out a souvenir edition of "When Knighthood was in Flower," to celebrate the one hundred thousandth of this popular novel, which has so won itself into the hearts and homes of the American people. The book, which has been previously reviewed in these pages, has certainly a unique, picturesque history. A brief sketch of the author, Charles Major (Edward Carroden) is given, and the christening of the novel was no doubt an important factor in its history. This is the era of revival for historical novels and the souvenir edition of "Knighthood" fittingly commemorates the epoch.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

AS announced last month, we publish below a list of the very recent books published, which appear to have bounded into public approval. There may be others published that will later "grow" in favor, as mere circumstances or newly discovered force may be discovered; but these books are already in public favor from the best reports to be obtained from our observation.

"The Black Wolf's Breed," Harris Dickson.

"The Puritan Rupublic," Daniel Wait Howe. The Bowen Merrill Co.

"The Circle of a Century," Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Co.

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen," Small, Maynard & Co.

"When Rogues Fall Out," Joseph Hatton.

"Bohemian Paris of To-day," Morrow and Cucuel. Lippincott & Co.

"Leo Dayne," Margaret A. Kellogg. J. H. West & Co.

"Recollections of an Old Musician," Thomas Ryan. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The King's Mirror," Anthony Hope. D. Appleton & Co.

"Spanish Peggy," Mary H. Catherwood. H. S. Stone & Co.

"The Other Fellow," F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A MODERN HIGHWAYMAN

John George Thomas Polk Dundreary
Is a genius mercenary;
So much so, he makes me weary
With his schemes.
He would find a plan to flay you,
In a manner stop, waylay you,
'Spite your screams.

He owed bills to everybody,
For his board, his smokes, his toddy,
E'en the ring he gave to Maudie—
Generous man!
Lived for years on borrowed money,
Tongue as smooth and sweet as honey;
How it ran!

Here's the way he fleeced his debtors,
Made them helpless, mute abettors;
Stopped the flow of dunning letters—
Even more.
Started into bike repairing—
Tacks are cheap? We stopped, loud swearing,
At his store.

'Fore the season half had ended,
We, by his account expended
Bills, of figures long and splendid,
For repair;
Showed a great big balance due him,
Had to give our cycles to him,
To get square.

Percie W. Hart

WHAT TOM SAID ABOUT IT

OF course if you are in love with a girl and as good as engaged to her, you have to give her a Christmas present. It may not be good form, but it is good policy. And Tom Morgan had always given Maude Steinhammer pretty nice presents. In fact he usually began to save for it about July first, but this year he was fool enough to buy a watch. It was a good watch, solid gold, with his monogram engraved on the glittering case, and he was very proud of it, but Christmas found him without funds, and Maude to be remembered. So he pawned it, and bought a pretty lace pin for Maude and sent it "with best wishes and love." Maude was tickled nearly to death over it. She was such a dear girl, anyway, and he always wore her picture near his heart. At least, it was pasted in the case of his watch, and that is near enough for any practical purpose. He had some scruples about pawning Maude, but she was pasted in good and solid, so she was laid away in Solomon Levi's safe with the watch. Only temporarily, remember.

Christmas eve, Tom parted his hair in the middle, put on his red striped tie and viewed himself in his

glass. His vest pained him. It was too dead, too black. He missed the glitter of his watch chain. It relieved the dullness of the black vicuna. So he put a few keys on the chain to hold the watchless end in his pocket, gave his tie a last pat, and went out. He had a call to make at Maude's house.

As he stepped on the car, the conductor noticed the chain.

"Say mister," he said, "Gimme the time, will you? my watch ain't runnin' to-night."

Tom smiled sickly.

"Sorry," he said, "neither is mine."

The conductor laughed.

"Christmas breaks us all up, don't it?" he said.

Tom haughtily buttoned up his coat.

It was bad enough to have to pawn his watch, without having it patent to the world. As he entered the car, every one glanced at him. He felt that they must have heard the words of the low fellow. He felt as if he was plastered over with pawn-tickets. He felt—but he soon forgot his shame in thoughts of the pleasure of meeting Maude. The car seemed to creep. When at length it reached his destination, he knew he must be late.

Unconciously he drew from his pocket—a bunch of keys. An old lady and a sedate old man smiled. He saw a small boy nudge his mother.

His face burned, and he left the car feeling like a criminal.

But Maude, dear Maude, soon chased away his cares. There was a bunch of mistletoe on the hall light, and he smothered her thanks for the lace pin—some way. She didn't care, not a bit. Nice girl, Maude.

So thoughful, too. She meant to have a good long evening with him, she said. Pa and ma had retired already.

"And you know they can hear the parlor clock strike, and always scold me the next morning about how late you stay? Well, I've stopped the clock so they can't hear it. We don't need it because you have your watch."

Tom smiled, sickly. He felt so; very. If Maude knew he had pawned his watch! Oh, holy Moses!

Maude was such a dear, affectionate little thing. She liked to snuggle up to a fellow, and investigate his coat pockets, and look to see if her picture was still in his watch. She had so many nice little ways! Talk about diplomacy! Tallyrand would have died of chagrin had he seen Tom's artful efforts to keep Maude at arm's length.

There was one pocket in which he always carried some dainty little breath perfumers and she had a pretty habit of finding them. A cold chill crept up his back, when he remembered he had put the pawn-ticket in that pocket.

"Mama gave papa a watch for Christmas," said Maude artlessly, "and I believe it is the living image of yours. They are so pretty."

Tom wriggled.

"Not half so pretty as some eyes I know," he said, and she hid them.

But she didn't forget the watch.

"I wonder what time it is," she said presently.

"Oh, it's early yet," he said, and added reproachfully, "but if you are tired, I'll go home."

"Oh no!" she cried, "I did'nt mean that. I only wondered," and then she added, "I believe you are afraid to show it to me because you have some other girl's photo in it."

"Why Maude!" he exclaimed, "you know that is not so, I have only yours."

"I want to see," she pouted.

"Look in the mirror," he said, "and you'll see a prettier face than any photograph could be."

He was very uneasy. He looked at the clock constantly, hoping it was late enough to go, but the clock was stopped. Once he thoughtlessly reached for his watch, and shuddered as he remembered in time. He talked rapidly and with forced brilliancy. He did cake-walks and pranced around the room so that he would not have to sit near her. He made a speech, and mimicked all the popular actors. He felt himself all kinds of a fool. Maude seemed surprised.

At length he announced that he must go. He felt he must go or go crazy.

Maude rose.

"Wait just one minute," she said, and she vanished into the back room. She was back in a moment bearing a dainty little parcel wrapped in pink tissue.

"It's so hard to know what to give a boy," she said. "I tried and tried to think of something you would like, and then I thought I would make you this. I made it myself, Tom, and I do hope you'll like it." She laid it softly in his hand. "With all the good wishes in the world, old boy," she said.

"May I look at it now?" he asked, fondling it. "Yes," she said, "I wish you would. I'm so afraid it isn't the right size. I wish you would try it and see."

He smiled as he gently undid the wrapper as carefully as a mother might handle a sick babe, while Maude waited tremulously for his first word of pleasure.

Then his brow contracted, and he gasped convulsively.

It was a neatly embroidered chamois-skin case for his watch.

He gazed at it blankly a minute, and then he said what you would have said had you been in his place.

Ellis Parker Butler

BABY'S WAY

Everything's in the baby's way
Whenever she wants to run and play;
It's either a chair, a table or door,
Or clutter all over the playroom floor.
When she starts to run she gets a bump,
And we have to kiss her forehead plump,
And start her off with a smile to play,
And clear things out of the baby's way.

Everything's in the baby's way,
She wants her do and she wants her say.
She wants to do the things which are wrong,
And her will, each day it grows more strong,
And we try so gently to guide her right,
And ask the Father of all for light;
But to her who wants her do and say
Everything seems in the baby's way.

Everything's in the baby's way,
From morning till night, so babies say;
And so they are cross and fretful too,
And do the things they oughtn't to do,
And their ways are not our ways at all,
And so they must cry and scold and fall;
But we turn a hundred times a day
And smile because it is baby's "way."

Joe Cone

THE OLD-FASHIONED KISS

THE smack of the old-fashioned kiss is no more. Its honest heartiness, its overt frankness and directness, its rotund mutuality and sonorous emphasis are among the memories of a sincerer and less sophisticated age than this. The kiss that passed between Rueben and Polly while playing "King William" or struggling over a blood-red ear of corn, in the good, old days, was as unlike the furtive and confessedly illicit favor snatched by Algernon from Leila in a conservatory

or behind a Japanese screen, as a burst of sunshine is unlike a chemical flash-light. One was as natural and inocuous as life; the other is as unnatural and dangerous as conventionality. "I musn't let you kiss me," thinks Leila, as she makes artful and suggestive eyes at Algernon, "therefore I will!" Polly used to think: "I'm thankful that if Reuben wants to kiss me he may, for he knows it's all right."

It must have been delightful to live in those primitive times when one couldn't go to a party or a corn-husking or a sugaring-off or a picnic without coming into repeated and blissful contact with a pair of young and rosy lips, just as eager for the sweet concussion as one's own. It was not a question then, whether one could steal a kiss and get away with it and gloat over it like an adroit and nimble-fingered knave who has plucked a watch out of a lady's belt. Kisses were for the taking. They were not contraband of sentiment, as now, but free goods to be exported and imported as one had the inclination and opportunity. Any excuse would do for a medium of exchange; and society took care to provide plenty of general coin of this kind in a varied and endless assortment of kissing-games, wherein one had but to choose a fair one and kneel with her upon a cushion in order to have free and even obligatory access to her rosy lips.

And yet we do not find that the old-fashioned free trade kiss introduced any demoralizing element into the commerce of true affection, in those days. Our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers not only recognized but felt the difference between the corn-husking and apple-paring kiss and the kiss that meant thereafter a gold-plated betrothal ring and perpetual mutuality in spruce gum. Once this supremely blissful kiss had been exchanged, the free favors of the husking-bee and the osculatory game lost their charm. Thenceforth for Reuben and Polly there were only two pair of lips in the whole world of youth and yearning. They abstained from "Copenhagen," fled from the ardent advances of "King William," and sat together in cosy corners where the spluttering candles made shadows under the hay-mow or behind the door. Preliminary osculation was no more than a pleasant process of sampling, before one should choose the abiding sweet for the cup of life.

Why not, then, restore the old-fashioned kiss, does the eager reader ask, and let us all stampede tumultuously to the ranks of the indulgent "King William?" Ah, gentle reader! why not restore the loaded musket to the choleric and opinionated Puritan churchman, and spiced rum to the parson's sideboard? Why not restore the bloom to the peach after it has been rubbed? We have gone too far in the other direction. We have said, "Thou shalt not kiss," and therefore we must not kiss. We have imposed a ban, and we must live under the ban. If we could unlive the life and undo the deeds of our prurient modern age, there might still be a sweet and innocent osculatory communism in vogue. But we can't do it, alas! So let us wave a sad farewell to the old-fashioned kiss.

James Buckham

THE MISTLETOE'S SPELL

Under the mistletoe laughing eyes
Flash me a challenging greeting;
While pouting lips—enticingly near—
Warn me that time is fleeting.

The kiss I take weaves round me a spell
Of sly Cupid's artful contriving:
A willing captive—no wish to escape—
I am held in its toils—never striving.

Maitland Leroy Osborne

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar

PRIZE WINNERS FOR OCTOBER

First Prize: Hyman Askowith, 81 Albion St., Boston, Mass.

Second Prize: Wilfred C. Roszel, 3 South Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

Third Prize: Edive Kilmer, New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y.

Fourth Prize: Emeline H. Mann, 1603 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN OCTOBER

(There was no absolutely correct set of answers for October, but the prizes are awarded, as usual, for general excellence. The paper of Mr. Askowith, who wins the first prize, was embellished with exceedingly spirited drawings that we regret we are unable to reproduce. There were portraits of Goldsmith, Beranger, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, admirably done, and a clever illustration of the power of the sword over the church—the latter represented by the bishop's crook.)

Literature

1. At the close of his last holidays, then a lad of nearly seventeen, Oliver Goldsmith left home for Edgeworthstown, on a borrowed hack and with a guinea in his pocket. He rode slowly in order to enjoy his journey, and nightfall found him in the town of Ardagh, two or three miles out of the direct road. With a lofty, condescending air he inquired of a man who happened to be a wag, the way to the town's best house of entertainment. The man directed him to Squire Featherston's great mansion as the "best house." Oliver went into the parlor and ordered his supper of the Squire, who saw his mistake but proposed to humor it. After supper Oliver ordered a bottle of wine, and in a patronizing way, invited the Squire and his family to partake. On going to bed, he ordered a hot cake for breakfast, and it was not until after this latter meal that the Squire disclosed the truth to him. This incident is said to be the foundation of the play written by him in after years, entitled, "She Stoops to Conquer." (This answer was given by Wilfred C. Roszel.)

2. Pierre Jean de Beranger (1780—1857), a celebrated French poet, was called the "French Burns" (he resembled him as the "poet of the people") and "the poet of St. Honore." He is also likened to Horace and La Fontaine. Perhaps the greatest proof of his popularity were the crowds that attended his funeral, the expenses of which were paid by the Government. The people cried "Honor to Beranger!" and stood with heads uncovered as the procession passed by. He was buried in the "Pere Lachaise" Cemetery, Paris.

3. The "Ettrick Shepherd" was James Hogg, a Scottish poet, born in the Forest of Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, in 1772, and died in 1835. He was a shepherd until thirty years of age, when he began to write poetry. A few of his ballads appeared in Scott's "Border Minstrelsy." His works, the

best of which is "The Queen's Wake," are very numerous.

4. In 1549, Christopher Plantin, the celebrated printer, set up his printing office at Antwerp in the building now called "Musee Plantin-Moretus." On the death of Plantin, the business was carried on by the family of his son-in-law, Moretus. The valuable collection of this house was bought by the city of Antwerp in 1876, for a museum.

5. Before the invention of paper, the bast of certain trees was generally used for writing. The Latin name for bast, *liber* (even now used by some botanists to signify "bast") soon came to mean "book." Hence *livre* (French), a book, and "library," place for books, in English.

Art

Fra Angelico could not paint a crucifix without tears, the sharpness of the anguish which he painted piercing his tender soul as he worked out its details. Others who belonged to the exquisitely religious "weeping" were Sandro Botticelli, Fra Bartolommeo, and Lorenzo di Credi. (This satisfactory answer was given by Miss Marietta Matthews, of Worcester.)

2. Tommaso Guidi Masaccio (which means "Lubberly Tom," so called from his dress and manner), who was born in 1402, and died in 1429, was a noted Italian painter, who executed many paintings in Rome and Florence. His wonderful frescoes in the "Brancacci Chapel" in the latter city "form an epoch in painting." They inspired Michael Angelo, Raphael and other great painters.

3. One of the finest paintings of Fra Bartolommeo (1475-1517), a Dominican Monk, is that of St. Mark in the Pitti Palace, Florence; he is seated and is holding a Gospel in his hand. A grand-duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand II., paid $15,000 for this picture, about 200 years ago.

4. Antonio Bosio, the "Columbus of the Catacombs," devoted his life to personal investigation of the Catacombs at Rome, bringing to light the art of the early Christians in these underground chambers. A huge folio, entitled "Roma Sotterranea," giving the results of his researches, was published in 1632, with plans and engravings.

5. When Sir Joshua Reynolds arrived in Rome, he found that he did not appreciate the paintings of the great masters. He set to work to copy them and try to appreciate them more than he did really. Also, in other places in Italy, whenever he saw some extraordinary effect of light and shade, he copied it exactly in his note-book. He soon found that his first opinion of art was wrong, and he founded a higher standard of art in England when he returned.

(Mr. Roszel, in the following answer, gave the special one desired: Malone records about Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was "so anxious to discover the method used by the Venetian painters, that he destroyed some valuable ancient pictures by rubbing out the various layers of colors in order to investigate and ascertain it." Although it is not probable that he destroyed any ancient work of real value, as he was too keen a student, and also too much of a man of business, he may well have experimented on the "corpus vile" of some inferior school-work.)

General

1. When a slave was freed by the Romans, a small, red cloth cap was placed on his head, and his name was registered in the city tribes. It became the symbol of liberty; and after the death of Caesar, the conspirators marched out with a cap borne before

them on a spear. It was used, also, on other occasions.

2. The "Gates of China" are two rocky islets called the Ladrones, near the south coast of China. They are infested by pirates, who have long defied China, but have lately been checked by the British.

3. "Donnez-vous notre paire de gants" was a famons royalist song during the Hundred Days, sung by the ladies of Paris. It was a pun on "Donnez-vous notre pere de Ghent," referring to Louis XVIII., who was residing at Ghent.

4. The members of the German Reichstag are 397 in number (about one for every 124,505 inhabitants), and are elected by universal suffrage and ballot for the term of five years.

5. The Peace of Westphalia ended the terrible Thirty Years' War between the Catholics and the Protestants of Germany, France and Sweden. By this treaty (1648) France took Elsass, Sweden took Pomerania, and Switzerland and Holland (which had hitherto been united to the German Empire), were separated, and recognized as independent States.

Hyman Askowith.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER

Literature

1. What means did Robert Burns take to get money for leaving Scotland; where did he intend to go, and why did he not go?

2. What very happy thing did Thackeray say of Washington Irving when he (Irving) went abroad?

3. One of our American poets when only nineteen years old, wrote the strongest and finest of his poems. Who was this, and what was the poem?

4. What was the "Casket Homer?"

5. What was the Bannatyne Club?

Art

1. What was Claude Lorraine's "Book of Truth?" Why is it useful to-day, and who owns it?

2. How came Murillo to paint his "Madonna of the Napkin?"

3. Where is Velasquez's famous picture of the "Water-Carrier of Seville," and how came it there?

4. What other great painter beside Raphael lies buried in the Pantheon at Rome?

5. Who was Maria Barbola, who is introduced in one of Velasquez's most celebrated pictures?

General

1. Who laid the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument, and the presence of what men made the occasion interesting? Who delivered the oration?

2. What was the presidential campaign of 1824 called, and why?

3. What important transfers of territory were made in the Treaty of Paris, 1763? In 1800 and 1803 what happened in regard to Louisiana?

4. What were the Royal Provinces, and why were they so called?

5. What was the London Company?

PRIZES FOR DECEMBER

First Prize: "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill.

Second Prize: "He, She and They," by Charles Lee.

Third Prize: "The Tragedy of Dreyfus," by G. W. Steevens.

Fourth Prize: "Boss Bart, Politician," by Joe M. Chapple.

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

A PILE of books, their ornate covers protected by paper, and their titles concealed, lying on the desk, what a Pandora's box,—what a dammed-up (and possibly down, later) reservoir for good or ill! Little do authors dream of havoc wrought in the still hours of semi-critical contemplation, how much the current of thought may be changed, or the calm surface of a high resolve may be ruffled, even by an inane work, which the path of duty leads up to and into. An odd verse, a cardinal paragraph, a phrase, sometimes one word,—all these are potent factors in the literary field. "A word fitly spoken" in the type which cools, aids the mental digestion far more than would "apples of gold" plucked from the Proverbial "pictures of silver." And the belief comes home to most inquiring minds that there are more words fitly written now than at any time in the world's progress. Read the current publisher's lists of things which may safely be set down as really good, and see if this is not, as Porte Crayon's charming cousin used to say, "extremely so."

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"Certain books," says Emerson, "take rank in our lives with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so stringent, so revolutionary are they, . . . and the world is a proud place, with heroes and demi-gods standing about us who will not let us sleep." For those with ears attuned, the bells announcing the advent of worthy themes in book form, toll roundly and often.

Chevalier John Sartain, art student under Varley and Richter, engraver of Ottley's School and the pioneer of mezzo-tint engraving in America, founder of "Sartain's Magazine," and benefactor of Edgar Allan Poe, lived in such an atmosphere of literature and art that his just published "Reminiscences of a Very Old Man," 1808-1897,—could not fail to be entertaining and instructive. D. Appleton and Co. issue it in their usual letter-perfect style. Its ample index will quickly prove how active a part this fine old gentleman has taken in the history of American literature. All well-ordered libraries should keep it on "the working shelves." The print is a credit to Boston's Merrymount Press.

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He who believes there is good in every human soul (and writers of books have souls), will find in the autumnal book harvest much goodness,—a harvest more pronounced in its variety than ever. There never was a time when such a flood of general information, disciplinary reading, and healthful literary nourishment was poured into the hearts and minds of a waiting world. There never was a year when so much could be had for so little money—when the treasures of mentality were so closely within the reach of the hungry, or when intelligence was more conquering or all-pervading. Hail dawning century! May new riches of mind be yours; but may the coming conquests over matter not dim the lustre of that which was best, and that which blessed men's souls during the last hundred years.

Oberammergau Passion-Play pilgrims are to hear and see a new and wondrous Christ the coming season, it is said; his real name being Anton Lang. English genealogists are trying to discover (and one thinks he has succeeded), Anton's relationship to Andrew, the great English critic who spends so much of his time communing with "dead authors." Something in heredity again? Andrew Lang is nothing if not theatrical in his amusing voicings of literary spooks of "blessed memory."

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There's always hope for the community taking the attitude of "willingness to be posted." If more clergymen would adopt the course of the Rev. Peter MacQueen, "The National Magazine's" energetic representative in the Philippines, and see for themselves and at close range the true state of affairs in which the people at home are vitally interested, the masses of people would, of necessity, be better informed. His published interview on his recent return was lucid, amusingly frank, eminently tolerant, and thoroughly convincing. Now Bishop Potter, in like manner sensibly desiring to know, before speaking, whereof he speaks, goes to view the crisis face to face; and from him, later, will come some reading as interesting as that given out by Mr. MacQueen. And the especial meat of the matter is this: if more ministers in the business so to speak, of public teaching of morality, would make such commendable effort to keep abreast of current happenings in their own day and generation, and prove themselves as capable of applying great truths to present history as they seem to be to draw lessons from the side gate of the Garden of Eden, more people would go to church.

These clergymen are but following in the equally patriotic footsteps of the "fighting parsons" of former times. Rev. Peter Thatcher, of Malden (later of the famous Brattle Square Church in Boston), went to the front, and brought from Washington's camp on the Hudson, news that resulted in the hurrying of many fresh recruits to the aid of the Cause. It was Chaplain Jacob Trout who, gun in hand, preached for five minutes before the battle of Brandywine, remarking that he "had faith in the sword of the Lord o' Gideon, but he hadn't lost any in the musket of J. Trout." It was Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Pepperell, Mass., who kept the fires of patriotism not only alive, but at white heat, from his pulpit in 1758. Rev. Jonas Clark of Lexington, Rev. William Emerson of Concord, and others, set their parishioners excellent examples in preaching that just war which is the sure and only pathway to a permanent peace. True, there were Atkinslows and Winsons in those days. Who hears of them now?

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Stockton's astonishing imagination was never better illustrated than in his "Vizier of the Two Horned Alexander," (Century Co., New York) just published. In this instance he makes someone else, apparently, tell the strange tale of semi-historic humor. The Reginald Birch illustrations add greatly to the interest centering in this story. One good thing is Crowder's appreciation of the good sense of his guest in these words: "You are apt to judge for yourself, and not care much for the opinion of others." Of how many you know could that be said?

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"Contemptible to me are the whole conditions of contemporary life, this

whole stuffy business of living in houses, and going to offices, and making believe we are at peace because we have all the mortality and none of the exhilarations of war!" (*Robert Louis Stevenson.*)

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Certain doctors of divinity are getting excited, and with more or less cause,—over the injustice of the divorce court. In Stevenson's case, the divorce process would be commendable. His singular marriage to a good woman, just divorced, and actually given away to the novelist by her ex-husband, Mr. Osborne, proved the best possible thing for the "Seer of Samoa." Signs sometimes fail.

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H. Rider Haggard wintering in the Alten gold fields with Lord Ernest Hamilton must mean more weird magazine and book pages in the not distant future. Or perhaps two strong accessions to the ranks of the "Gold Bugs!"

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Another book worth chronicling among "best things" is Hubert Howe Bancroft's newest historical work, "The New Pacific," published by the Bancroft Company, New York. With this sterling historian's usual care for details of value, the sifting process has left only what far-sighted intelligence demands in this record of a new world; a volume handsomely printed, well indexed, not ponderous, as many histories are, but moving with all the interest of a romance.

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There are two books, some months published, which the public will do well to keep in mind when giving-time comes. Professor I. W. Davenport of Louisville introduced the writer, during an enforced hospital service the past summer, to the charming pages of the "Stories Toto Told Me," by one "Baron Corvo," (number Six of the dainty Bodley Head Booklets, New York,) The pathetically-absurd legends told by this brown-skinned Abruzzian lad of 16 to the tourist in the Alban hills,—the wholesale way in which he gave human attributes and failings to the "glorious company of the Apostles," the Saints and all Angels, and even the Deity Himself; and the not-too-freely translated narrative, quaintly realistic and possessing the effect of the utterance of a transmigrated soul, (like Stockton's Crowder who came up the grand stairway of centuries from Moses' time,)—all makes delightful reading, and will continue to do so to such as can read between the lines, for years to come.

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The other work, surely worthy to be classed among the "Books Beautiful" of the closing century, is one which lovers, married and single,—real lovers,—will be delighted to "have and hold," and read again and again. No more enchanting poetry, true poetry, was ever published in the form of prose than Hamilton Wright Mabie's woodland pathway, fragrant with rosemary and rue and all the dear old-fashioned flowers, to "The Forest of Arden," beautifully printed by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. The accompanying Low decorations, "like perfect music unto noble words," aid in making every sentence a text and every page a sermon on human happiness.

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William Morris, poet-artist-philosopher-illuminator-printer, has taught that art has its place everywhere and in all branches of industry. While it is not within the province of this review of men and things to touch more

than briefly upon the commercial side of life, passing notice must be taken of that chef d'oeuvre of printing put out by the International Navigation Company to call attention to the gallant fleet of merchant-battleships, the "St. Paul," "St. Louis," "New York" and "Paris." Art lovers should own a copy, if for no other reason than to possess the bas relievo reproductions of winged spirits representing Peace, War, Victory and the like. Reuterdahl, Lenz, Schell, Sprague, Traver, Joplin, and Coffin have "conspired" to make the book a thing of great beauty. The student of current history should own and read the book for obvious reasons. Whoever wants to go abroad with the feeling of assured and aggressive safety, and in an atmosphere of victorious peace, possible by naval supremacy,—but this is tresspassing on the business manager's firing-line. It only remains to be emphasized that a splendid opportunity to combine commercial enterprise with artistic excellence has been ably met by the now doubly-famous "American Line" of Ocean Steamships.

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"Of many books there is no end," many of them real works of art; and never has this been more true than in this year of Graces along all lines of endeavor. The Critic with a big C now reads late into every night, and during a part of certain Sundays, in order to keep up with the great outpouring of matter from the publishing houses. But if she and he have their hands and minds full, so have the readers.

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A last word. Select your winter's reading, gift or otherwise, as early as possible in December. Make wise choice from the pages of this magazine; there will be found something good for all tastes—something suitable for every palate. Select while you can think. Don't, like the "madding crowd," go with the rush-line, and at the last minute. Then will you find that you have more wheat than chaff in your buyings, and more praise than blame for your good sense of the eternal fitness of things.

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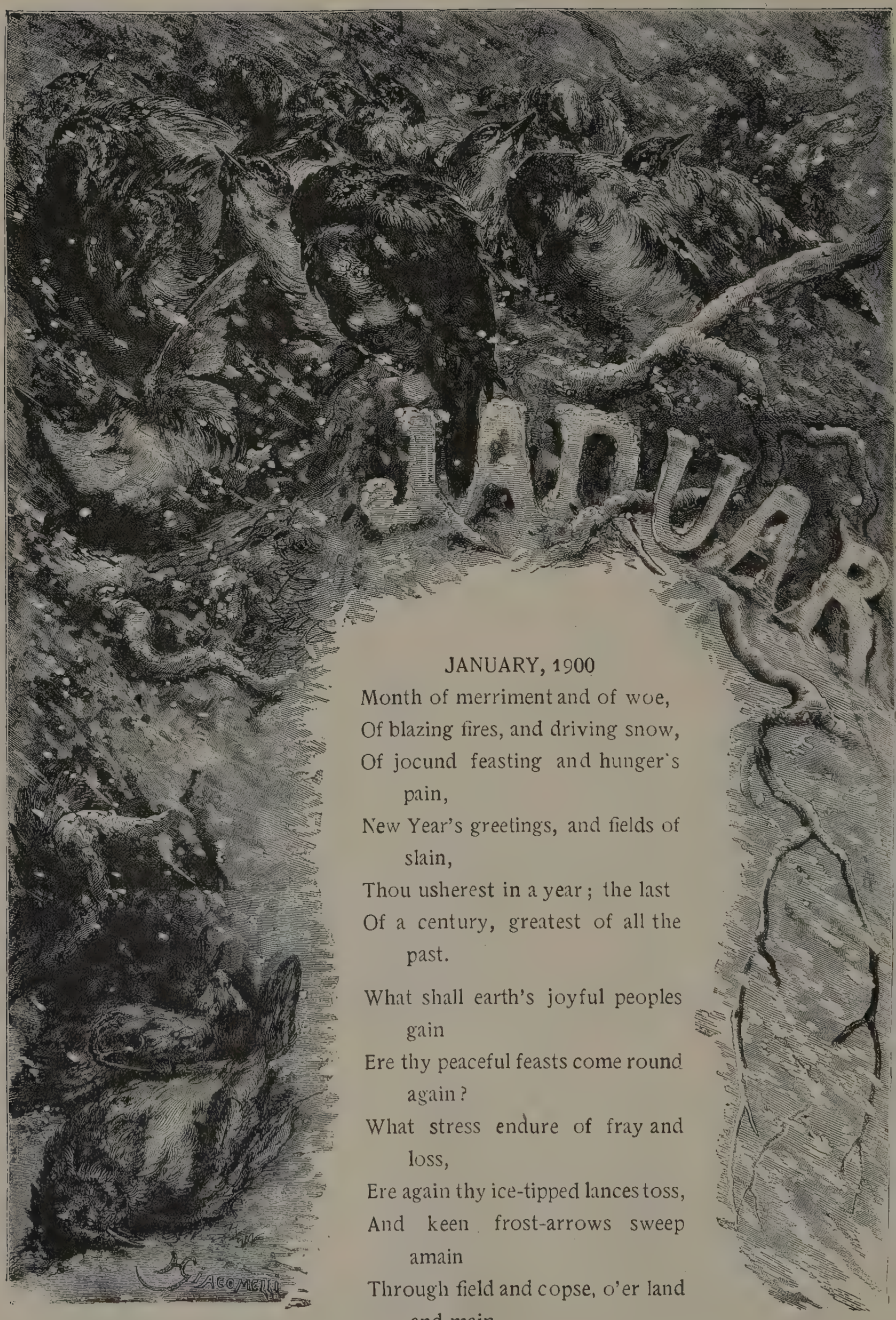
Let this thought come to the mind that whines because no one now writes as did the former masters of fiction, and who states that these degenerate days do not appreciate or understand the former giants in literature. "Old things" in books are not altogether "passed away," because the cosmopolitan community, increasing constantly, demands and receives unheard-of things; nor has all "become new." Shakespeare, Thackery, Scott, Poe, Eliot, Bulwer Lytton and Dumas are presented more sumptuously, and sold more widely than ever. The public still cries for and devours grand things in books. Think of a Dickens (and your croaker will speak of him early), in Buckner Library Edition, for example, in thirty-two buckram-bound volumes, with original Cruikshank, Leech, Landseer, Cattermore Maclise, H. K. Brown ("Phiz"), and other plates for embellishment; with eight original F. O. C. Darley photogravures (the last work before the artist's death), never before in any Dickens edition, thrown in for good measure—new type, wide margins, laid paper—a sumptuous offering at a distinctly reachable price. The public wishes a splendid Dickens—presto, here it is!

"RING OUT THE OLD RING IN THE NEW
RING HAPPY BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW
THE YEAR IS GOING LET HIM GO
RING OUT THE FALSE RING IN THE TRUE"

"RING OUT OLD SHAPES OF FOUL DISEASE
RING OUT THE NARROWING LUST OF GOLD
RING OUT THE THOUSAND WARS OF OLD
RING IN THE THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE"



JANUARY, 1900

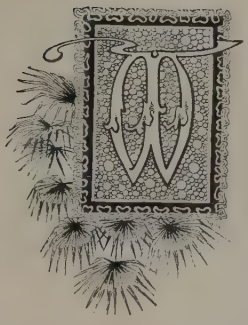
Month of merriment and of woe,
Of blazing fires, and driving snow,
Of jocund feasting and hunger's pain,
New Year's greetings, and fields of slain,
Thou usherest in a year; the last
Of a century, greatest of all the past.

What shall earth's joyful peoples gain
Ere thy peaceful feasts come round again?
What stress endure of fray and loss,
Ere again thy ice-tipped lances toss,
And keen frost-arrows sweep amain
Through field and copse, o'er land and main.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XI. JANUARY, 1900 No. 4

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



ITH the center of the stage occupied by Roberts, the opening of the second session of the 56th Congress was somewhat spectacular. The recurring speakership contest was eliminated, indicating an influence of the spirit of consolidation which permeates the business world of to-day. This suggests a political trust as a future possibility. The action of the play on the legislative chess board begun rather earlier in the session than usual, and there is an atmosphere of earnest business intention and less partisan rancor apparent in Washington at this time than for many years past.

Perhaps the general prosperity of the country has had a soothing effect, and the spectacle of Democratic congressmen giving out appointments in their district under a Republican administration for the census department is decidedly an innovation and is perhaps a hint of what we are to have in Twentieth century politics, as a perfection of civil service. With both the senate and the house, the executive controlled by the Republican party for the first time in a decade, the opposing partisans seem unusually genial tempered. The attempt to stir up and arouse party feeling on either side of the house to the old time fever pitch is like an attempt to resuscitate a faded fad.

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The ancient tradition of senatorial courtesy hovers about the house of Representatives, for no speaker ever enjoyed more completely the personal friendship of various political faiths than Colonel Henderson. The caucus-elect as an "official fiance" of six months' standing, became speaker-in-fact with ceremonies and functions as merry as the time-honored martial chimes.

Will it continue so? The contact of minds compressed within the horizon of a legislative body, must sooner or later bring friction, and the congressional sea is too smooth at this time to satisfy the canny old political prophets as to future sunny skies.

* * * *

With a hand grasp that indicated that he had well learned his trade as blacksmith, I was greeted by Brigham H. Roberts at the Metropolitan Hotel. As he walked along the corridors the people about seemed to shrink from him, but craned their necks to catch

a glimpse of the "unseated congressman" as long as he was in sight.

"An interview for a magazine?" said the Utah man, raising his eyebrows. "Well, I have denied myself that pleasure thus far, but I say now that there is not the remotest shadow of a doubt that I will take my seat in the house to which I was legally elected and to which I am rightfully entitled."

MISS ADAH ROBERTS

Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake City

* * * *

Mr. Roberts is a man perhaps past fifty—of stocky build—with brown wavy hair streaked with gray. His keen gray eyes indicate a man of intelligence and resource and his moustache curls down into his mouth in a way, that implies determination.

"This contest does not appall me. The atmosphere of opposition I have experienced all my life. In my own native land I faced the mobs of London, who, in their fury, tried to get me under foot to trample me to death. In Tennessee I faced it again. In the Mormon church, in my own political party I have stood for what I thought to be right, fair and just despite the

MRS. ADMIRAL DEWEY AT HOME

Clinedinst, Photographer.

wild demands of the mob. This frenzy of unreasoning opposition will have its reaction. Its very fury will soon exhaust itself. I opposed woman's suffrage, thrown out as a sop to Mormons by both political parties in Utah. I opposed it because it gave an unfair advantage to the Mormon church. The fact seems to be lost sight of that a man can be of Mormon religious faith and remain a true American citizen."

* * * *

A young lady of strong, dark features, withal defiant, is Miss Adah Roberts, the daughter who has come to Washington to face the storm, and who has all her father's pugnacity. She is intensely interested in his cause and is not at all discouraged, although she resented the treatment accorded her as a curious freak, in a defiance of no uncertain tone.

Under the nervous tension of the investigation Mr. Roberts chews gum incessantly and keeps himself under control. "The fate of popular idols is seen in Dewey and Hobson, whose pictures are to-day turned to the wall. Are the American people governed by their moments of frenzy, now hot, now cold? The law of refraction and reflection must hold good in my case. The cringing cowardice of members in my own party in not daring to manfully face the maddened mob spirit of their constituents when they know they are wrong is indeed pitiable. They have raked my career and I stand upon my record as a citizen. The bitterness of personal feuds has been fanned into the proportions of a national issue."

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He continued, speaking rapidly: "Congressmen ought to be more than political weather vanes, and the inves-

tigation will bring out startling developments and a complete reversal of public sentiment. Let polygamy be prohibited by constitutional amendment, once and forever. I will vote for that, but I will not desert those dear to me, to cruel malice and hate of the world even though my life were at stake."

The face of the daughter lighted up with approval as her father closed this earnest talk.

MISS BELLE HENDERSON, Daughter of Speaker Henderson

Stalee, Photographer

Now, there is the interview. We submit it as a fair hearing to which all accused are entitled.

* * * *

The large influx of Washington's population, which marks the initiative of every Congress, now breathes the same atmosphere.

"Standing room only" signs were out when the Roberts case opened, and upwards of two thousand people were disappointed; a large number were represented by the active campaigners, who aided in the work which was stacked many feet high, in the form of petitions of mammoth size, separately wrapped in the American flag, and bearing the card of the section of country whose sentiments were therein expressed. Huge bouquets and floral designs, with the donors' card attached, exerted their influence. The first day of the Fifty-sixth Congress will go down in history as an eloquent appeal for the protection of the high standing of American womanhood. Every member of the House instinctively felt the presence and watchful eye of woman.

And such an assemblage!

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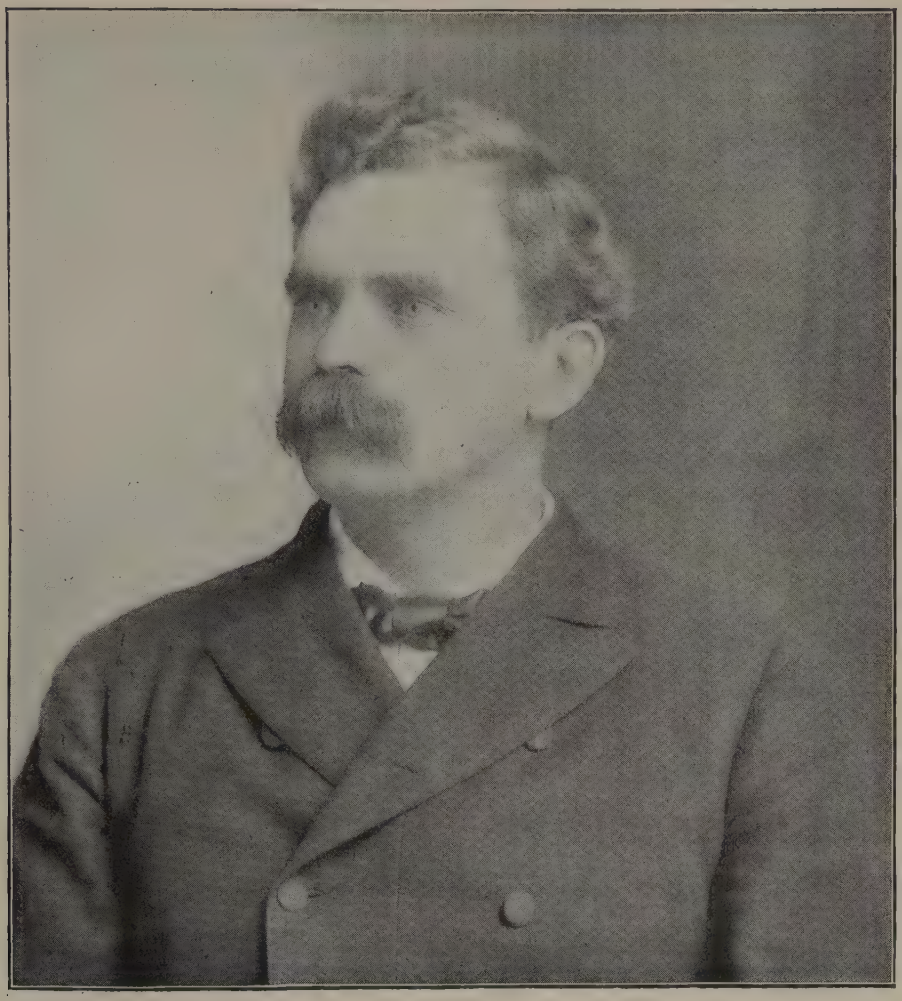
In the galleries were wives, mothers, daughters and sisters from every State in the Union, and many foreign lands. Conspicuous among the richly-attired Americans were the Oriental costumes of Minister and Madame Wee Ting Fang. Seated in the diplomatic gallery was a galaxy of some of the most prominent of the diplomatic corps. Lord Pauncefote and other members of the household of the British Embassy were present, But the centre of attraction in the gallery was the wife of the newly-elected speaker of the House. Mrs. Henderson appeared unconscious of the fact, and half leaned over the balcony in her eagerness to note what was taking place. She is a handsome woman, with gray hair, worn pompadour, and



In pursuance of "The National Magazine's" policy of exactness, and in order to verify authentically some important points in the interview with Mr. Roberts, we publish the following letter in which he attests their accuracy:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C. *December 18th, 1899.*

Joe Mitchell Chapple:

A representative of your magazine handed me to-day your letter in which you ask, (1) "Would you vote for a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy?" (2) "Do you stand on the issue against you as an infringement upon the rights of free religious belief as an American citizen standing ready and amenable to the laws of the country?" Answering your first question, I would say that I would have no particular objection to voting for a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy. Not at all so far as affecting the matter of polygamy is concerned. Any objection that I would have to such an amendment would be purely for the reason that I would regard such action as unnecessary, and at the same time it would be taking from the state governments a matter that should be left to the regulation of state law. In other words, it would appear to me to be an entrenchment upon the right of the states by the general government; an enlargement of the general government, and a reduction of the powers of the state governments. Such an amendment is only regarded as necessary in order to reach the supposed polygamy of Utah. That matter, however, is already more completely under the ban of constitutional provision and state statutory law in Utah than in any other state in the Union, and there is no necessity for any national legislation so far as Utah is concerned.

Relative to your second question I would say: that it is not a question of infringement upon my religious rights at all. The simple question is, whether a person possessed of all the qualifications prescribed by the Constitution for a member of Congress, and who is guilty of no offence which acts as a disqualification for the office he holds, ought to be denied the right of being sworn in and exercising the functions of his office. That is the whole question.

Very truly yours,

B. H. Roberts

outlining a face extremely youthful. Their only daughter resides with them. Miss Henderson has devoted years to her music, and is an accomplished musician.

* * * *

The glorious achievements of Admiral Dewey, and the result in the minds of the public, precipitates the issue, where heretofore the general of the army has taken precedence over the admiral of the navy. Consequently Admiral Dewey's position at the New Year's reception at the White House will settle the agitation.

* * * *

The measure of overshadowing interest is the financial bill, establishing the gold standard, and there will be oratorical fireworks, printed and spoken.

An interview with Senator Allison brought the usual results. He talked pleasantly of everything else, but not a word concerning the pending measure. He is a distinguished example of a statesman of action and deeds rather than words; a man who talks of what is done rather than what will be done.

* * * *

The insular possession is another great question to be met. And this involves one of the great problems of the coming century and confidence and personal regard in President McKinley, which extends far beyond partisan bounds.

* * * *

There is an interest in the "new congressman" equal to that in the new minister. The shifting sands of political fortunes and friendships in the National capital keep up a stirring interest in personalities. The nobody and stranger of to-day may be a man in position of power and influence to-morrow. The figure of ex-Senator Edmunds here to contend against the seating of Quay, is like a reminiscent glance at the past. In contrast to ex-Senator Edmunds, is the fresh, boyish face of Senator Beveridge, the "Gentleman from Indiana." He wears a silk hat to carry easily his senatorial honors and has the form and feature of an orator in training and lying in wait for some great emergency.

William Astor Chanler of New York is a prominent figure among the new young men in the House, who, fresh with his laurels from the Spanish war, young, handsome and wealthy—what more, you say! Well, there are congressmen who are legislative driftwood, but young Chanler is a man of action and has high-minded and lofty patriotic ideals. But I must not continue, there are 106 new congressmen.

* * * *

There was a ring of true patriotism in President McKinley's speech at Mt. Vernon on the anniversary of the death of Washington. In fact the inspiration in the life and words of President William McKinley has a more potent influence on the young people of America than can be estimated at this time. No chief executive since Lincoln has been in such close touch with the common people.

* * * *

Brave, tender, manly, and every inch of his towering stature a soldier, was General Lawton! Who that did not feel the tears start at the sad news? His death strikes home to the hearts of the people. Scarcely a year ago I left him in Washington with Peter MacQueen where they were preparing to leave for the Philippines. Kindly and genuine to the core, his friendship and memory is cherished. Mr. MacQueen, who was his close personal friend, and who sailed with him to Manila and followed him in his intrepid campaign the past year, will pay a tribute to the fallen hero in the February number of "The National Magazine."

TWO OF THE CASTLE LINERS EMBARKING TROOPS AT SOUTHAMPTON, SHOWING LORD WOLESLEY ON THE GANGWAY

Photo by Milner, London

TOMMY ATKINS OFF FOR THE TRANSVAAL

By Arthur W. Tarbell *

THE sun was setting red to the west as we made our way up the channel of the Mersey. "Liverpool in three hours more"—that was the word. With every turn of the screws the eagerness for war news became keener. Seven days on the Atlantic had almost made us forget the newsboy's cry of "Extry," and I had heard one man in the smoking-room say that there ought to be a way of tapping the cable in mid-ocean. Ignorance for a week of how runs the world, especially when a great war was pending, is a chafing ordeal for the average American to take contentedly.

"There goes the 'Servia,' gentlemen, outward bound with troops for the Transvaal."

The second officer of the "New England" joined us and pointed his finger at a big double "red stacker" that fairly abeam of us was moving westward to the sea. It was our first evidence that war was abroad through the land, and the sight of what was once the crack boat of the Cunard line now transformed into a troopship, her decks swarming with soldiers who

* When the war in South Africa became an assured fact, Mr. Tarbell was commissioned by "The National Magazine" to go to the Transvaal as its official representative; but was unable to secure at the British war office in London the necessary papers to join the army in South Africa. Mr. Hugh MacQueen, who is thoroughly informed of the situation by reason of long residence in the country, has been in the field since the opening of hostilities, and will furnish letters to "The National Magazine," if they can be gotten to America by way of Delagoa Bay.

waved their hats and cheered as we dipped our colors to them, set the blood a-tingling.

It would seem that in the case of the present war England took very much to heart some of her unfortunate lessons of the past. Long before Mr. Kruger's ultimatum expired on the 11th of October last, and long before war had become in the least certain, she was quietly moving troops towards South Africa according to her plan of progressive reinforcement.

* * *

The advent of October found England getting together the largest army of white men she has put in the field since the Crimean campaign. Two weeks later the "Reserves," twenty thousand in number, were called out—something which cannot be done, according to the English constitution, unless "in case of imminent national danger or of a great emergency." A case of great emergency in the opinion of Her Majesty had arisen, and the cry that surged in the heart of every reserve was: "Back to the army again!" Another fortnight and every soldier of the British empire stood at arms, ready for the call. And in all directions round the curve of the world "the drum of the racing screw" was heard, for transport after transport had left England, India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Queensland, carrying their respective contingents, with compasses set for South Africa.

It was an easy thing for Kipling to pen the line, "Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay." It has been quite another thing for the War Office to get them there. The feat undertaken by England, and in a splendid way to be accomplished, of transporting eighty thousand men in eight weeks over six thousand miles of water, is without a parallel in history. Few possess an adequate conception of the great mass of work and worry which this task has involved. Yet the necessary mobilization and transportation has been done, and done with a celerity and precision that has excited the admiration of the entire military world. At the outbreak of the war all the steamship lines were immediately drawn upon to furnish vessels for transport service. In rapid succession the "Aurania," "Pavonia," "Cephalonia," "Catalonia," "Servia," "Armenian," "Nomadic," "Mohawk," "America," "Columbian," "Rapidan," "Canada," "Victorian" and "Majestic," and nearly threescore other vessels of lesser tonnage, went out of commission as foreign-going passenger liners and went into the dockyards to be fitted up as troopships. On the superbly-fitted carriers of the Castle Line, which sail weekly from Southampton with the "Cape Mail," and which are the finest boats plying regularly to South Africa, all the accommodations were at once impressed by the government for the use of army officers. The two or three other African liners were taken up in the same manner. Passages to the Cape, for the ordinary traveler, have been difficult indeed to secure.

* * *

The Army and Navy store in London, confessedly as busy a place as the world knows anywhere, even in time of peace, is now working at nothing more or less than the pace that kills. At the shipping points, sheds and wharves as far as the eye can see are piled high with war material and commissariat stores. A "city of packing cases," that was the picture in a word as it seemed to me. On sailing days, which is nearly every day, the "special trains for Atkins" arrive, creating considerable animation of scene but little or no confusion of events. Officers in

campaigning kits are to be met at every turn, and brief, stumbling, and prosaic farewell words heard on every side. For the Briton is not glib with his tongue at such times.

It is a popular war, popular with the masses, there can be no doubt of that. I thought this fact was well attested by the enthusiasm which marked the departure on October 14th of General Sir Redvers Buller from Waterloo Station, London, for Southampton, where he was to embark on the "Dunottar Castle." There was, of course, a special train of five cars, one of which, the curious-minded may care to know, was lined with yellow silk, for the General, Lady Aubrey Buller and her two daughters. The many who expected on this occasion to see some sort of a military pageant were vastly disappointed; the man who opened the campaign in South Africa wore an ordinary "bowler" and blue overcoat, such as would have allowed him to pass muster at a meeting of county farmers. The crowd, however, found its compensation for coming in the arrival shortly of the Prince of Wales, followed by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolesley, Sir Evelyn Wood, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Methuen and other distinguished persons. As the train started, the Prince was the last to wish the General a farewell.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER GOING ABOARD THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" FOR THE SEAT OF WAR

Photo by Milner, London.

* * *

"Good-bye, good-bye, wish you jolly good luck," were his words.

Then a few seconds later the General's square head emerged from the car window to be met by a waving of hats, the Prince leading, and by a sal-

vo of cheers from a multitude who, on tiptoes, thronged the platform, and in addition, were perched up on luggage trucks, news stands, ticket offices and steel girders overhead. Then last of all, of course, came the singing of the now inevitable, but never superfluous "Rule Britannia." At Southampton, on the sailing of the "Dunottar Castle," the General was the recipient of a similar farewell. As the ship swung clear of her mooring dock, he stood at the starboard end of the bridge acknowledging cheer after cheer of the thousands who had assembled to wish him God-speed.

* * *

Londoners had their first opportunity of cheering troops under orders for the Transvaal on October 10th, when a detachment of the New South Wales Lancers, which had been training for the month past at Aldershot, passed through the metropolis. On the march through the city they halted before the Mansion House to be addressed by the Lord Mayor, who afterwards led the singing of the national anthem.

The departure of the Rifle Brigade on the "German" was naturally a bit excessive in interest, for this regiment has seen harder fighting and more of it than any other in the imperial army. In the Peninsula war, at Waterloo, the Crimean, the Mutiny, the Afghan war and in the Khartoum campaign, wherever the laurels of the British soldier have been hard pressed there the "Green Jackets" or the "Sweeps," as they are more popularly known, have stood by the "colors" at all costs. Because of this proud record the Royal Dragoons have acquired in course of time a certain prestige and general smartness that is universally recognized. And the officers, too, have a certain quiet swagger that is quite their own. H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, who is commander-in-chief of this crack organization, came down to London to give his men a warm parting.

* * *

Far and away the most picturesque spectacle that I have seen in connection with the sailing of Her Majesty's transports was the departure in early November from Liverpool of the 1st Battalion of "Gordon Highlanders." It was one of those raw, mist-laden, shivery sort of mornings such as an American is eternally associating with England's unbearable climate, but considering the eagerness with which the town's entire population turned out at an unseasonably early hour to see the regiment off, it might quite as well have been a June morning in the garden of Eden. From the station to the ship, a distance of perhaps a mile, the "Gordons" came swinging along wearing the famous scarlet tunics, the Gordon kilts, the Highland gaiters and the long, grey dolmans. It didn't look a bit like war; it was more like one of those boulevard scenes, full of color and animation, such as one sees only in the gay French capital. That this was part of a grim movement to hold England's "dominion over palm and pine" was hard to believe. The only things that suggested war in the least, were the kit-bags and the kharki covered pith helmets. Headed by the regimental band, the men swept along, shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot, greeted continuously by echoing cheers that rose and fell in volume, a reception which the Highlanders appreciated quietly by the waving of rifles. As they filed through the embarcation shed the men here and there in the ranks broke out into a Highland fling, while many others in number, awaiting their turn to pass on board the "Cheshire," executed sword dances to the music of whistles by their comrades. It was a

royal "send-off," the sort of a one that makes a man's hair tingle at its roots, that the "Cheshire" received as she swung out into the Mersey. From pier to pier, and from shed to shed, from crowded tenders alongside and from all descriptions of river crafts, round after round of cheering sounded across the water. The final touch came to complete it all when, as the shouting died away, the bagpipes of the Gordons returned the farewell from the departing ship.

* * *

Making it a matter of personal observation I am free to confess that many of the scenes I anticipated on some of the above occasions and on other days when I saw transports sailing, did not come off. With so much life and love hanging in the balance, I had expected, prior to my arrival, that Englishmen, and especially Englishwomen, would take the departure of their sons and husbands with more display of feeling.

Later, I found out here and there in London the ways in which, after her own quiet fashion, she is moved. Several times at the War Office I have seen a scene that told the story of the whole situation. It is a crowded outer room with little bulletin boards posted frequently on the walls, around which gather wives, sisters and sweethearts, reading down the list with a common dread. And then if one knew all there was to know, he would hear of men who pause daily in the rush of their business and tell the office boy to run out and get the latest "extra," containing a full list of the killed and wounded; he would hear of families who left their country for their town house this season much earlier than usual, that they might be in closer touch with the arrival of news; he would notice that on Saturdays men and women with faces that failed to see the things around them might be seen coming from the direction of Waterloo Station after the "Cape Mail" had pulled out; and he would see the men at the club spend more time over the "ticker" with its messages from the front, than over their cards and billiards.

So when a troopship was about to sail with its burden of human fuel to feed a hell-fire of war, I have seen, instead of any blatant exhibition of feeling or patriotism, simply extended lines of drab-colored soldiers quietly passing stores and equipments aboard the transport that was to take them out to Africa, very business-like, very much in earnest, and conscious not at all that anything conspicuously unusual was going on. There was absolutely no glamor or glitter about the scene; only a generally enveloping fog, a background of grim, commercial enough looking dock-sheds and an amount of hard work to be done that permitted of no sentamentalizing. Later, when the right moment came, the men shouldered their kits, filed aboard, and to the accompaniment of many prosaic and hasty good-bys, coupled with jokes that were often coarse but good-spirited, the lines were cast off and the propellers began to churn up the dirty dock water. Then when she cleared entirely, you could see her decks and bulwarks thronged from stem to stern with the same quiet drab men who returned, as heartily as their choking throats allowed, the cheers that were sent to them for a Godspeed. That was all. The November fog, regardless of what the heart holds dear, speedily dropped its curtain on the first act of many a tragedy. And you stand there on the dock feeling as only one does on such an occasion, "when you've shouted Rule Britannia,' when you've sung 'God save the Queen.'"

LITERARY BOSTON OF TO-DAY

By John Livingston Wright

BOSTON still holds a certain pre-eminence. It is likely that it always will. That pre-eminence consists of the fact that there is no city in America so combining the facilities and surroundings, so possessing the atmosphere tending to inspire the person who is an earnest, unpretentious pilgrim in the path of literature or allied intellectual pursuits. There is a peculiar public interest and sympathy, a deep respect for the literary calling that, as every toiler in the writing craft knows, is of forceful, inspiring aid. In no other city of the country does this general regard for and enthusiasm over literature and the arts prevail to the extent that it does in Boston. For the writer, for the student, the city offers some advantages that can scarce be obtained elsewhere. Quietude, harmony, bookish influence are the entities that Boston presents to an unrivalled degree.

To him engaged in research or student labors, the situation takes on this suggestion: New York is too vaudevillian, Chicago is too breezy, but Boston is a countrified city, or a citified village, if you please. Libraries and schools are at every hand. A few minutes' walk takes one from repository to repository. People, too, seem to know more of one another. There is more of the drowsy neighborhood, the "home" feeling. The commercial cutting of throats, the frightful fight for place does not seem to come to you so appallingly vivid as in Gotham. Nor as you see the crowds pokishly patrolling Tremont street, do you feel that driven-to-death sensation that comes over you when you are drawn in the maelstrom at Madison and State streets, Chicago, and in your lamb-like Eastern alarm, you want to ask "Where is the fire?"

One of Boston's literary landmarks, the old public library, that used to stand on Boylston at the corner of Tremont, has been torn down to make way for a theatre. The Athenaeum, on Beacon street, is still the cosy, quiet, delightful resort for literary workers that it has always been. The basement of the Old South Church and the musty book stalls of Cornhill remain as they have for generations, the haven for curious folk seeking curious books. The chief landmark of letters is, of course, the famous "Old Corner Bookstore," at School and Washington streets. In its history, embracing several generations, it is probable that no book store in the country has been so famous a rallying ground for celebrated authors as has the "Old Corner." Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Sparks, Parkman, Channing, Brooks, are of those who have exchanged literary gossip in this quaint structure that, as the sign up near the eaves, says, was "Erected A. D. 1712." As the elder coterie has passed on, the younger has faithfully come into the breach, and to-day you will find them, the writer chaps and bookists, glancing over the magazines spread so temptingly upon the counters, quizzing the clerks or criticizing the late books. Many of the famous mots of Holmes were first uttered in this stuffy little shop. Many an epigramatic observation has the

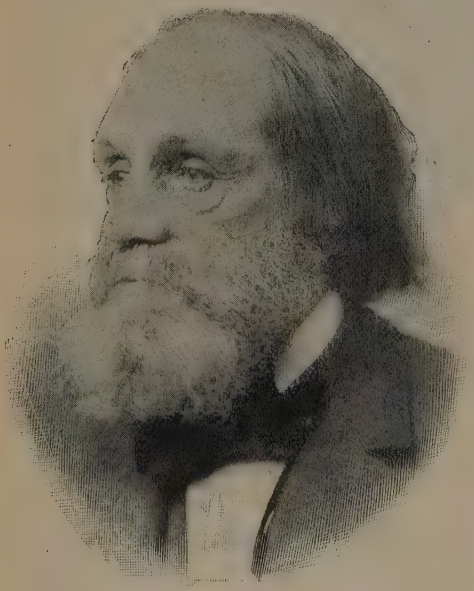
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Concord sage flashed forth when inspired by the spirits of the "Old Corner." The register of the routine frequenters of the place would contain the most famous names that Boston has produced. Clarke's, under the Park Street Church, is the present closest rival of the "Old Corner" in its appeal to the literary crowd. Happen in there at almost any hour of the day and you are pretty sure to come across a writer or two. The new Public Library is fast developing the requisite number of nooks and snuggeries frequented exclusively by the professional writers.

The Dean of Literary Boston is Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. For forty years a steady, painstaking worker, he undoubtedly stands to-day as America's foremost essayist. His personal and distinguished service as patriot and publicist are part of his fame. A stranger looking in upon this quiet, unassuming man at his Cambridge home would hardly imagine him to have been one who had laid aside the pen to lead a mob through the streets of Boston to the freeing of a slave held for return to his master; who had ridden over the Kansas plains as an abolitionist scout in the

days of Jim Lane; or who had wielded a desperate sword in the Civil War. Col. Higginson's writings are so dominated by poetry, subtlety, spirituality and the extreme of technical skill that it is difficult to realize that along with this rare literary talent was a spirit that could send him as fearlessly to battle as ever went Roderick Dhu. Higginson honors at once, literature and citizenship. Cambridge has always been a haunt for writers and poets. The memories of Longfellow and Lowell are still fresh, and their hold upon the hearts of the people is evidenced by the scores of pilgrimages that visiting strangers annually make to their homes. Harvard University always includes a number of professors who are regular magazine contributors, or who are periodically issuing books. Of the present faculty may be mentioned President Eliot, and Profes-

EDWARD EVERETT HALE



sors Shaler, Hart, Wendell, James and Munsterburg. John Fiskes' reputation as a historian has long since transcended his professional position. This fine educational and literary influence that centres about Harvard and Cambridge finds social expression in a number of clubs and kindred organizations. Some of them are unique in that although tacitly understood to be restricted in attendance, they bear usually a decided public and ethical relation. The Round Table, organized and presided over by Col. Higginson, is essentially a literary club.

There are always a number of lecture courses, imbued with a distinctly literary flavor. A most notable one is the Cambridge Conference, under the patronage of Mrs. Ole Bull, and designed to be of value, primarily, to university students and comprehend lectures by eminent professors and authorities upon the great names of religious and philosophic thought, the men associated with epochs, so to speak. The standing of many of the speakers at these gatherings have attracted people from varied callings who are interested in the discussion of topics relating to liberal religion and advanced thought, although the audiences are mainly people of letters.

Across the Charles, in Boston proper, resides Louise Chandler Moulton, who is still creating exquisite poems and, from time to time, charms us with little volumes of travels. Her work is characterized by a rare finish—to such an extent indeed, that the "London Athenaeum" has credited her with being America's first woman poet. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has a Beacon street home that is as ideal as artistic taste can make it. He is not overworking at present. Financially considering, it is a delight to record that he need not. Large bequests, including a fine country estate, have been tendered the poet and he is not likely to skeletonize with a garret muse. Julia Ward Howe is seldom seen in public. Mrs. Howe, together with the venera-

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

ble Mary A. Livermore, are the survivors of that remarkable band of women that, thirty years ago, made such an impress upon the patrotic spirit of the Nation. Mrs. Howe secured fame that will undoubtedly endure in her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is spending the afternoon of life at her home in the Newtons, in the calm, spiritual repose to which her literary labors justly entitle her. "The Gates Ajar" is, of itself, sufficient to perpetuate her name. Her husband, Herbert D. Ward, is active in the production of magazine articles and books. Mrs. James T. Fields, from her Charles street home, in which so many celebrities have been wont to gather, occasionally treats us to descriptive glimpses of the days when Ticknor & Fields was such a powerful term in the publishing mart. Sarah Orne Jewett, whose reputation rests upon her delineation of New England life, usually spends a part of the year at the home of Mrs. Fields. Mrs. D.

Lothrop, "Margaret Sydney," wife of the late publisher, is another figure of literary circles. Abby Morton Diaz, whose bright books have long had success, is a fugitive contributor to the magazines. Dr. Edward Everett Hale recently resigned his pastorate to give himself over to a richly-earned retirement. His "Man Without a Country" will probably remain the great American short story. Mary E. Wilkins, whose home, strictly speaking, is at Randolph, is practically identified with the authors of Boston. Margaret Deland is, as for years, pursuing active undertakings in fiction. J. T. Trowbridge yet has the skill to portray the spirited, wholesome boy, and from his home near Spy Pond, Arlington, he occasionally emerges for a reading or lecture. Hezekiah Butterworth, of "Zig Zag Journeys" renown maintains his busy pen. Sally Joy White even now is a lusty worker in the journalistic harness and has a name known wherever there are civilized cooks.

The above are originally or closely connected with what we may term the Old Guard, whose leaders were of that galaxy that held the dominant position in American letters. Among those whose fame has arisen from the later ranks is James Jeffrey Roche, whose poetic and novelistic productions are distinguished for their brilliancy, humor and ingenuity. While Mr. Roche would not have it so, perhaps, it may be safely ventured no lines of his are more widely known than his remarkably clever "Vase." Arlo Bates has a professorship and his energies in fiction are persistent. Oscar Fay Adams has given us poems and essays marked with unusual discrimination and polish. In dramatic and musical criticism, the four best known are: William Foster Apthorp, Henry Austin Clapp, Philip Hale and Louis C. Elson. Apthorp is inspired by subtlety of feeling and literary technique, Hale by the analytical faculty, and Clapp by an astonishing knowledge of stage history. Miss Alice Brown, of the "Youth's Companion" staff, has written unique fiction embodying phases of New England life. Mrs. Laura E. Richards has had tremendous success in the writing of young people's stories. Her "Captain January" has passed 250,000 copies. Grace LeBaron Upham is, also, successful in this field. F. J. Stimson's ("J. S. of Dale") "King Noannett" was a "book of the year," and all his novels have sold well. H. Phelps Whitmarsh is famous for his stories of adventure. Robert Grant mingles the writing of clever homilies on domestic economy with the more prosaic duties of a judge and counsellor. Bliss Perry, the new Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," has written meritorious verse. Edwin D. Mead, editor of the "New England Magazine," is prominent as a student and lecturer upon sociological topics. Nathan Haskell Dole has identified himself with the "Rubáiyát" cult. Nora Perry, the poetess, having a home at Providence, is, nevertheless, intimately associated with affairs Bostonian, as regards the bookish world. William Howe Downes and Mrs. Waters rank as critics of art, John Ritchie as a writer upon scientific subjects, and B. O. Flower as a reform essayist. Wilder D. Quint writes short stories and essays. Anna Farquhar is a novelist, gifted with a peculiarly keen and incisive literary style. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, lately making Boston her home, is noted for writings having a humorously-satirical turn. Kate Gannett Wells and Helen H. Gardner have written discerningly upon social problems. Journalism has been the avenue to prominence for a number of Boston women. Barbara N. Galpin has a

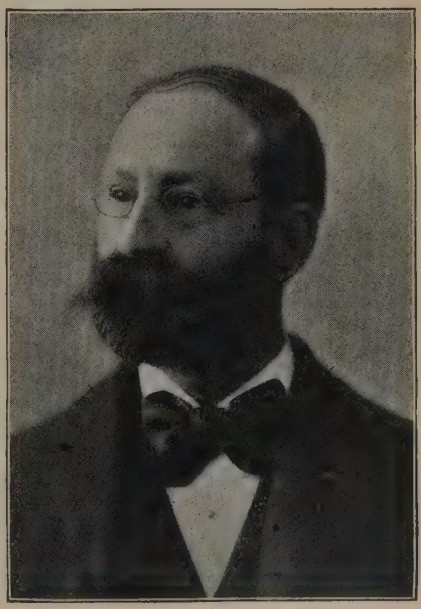
Thomas Bailey Aldrich

conspicuous position owing to her all-around management of the "Somerville Journal." Miss Helen M. Winslow edits the "Clubwoman" and is an indefatigable worker in the Woman's Club movement, as are also Mrs. May Alden Ward and Mrs. Elizabeth Merritt Gosse. Speaking of women's clubs, however, no woman in Boston, New England, or the country for that matter, has exerted a more cultured, deeper and more beneficent influence than Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, whose home is in Lynn. With a trained mind, she possesses largely the administrative faculty. Her accomplishments have constituted one of the important levers in raising the movement to the public respect in which it is now held. Lillian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," sends out newspaper letters on Boston happenings, as does also Helen Leah Reed, of Cambridge. Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln is an authority on household economics. Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson writes and lectures upon her foreign travels. Mrs. Jennie E. T. Dowe writes clever Irish verse, much of her work appearing in the Century. Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland has done felicitously at the writing of plays. Some of the most delightful one-act productions of the Boston amateur stage have been from her pen. Among those with books or magazine articles to their credit are Edwin M. Bacon, who is a breathing encylopaedia on old Boston, as is also venerable Curtis Guild; Rev. William E. Barton, whose

John Fiske

Winthrop Packard

EDWIN D. MEAD



ARLO BATES

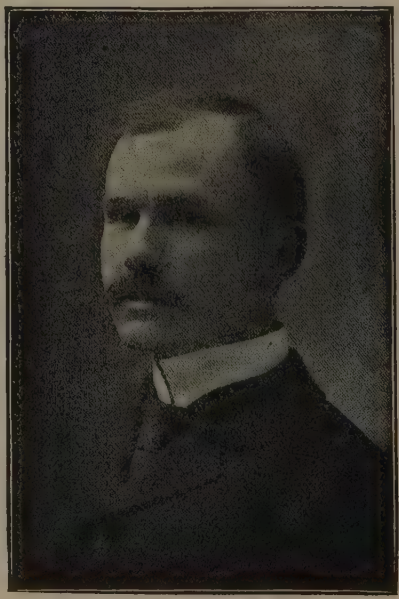
studies of Southern life have had attention; and Sylvester Baxter, who has done a deal to make Bostonians aware of the wonderfully picturesque region in the immediate neighborhood of the Hub. Of the younger writers, should be mentioned Josephine Preston Peabody, who has written some graceful verse; Ralph Waldo Trine, whose efforts tend toward metyphysical studies; and L. C. Strang, who has given us entertaining volumes of theatrical gossip. Mr. Edward H. Clement, editor-in-chief of the "Transcript," is a man gifted with fine literary discrimination. His fugitive efforts in verse have been much admired. C.W. Hall has written much notable historical romance and verse. Winthrop Packard's productions are distinguished by quaint and pleasing conceits and a flow of humor.

Charles W. Hall

While Park street and Beacon, near Somerset, may still be said to be the publishing centre, the business has recently been infused, to a very remarkable degree, with young blood, and new publishing offices appear on Tremont, Washington and Summer streets. The success of some of these latter has been astonishing. "King Noannett" was issued by such a house. The famous "Dooley" books bear the imprint of a junior Boston firm. While there have been a few startling failures among the younger of the Boston publishing houses, the situation at the present time gives a brighter outlook than ever before, and the publishing trade generally is feel-

Anna Farquhar

BLISS PERRY



MARY E WILKINS

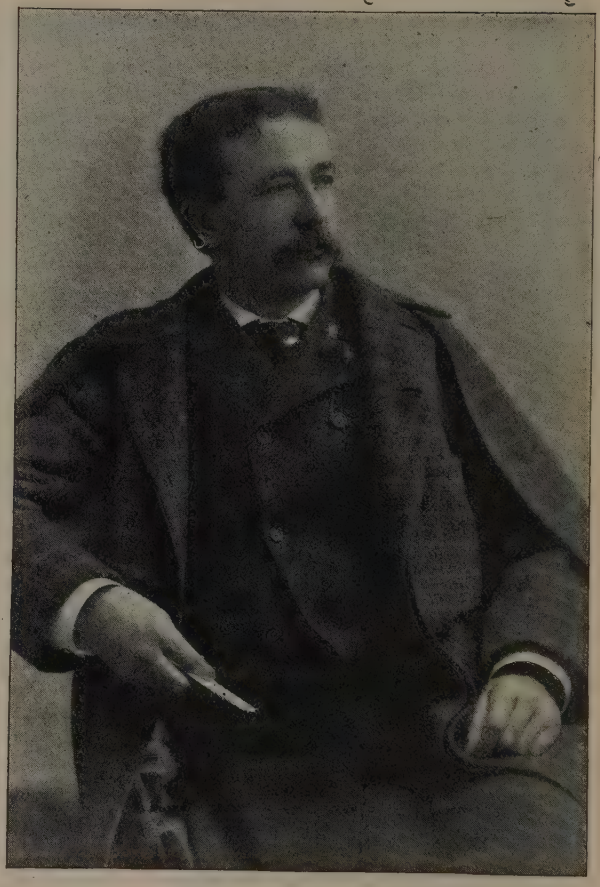
From The Portrait Catalogue.—Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

ing the favorable impulse of increased prosperity. A large number of remarkably fine specimens of the higher grade of book productions have been put forth by Boston publishers, and many conspicuous successes have been scored by them.

Boston has not, as has New York with the Authors' Club, a central rallying place, where you are likely to find, on any one occasion, a majority of her writers gathered—those of the varied degrees of professional standing. They distribute themselves through a number of smaller social organizations, many of these gatherings being at private houses. Thus there is created something of an element of the coterie or "set." While, of course, certain of her celebrities are seen occasionally at any of the leading coteries, name any club or organization you choose and the rank and file, so to speak, will be found to be devotees mainly of that particular society alone. Perhaps the best known, and, in some respects, the most notable of the assemblages of literary Boston, are the "Friday afternoons" at the home of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton in Rutland Square. These affairs typify, in a measure, the salon, in that while an exclusive literary spirit predominates, people eminent in music, painting, or the professions, may be found at them as well. The distinguished artist or lecturer who is visiting the city is not unlikely to be a guest at one of these famous "afternoons." About four o'clock you will see people ascending the stone steps guarded by the iron railing at No. 28. Entering a somewhat long hall, a turn to the left brings the visitor to the large, double drawing rooms. High-ceilinged, with the marble fireplace, and general color effect of a brownish tone—if the term may be used—one recognizes the residence built after the rather severe, black walnut idea of thirty years ago. Mrs. Moulton receives the comers with a singular animation and graciousness of manner. Always fond of young people, you may find near her some of the more youthful, among them, say, Miss Peabody, Gertrude Hall, who has written some

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE



excellent short stories, or Miss Alice Brown. Thirty or more are usually present. Dr. Hale may be the centre of an interested group, Mrs. Deland of another, Charles Follen Adams of a third. Judge Grant, Oscar Fay Adams, Arlo Bates, or Mr. Roche, are running a covert fire of witty book gossip, for the question perhaps oftenest asked—as a sort of introductory, you know—is, "Have you read this or that?" of the newest output of the press, and is generally sufficient to bring on, sooner or later, an entertaining discussion. Mr. Dole is kindly dispensing the latest regarding the worshippers of Omar. This gray-haired, petite, pretty woman, is Mrs. Grace LeBaron Upham. That slender, dignified, scholarly-looking lady is Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the poetess who has come in from Auburndale. This gentleman who converses with so marked a charm and quietness of bearing, is Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth. Sometimes Professor Barrett Wendell or Colonel Higginson is over from Cambridge; Miss Wilkins is in from Randolph; or venerable Mr. Trowbridge from Arlington. F. J. Stimson is occasionally present. As Mrs. Moulton moves around among her guests, some question is certain to be asked her regarding one or the other of the many etchings, drawings, paintings or mementoes with which the walls or stands are decorated, for nearly all these have their own little story; or a group is eager to have her exhibit her famous cabinet of autographed photographs—a kindness she delights in granting. The collection constitutes probably the finest private possession of similar sort in the country, and is the result of Mrs. Moulton's years of travel and marvellous literary acquaintanceship. Swinburne, Austin, Harrison, in fact, most of the notables of England, France and America, are represented. Some of the pictures, in addition to the signatures, have verses appended; treasures, some of them well worth their weight in gold several times over. Thus, more far than merely social pleasures are these two hours on

Fridays at Mrs. Moulton's. While devoid of pretense at drawn-out analyses of course, they offer glimpses at the purely bookish life of the day, and from them it is possible to hear report as to what the writing world is doing and thinking.

At the "afternoons" at Mrs Waters, on aristocratic Newbury street, Mrs. William Foster Apthorp's, on Otis Place, or Mrs. Sutherland's, on Commonwealth Avenue, one is pretty sure to find congenial spirits of the artistic or literary ranks. The Twentieth Century Club is devoted more especially to the lecture idea and literary discussions, and at its meetings on Beacon Hill there appear many celebrated visiting novelists and critics. Dining clubs are the Tavern, organized by William Dean Howells, when living here as editor of the "Atlantic" and the "Papyrus." Each holds monthly meetings, and has many delightful "powwows." The Castilian and Saturday

H. PHELPS WHITMARSH

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Clubs are, too, important. La Ligue Litteraire calls together those interested particularly in the literature of France. The art exhibits and lectures in Copley Hall bring out, too, many of the writers.

Only in rare instances can the destiny of even famous authors, during

LEWIS C. STRANG

their generation, be accurately predicted. Despite the splendors of that Golden Age, which are apt to lead us to the fear that with the passing of such men as Emerson, Hawthorne, Prescott or Motley, the light of literary Boston was extinguished, the more rational and hopeful faith may well be kept, namely: that out of the present company of Boston authors will arise names that will retain a place in permanent literature.

Within the limits of a magazine article it would be impossible to make more than a brief individual mention of the men and women who comprise Boston's literary guild; and while the intention has been to make this article comprehensive, it is quite possible that some have been unintentionally overlooked.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Francis Lynde *

I.

IN the days before New Orleans became a modern city with trolley-cars and sky-scraping buildings—was it yesterday or the day before?—there was a dingy little cafe in the newspaper quarter which was well beloved of journalism, notably of that wing of the force whose hours begin late and end early.

"Chaudiere's," it was called, though I know not if that were the name of the wizen little Gascon who took toll at the desk; and it was particularized for its gumbos, its stuffed crabs and its claret, which was neither very bad nor very dear. For the rest, it had a clean, sanded floor, marble-topped tables for two, and an Old-World air of recreative comfort which is rarer now, even in New Orleans, than it was yesterday or the day before.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold, late of New York and the coasts of Bohemia, had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city: and it was at Chaudiere's again that he shared a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the "Louisianian." Six weeks lay between this and that; forty odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other like days, and weeks, and months. The breakfast, he remembered, had been garnished with certain green sprigs of hope; but at the supper table he ate like a barbarian in arrears to his appetite, recking not that he was another man's guest.

Bainbridge had just been billeted for a run down the Central American coast to write up the banana trade for his paper. He was boyishly jubilant over the assignment, which promised to be neither more nor less than a pleasure trip; and chancing upon Griswold in the first flush of his elation, had dragged him around to the cafe to play second knife and fork at a small parting feast. Not that it had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for twenty-four hours and he would have broken bread thankfully with an enemy, to say nothing of Bainbridge, who, if he were not a full-fledged friend, was at least a friendly acquaintance.

Now a hungry man is but poor company at best; but Bainbridge the elated contrived to talk for two until he had relieved his mind upon the subject of his windfall.

Then it occurred to him that Griswold was rather more than usually unresponsive—a fault not to be condoned under the circumstances. Wherefore he protested.

"What's the matter with you tonight, Kenneth? You're more than commonly grumpy—and that's saying a good deal."

*Mr. Lynde stands in the front rank of the younger American authors, and "A Knave of Conscience" (the first installment of which appears in this number) is perhaps the strongest story that he has yet produced. It will run as a serial in "The National Magazine" during 1900, and our readers should not fail to secure all of the forthcoming issues containing installments of this intensely interesting story of American life.

Griswold took the last roll from the plate and buttered it methodically. "Am I? I was more than commonly hungry. But go on; I'm listening."

"That's comforting as far as it goes, but I should think you might say something more or less appropriate. You don't have a chance to congratulate lucky people every day."

Griswold looked up with a scowl that was almost ill-natured, and quoted cynically: "'Unto everyone that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him.'"

Bainbridge laughed tolerantly. "By Jove, Kenneth, a man up a tree would say you envied me."

"I do," rejoined Griswold, gravely. "I envy any man who can earn enough to keep the ban-dog of hunger from biting him."

"Pshaw! anybody can do that," said Bainbridge, with the air of one to whom the struggle for existence is as yet a mere phrase.

"I know that is your theory, but the facts disprove it. I can't for one."

"Yes you could, if you'd sidetrack some of your own theories and come down to sawing wood like the rest of us. But you won't do that."

Griswold was a fair man, with a skin that was quick and sensitive like that of a woman, and a red flush of anger swept over his face.

"That is not true, and you know it, Bainbridge," he contradicted, speaking slowly, lest his temper should break bounds. Is it my fault that I can do nothing but write books for which I can't find a publisher? Or that the work of a hack writer is quite as impossible to me as mine is to him?"

Bainbridge laughed, but he was ready enough to make amends when he saw that Griswold was moved.

"I take it all back," said he. "I suppose the book is home again, and a returned manuscript excuses anything. But seriously, Kenneth, you ought to get down to hard facts. Nobody but a phenomenon can find a publisher for his first book, nowadays, unless he has had some sort of an introduction in the magazines or the newspapers. You haven't had that; and so far as I know, you haven't tried to get it."

"Oh, yes, I have — and failed. It isn't in me, and there isn't an editor in the country who doesn't know it by this time. I came down here, as you know, to write up the sugar situation for Horton. It was a humiliating failure, like everything else of the kind I have ever set myself to do."

"Did you send in anything?"

"Yes; and it was rejected. Horton said to try it on some of the reviews; that it might go with them, but was no good for a newspaper. It's no use talking, Bainbridge; the conditions are all wrong when a man with a message to his kind can't get to deliver it to the people who want to hear it."

Bainbridge ordered the demi-tasses and lighted a cigar. "That's about what I suspected. You couldn't keep your peculiar views muzzled even while you were writing a bit of a pot-boiler. That brings us back to the old contention. You drop your fool socialistic fad and write a book that a publisher can bring out without committing commercial hari-kari, and you'll stand some show. Light up and fumigate that idea a while."

Griswold took the proffered cigar. "It doesn't need fumigating; if I could consider it seriously it ought to be burnt with fire. You march in the ranks of the well-fed, Bainbridge, and it's your business to be conservative. I don't, and it's mine to be radical."

"What would you have? The world's as it is, and you can't remodel it."

"Yes, I and my kind can remodel it, and we will some day when the bur-

den has grown too heavy to be borne. The aristocracy of rank went down in fire and blood in France a century ago; that of money will come to its end here when the time is ripe."

"That's rank anarchy. I didn't know you'd gotten so far along."

"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen"—Griswold leaned across the table and his eyes grew hard, and the blue in them was steely—"For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this accursed city begging—yes, that's the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together; and for more than half of that time I've lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to — we of the submerged majority. And that isn't all; the wageworker himself is but a serf, a chattel among the other possessions of some fellowman who has acquired him in the plutocratic redistribution of the earth and the fulness thereof."

Bainbridge applauded in dumb show with his thumb-nails. "Turn it loose and ease your mind, old man," he said indulgently. "I know things haven't been coming your way lately. What is your remedy?"

Griswold was fairly started now, and ridicule was as fuel to the flame.

"The money people have set us the example. They have made us understand that might is right; that he who has may hold — if he can. The answer is simple; there is enough and to spare for all, and it belongs to all — to him who has sown the seed and watered it as well as to him who has reaped the harvest. That is a violent remedy, you will say. So be it; it is the only one that will cure the epidemic of greed. There is an alternative, but it is only theoretical."

"And that?"

"May be summed up in seven words: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' When the man who employs — and governs — uses the power that money gives him to succor his fellowman, the revolution will be indefinitely postponed."

Bainbridge looked at his watch. "I must be going," he said; "the 'Adelantado' drops down the river at eleven. But in passing I'll venture a little prophecy. You're down on your luck now, and a bit hot-hearted in consequence, but some day you will strike it right and come out on top. When you do you'll be a hard master or I'll lose my guess."

"God do so to me and more, if I am."

"That's all right; when the time comes you remember my little vaticination. But before we shake hands, let's get back to concrete things for a minute. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to do?"

Griswold laughed mirthlessly. "I am 'fixed' to run twenty-four hours longer, thanks to your hospitality. For that length of time I presume I shall conform to what we have been taught to believe is the natural order of things. After that —"

He paused, and Bainbridge put the question, "What then?"

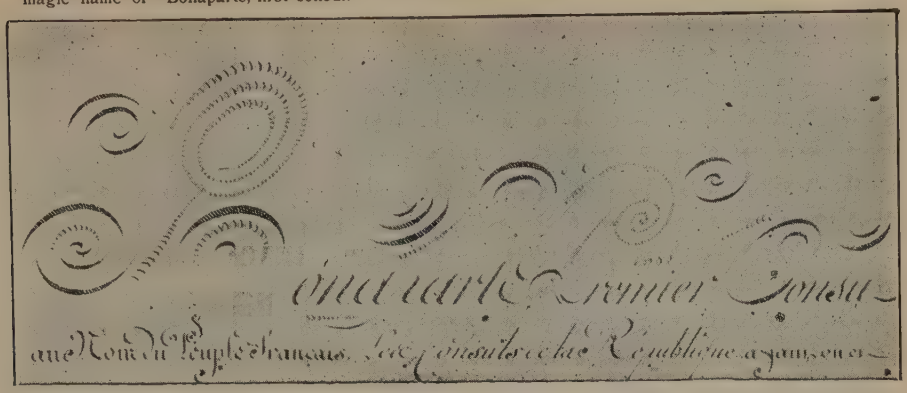
"Then, if the chance to earn it is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and take what I need."

Bainbridge fished in his pocket and found a ten-dollar bill. "Do that first," he said, offering Griswold the money.

The proletary smiled and shook his head. "No; not to keep from going hungry — not even to oblige you, Bainbridge. It is quite possible that I shall end by becoming a robber, as you paraphrasers would put it, but I shan't begin on my friends. Good-night, and a safe voyage to you."

(To be continued.)

This reproduction shows the elaborate penmanship with which the Louisiana cession was begun, bearing the magic name of "Bonaparte, first consul."



NAPOLEON AND THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

By Charles Winslow Hall

The First of a Series of Articles Dealing with the Great Epoch-Making Events of the Nineteenth Century in American History: Compiled from Data and Illustrated by Photographs Obtained at the State Department at Washington, and Here First Published

EASTER Sunday was drawing to its close on the tenth of April, 1803, and Napoleon the Great sat alone in his cabinet buried in deep thought. He had attended high mass that day in due state, and so far as might be, had bowed his proud head, and veiled his imperial eyes, before the majesty of the love eternal and humanity made divine. Not without feeling had he listened to the almost supernal melodies of the choir and the scarcely less enthralling accents of the ministering bishop, both telling of the wondrous resurrection of Jesus, man's Saviour, and of the peace and happiness which his gospels are yet to enthrone, when kings and conquerors have done their best and worst, and have disappeared from earth forever.

But Napoleon's brow was no longer tranquil. His eyes were filled by turns with the perplexity of statecraft and the light of coming battle; and when at last he spoke to the *huissier* in waiting, his words indicated at once terse command and a settled determination: "Let them come in." Then entered two gentlemen of middle age —certainly not gentlemen of the sword, but just as evidently men who had known danger, the responsibilities of command and diplomacy, and the habitude of giving and receiving the meed of mutual courtesy and respect. It was not always the way of "The Little Corporal," to pay deference to the most deserving, yet in this case, with all courtesy, but with his usual forcible directness, he explained his wishes.

"It is my intention," he said, "to cede Louisiana to the United States. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of the power of the British to sieze New Orleans, and assert their claim to the whole of North America, west of the Mississippi. Indeed I can hardly say that I do cede it, for it is

not as yet in our possession. If, however, I leave the least time to our enemies, I shall only transmit an empty title to those republicans, whose friendship I seek."

For a moment he was silent as if lost in thought. Perhaps in that wondrous intelligence, that many-sided, complex and imperious nature, there was a bitter realization of a vast empire lost to France forever; of an inconceivable heritage of domain and power about to be alienated and embraced, blent with an almost God-like prescience of the future prosperity and puissance of that nascent republic, whose scattered ports and rude villages then dotted the Atlantic slope, and the fertile vales of its more important water-courses.

"They only ask of me," he continued softly, "a single haven in Louisiana, but I look upon the colony as already and irretrievably lost. It appears to me that in the hands of this young power, it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France, than if I should attempt to keep it."

The Marquis Barbe de Marbois, in 1779 a member of the French legation at Washington, who during his stay married a Philadelphia heiress, and was at one time Governor of San Domingo, spoke with deference and smoothly, along the same line of thought and purpose as that indicated by the Emperor. The other, less politic, or possibly led away by the hope of awakening in Napoleon one of those rare flashes of romantic enthusiasm, which here and there, illuminated with a splendid light his sombre and ominous career, attempted to induce the Emperor to hold Louisiana, and encourage a broader colonization. He failed, and with his departure from the presence, he disappears from this historiette. A few moments later Marbois followed, having received directions to remain in the palace and await further instructions.

Late into the night, the Emperor weighed and compared the probability of loss, the certainty of gain, the effect on current diplomacy and coming perils, and his own popularity, but before daybreak his final decision was taken.

It was still dark on the morning of April 11, 1803, when Marbois was summoned to attend the Emperor, who showed him the latest despatches of that wonderful secret service which laid before its master the social, political, naval and military secrets of all Europe. The English news was ominous and disquieting. Heavy drafts for home and foreign military and naval service; intense activity in naval bureau, dockyard and fleet; and worse than all, the rising of a new star in England's councils, the menacing leadership of a statesman who could be a patriot, and a diplomatist, who was a man. Napoleon had decided.

"I renounce Louisiana," said he. "It is not only New Orleans I will cede, it is the whole colony, without any reservation. I know the value of what I abandon,"—and here the calm, assured voice broke a little, as he recapitulated the discoveries and perils, the hardships and heavy expenditures of blood and treasure which France had lavished in the New World, in vain. "The price of all these things is due to us and must be paid. Still, I will be moderate, in consideration of the necessity which compels me to make the sale. But keep this to yourself. I want fifty millions of francs," he continued; "and for less than that sum I will not treat. To-morrow you shall have your full powers."

M. Barbe Marbois said something of the rights of sovereigns, and of the transfer of a loyal population, or, as

TITLE PAGE OF THE TREATY

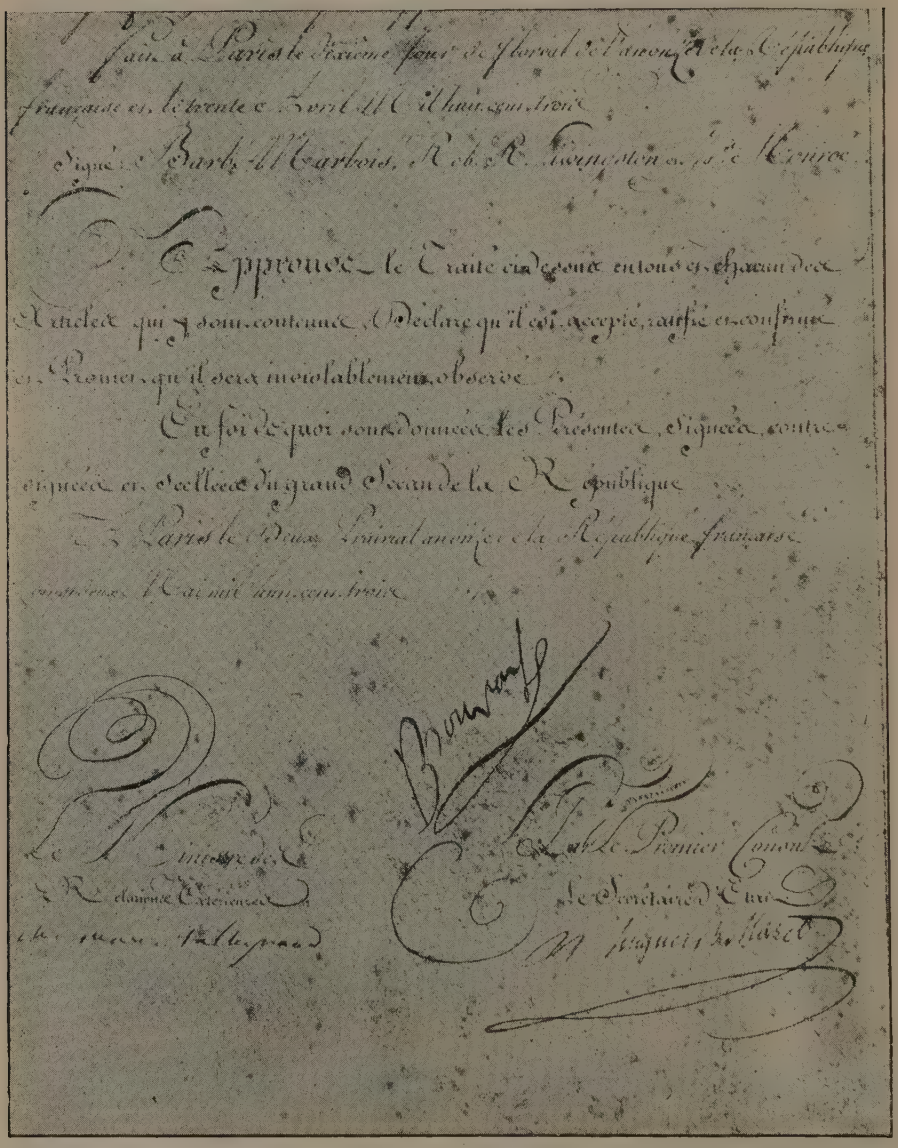
he expressed it, of *souls* by a contract of sale; a consideration which had been held of great weight by some of the most imperious despots of Europe; and which just now cuts some figure in the popular estimate of those conditions imposed by our commissioners in the late Spanish treaty.

Napoleon's answer was replete with cold courtesy, cynical raillery, racial hatred, and a complete renunciation of "sentimental" considerations.

"You are giving me, in all its perfection, the ideology of the law of nature and nations; but I require money, to make war on the richest nation in the world. Send your maxims to the London market. I am sure they will be greatly admired there; and yet no great attention is paid to them, when the British occupation of the finest regions of Asia is in question.

"It might also be objected," he continued, "that I enable the Americans to

SIGNATURES ON THE TREATY
This document shows the signatures of Napoleon Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Marbois, James Madison and others



become too powerful for Europe, in the course of two or three centuries, but my foresight does not embrace such remote fears. Besides, we may hereafter expect such rivalries among the members of the union, as may result in the formation of new confederacies."

Such is the story which M. Barbe Marbois, himself, told a few years ago, of the transpiration of this event. The situation was a peculiar one, but not difficult of comprehension. First, France had, in 1763, transferred Louisiana to Spain. Second, Spain had, by the treaty of San Ildefonso in 1800, re-

turned this ancient heritage to France. Third, Great Britain only awaited the consummation of this transfer, and the departure of the Spanish executive to seize upon the valley of the Mississippi. Already her ships traversed the Carribean, and the Gulf of Mexico impatiently, awaiting the orders, which would immediately follow upon the formal notice of the cession of Louisiana by Spain to France; and at the crowded barracks and busy dockyards of Jamaica, an ample force was ready to aid in taking and garrisoning New Orleans and her subsidary settlements. Fourth, America having sent her wave of west-bound emigration beyond the Alleghanies and the Appalachian ranges, was threatened with the gradual creation of a great trans-mon-

THE BINDING OF THE LOUISIANA TREATY

The above is the book in which the Louisiana treaty is bound in the State Department at Washington, and here published for the first time. The binding is of black velvet, decorated with embossed gold trimmings. The P. F. (People of France) stands out in bold relief on the first cover. Attached to the book with a three foot cord and elaborate tassels is a brass case six inches in diameter, containing the red seal of France. It is one of the most elaborately engrossed treaties on file in the State Department.

tane empire, whose immense products must naturally gravitate toward that power which should hold and control the commercial metropolis at the mouth of the Mississippi. If America could not secure a port at this point, she could hardly hope to hold unchallenged dominion over the lands and peoples of the great vallies of the inner land. Fifth, between Napoleon and England, there existed a mortal feud; one which could only end with the utter exhaustion of both countries, or the subjugation of one. To humble England, was to become the unchallenged arbiter of the destinies of Europe, and it might almost be said of the world. If the sale of Louisiana, as it did; filled the French war-chest, placated America, disappointed England, and prevented a damaging and otherwise inevitable humiliation of France and her Emperor, there could be no doubt that the then existing conditions, allowed of no other solution.

Livingston, to whom had been intrusted the task of securing a port of entry on the east bank of the Mississippi, seems to have distrusted the intimations of M. Marbois, and the good faith of the French Emperor.

The arrival of Monroe at once changed the American attitude to one of close bargaining for an unexpected but invaluable prize. Marbois, although a keen bargainer, was disposed to be methodical, and the cession of Louisiana was accordingly considered under three heads. The right and power of France to cede this vast territory, its real extent and boundaries, and the time and method of cession, were in turn to be settled. The title-deeds of France were the provisions of the treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1, 1800, which conclusively ceded these possessions to France. Their extent and boundaries were unknown, and the best which could be done was to copy *verbatim et literatim*, the words of grant and delimitation set down in the treaty of San Ildefonso.

Marbois at first claimed eighty millions of francs, thirty millions more than Napoleon had indicated; but was finally induced to accept sixty millions, twenty millions of which were to be used in liquidating "French spoliation claims." These arrangements, when finally concluded, were embodied in the treaty dated April 30, but actually signed and sealed May 4, 1803.

Napoleon at first blamed Marbois for having accepted sixty millions of francs, instead of eighty. When reminded that he had really got sixty instead of the fifty millions he had asked for, and had also disposed of vexatious claims, he then said:

"It is true. The negotiation does not leave me anything to desire. Only think! Sixty millions of francs for an occupation which will, perhaps, last but a single day." For a moment he ceased speaking, but soon continued: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have hereby given to England a maritime rival who will sooner or later humble her pride."

The formalities were somewhat delayed by the futile protests of Spain, considerable opposition to the measure in America, and a certain hesitation on the part of President Jefferson to act without the passage of a constitutional amendment, providing especially for this important acquisition. These obstacles were all overcome, and as a last act in the drama, the Spanish commandant at New Orleans formally relinquished the city and territory to the French representatives, November 3, 1803, and these in turn, on December 20, handed over the last territorial possessions of France in North America, to Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson.

BULUWAYO COACH LEAVING PRETORIA

IN THE RANKS OF THE BOER ARMY

By Hugh MacQueen *

Special Correspondent of "The National Magazine" in the Transvaal. These Letters Were Received by Peter MacQueen, from the Author, His Brother, Who Has Been for the Past Five Years in South Africa

DURBAN, NATAL, October 10, 1899.

WAR is in the air. As the inevitable conflict approached, I felt more drawn to the Boers. They are like our old Scotch forefathers—stubborn, set, disagreeable, but honest. They have an awful amount of powder and high explosives. All the Americans and Germans here are against England. The younger English and Scotch join the Americans and are laying plans for an empire that shall not be Oom Paul's nor Britain's. We all want a South African Republic founded on the Constitution of the United States of America. I am going to stick by the Americans and Boers. They have the ideas of the old Scotch. A lot of American fellows are going to Johannesburg and I am going along. They are nice fellows.

* * *

There are three parties: first, the imperial party, in favor of Rhodes and Jameson. It is small but very rich. Second, the burghers, which includes all the Transvaal and Free State and two-thirds of all Cape Colony and Natal. They will declare for a free

* Since the war in the Transvaal broke out, I have received but one letter from my brother Hugh, who has been writing me very interesting letters for the past five years upon conditions in the great empire growing up south of the Zambesi River. The second letter I send you is dated at Buluwayo, where he describes the native wars and the awful plague of rinderpest.

The first letter is written from Fort Usher. In it he tells of the Matabeles and other tribes, and of their "risings" after each harvest time. The drought and long marches on the veldt are also depicted.

In 1898 I got some news of Hugh and he was dreaming then about the United States of South Africa, and lauding the American Constitution. He has since received his commission as special correspondent of "The National Magazine," and undoubtedly participated in all the battles which have held the attention of the world.

PETER MACQUEEN

HUGH MAC QUEEN

Special correspondent of "The National Magazine" in the Transvaal, leaving England with his family

Republic the first chance. Third, the outlanders, who do not favor either Kruger or Britain, but want "Africa for the Afrikanders," and who would like to unite all classes in South Africa in a strong confederation of states up to the Zambesi River.

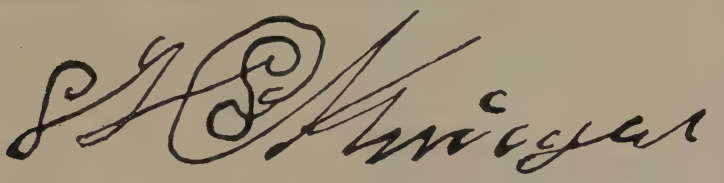
We did not know what the outlanders would do, but you can be sure that all the Yankees here are dead against England. I think they are perhaps prejudiced, but the Americans are the nicest fellows to get along with in South Africa, They had a great time last 4th of July, which they called "Independence Day." What is it? They all got roaring tight. I left Johannesburg for Buluwayo last September; it took me fifty-three days to complete the journey. I came with the transport wagons. There were 100 of us came up together, of all nationalities. We had to sleep in the open and on the ground the whole of the time. We had to endure a good deal of hardship, owing to the scarcity of water. We made one trip of forty miles from Geberonnes to Sequani in a tropical sun, without water; I had about one-half pint for the whole journey. I was completely knocked out during the fifty-three days' journey. We had only two light showers of rain. Some nights were rather cold from Sequani to Macloutsi. The country is quite flat. We kept to the Meika and Crocodile rivers for about three weeks. After we left the Crocodile, until within about twenty miles of Buluwayo, we had to dig in the beds of the river for water. The water in the rivers is beautiful and clear. The Shashi drift, when we crossed it, was about 400 yards wide; the sand was about two feet deep, and very similar to the sand on Yarmouth Beach. The Magalapsi, Lotsani and Macloutsi are very fine drifts, and must be a splendid sight in the rainy season. Whenthe rain comes they are full from bank to bank; many are in places a mile wide.

The rinderpest played terrible havoc

A TRANSVAAL SIX-PENNY NOTE

amongst the cattle in North Bechuanaland and Rhama country. For a week we passed hundreds of dead oxen, mules, horses, donkeys and deer. The Crocodile and Meika rivers were full of dead cattle, although we used the water for five weeks. There was only one case of sickness. They are the only running rivers between the Vaal and Rhama rivers—a distance of over 600 miles.

FACSIMILE OF PRESIDENT KRUGER'S SIGNATURE



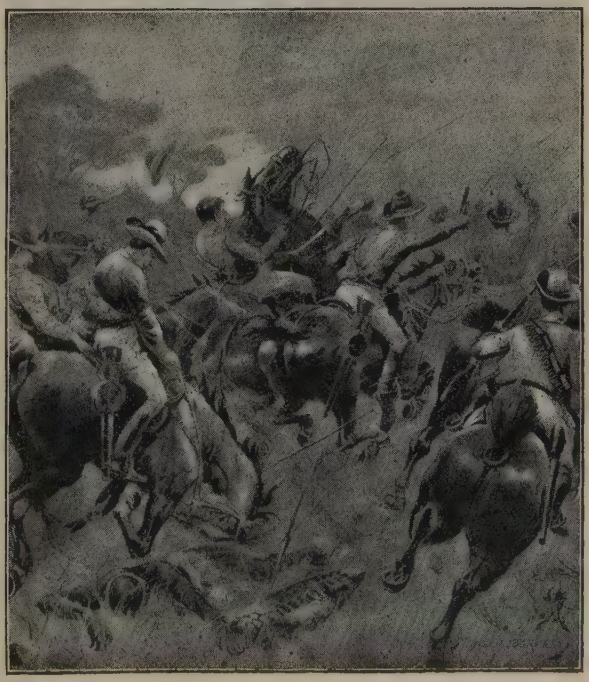
This is a beautiful country here: hundreds of springs of running water, plenty of rich herbage, and plenty of land suitable for grain-growing. This will be the richest country in the world in a few years. Mr. Rhodes is farming a block of four farms, about three miles from here, in the Taku and Base Camp Valleys, where he has built a residence. This is twenty miles south-east from Buluwayo. Rhodes' house is about the same distance—a little more to the south. Close to here the heaviest fighting took place. When I came up here the ground was strewn with the bodies of the Matabele. The dogs and wild animals have eaten them all up. Only a few teeth and bones are to be seen now. In nearly every direction from here are the graves of white men who fell in action, and by the hand of the assassin. There is some talk of collecting the remains and taking them to Buluwayo for interment. I think it will be very foolish to do so, as some of them have been buried nearly twelve months.

The natives were well armed with Martini Henry Rifles; they brought in a wagon load last week, most of them a good pattern. They have brought in hundreds of assegai. I have two which I will send home with some other curios I am collecting.

* * *

There is likely to be a rising in the Gwelo district, the particulars of which you will see before you receive this. They were drilling the Cape boys this afternoon, to be ready to start in a few days. Gwelo is 200 miles from here, and it

RHODES' ROUGH RIDERS IN ACTION



will take nearly three weeks for the relief force to get up there. Everything here is kept very quiet; but there is something on the tapis. I hear they are making big drafts of men all round. There is an expedition going to Barotseland soon. I think it will be about 500 strong. They say that Barotseland is even better than this.

Although well within the tropics, we get very cold nights. The 21st of December is midsummer day. The sun rises at 5.39 a. m. and sets at 6.15 p. m.

RING OF BARBED WIRE AROUND BOER CAMP

The whole of the country round here had been pegged out. Some of the workings are reported to be favorable.

This will be the finest country in the world to live in. It is well adapted for the growth of fruit, vegetables, and timber. The climate is very genial. The days are hot, the nights cool and refreshing. Just now there are very heavy dews at night. I slept outside last night, and my blankets were as wet as if there had been a heavy rain. I was quite cold when I got up about four o'clock. After the sun got up it was enough to roast you alive.

Write and let me know how you are all getting along. I never felt better in my life. I am longing to be on the warpath again, although the hardships are beyond description. Sometimes we have to march two or three days without food and very little water, and go on guard every four hours for two hours, and sleep in the open.

I am in excellent health, although I have lost twenty-one pounds in weight.

It is now nearly nine o'clock, nice and cool, and as clear as day. I am going to turn in.

To-morrow I am going with an American to Johannesburg. If war continues you will not get any more letters to me. I hear the Boers have twenty years' supply of ammunition, and a lot of German officers. If this is so, God help the English; the Transvaal will be a charnel house.

BULUWAYO, Sept. 20, 1898.

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me in this remote part of the world. I came up here from Johannesburg at the end of August. I started for Buluwayo, with the intention of trading on my own account, but was persuaded to join the force going to put down the rebellion here. We entered the field early in September. I should have left after the war, only provisions were so dear. Consequently, I have signed for six months until the railway gets nearer. The nearest station is over 400 miles from here. This will be a good country when opened up. There is plenty of gold, and the country is well adapted for farming, there being plenty of open waters. This part is in the centre of the Mallopos hills, twenty-four miles east of Buluwayo.

Owing to the war and last year being a bad season, the natives are

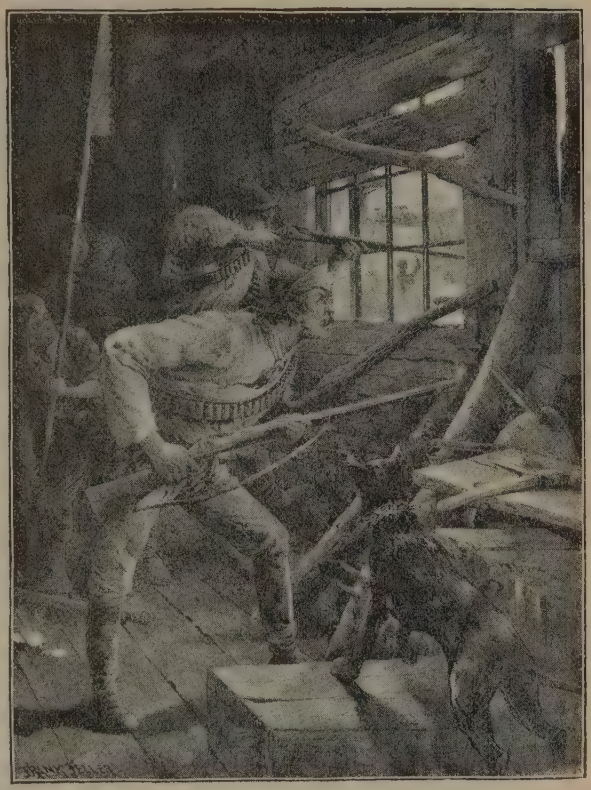
starving. They will give 10s. for about two pounds of bread.

All these villages were burned down, and the cattle died from rinderpest. One chief lost 80,000 head of cattle, besides goats, sheep and deer. The rinderpest has decimated the country of cattle, sheep and deer for over 1,000 miles. Some days we would see over 1,000 lying dead near the rivers and watering places. When they are taken with the disease they crowd together, and fall in heaps.

There is a fair quantity of game in places, guinea fowl being most numerous.

There are seven different kinds of deer; the smallest about the size of a goat and the largest about the size of a donkey. We have full privilege to go shooting where we like.

A KAFFIR UPRISING



There is no rain here for nine months. The rainy season set in last winter with a very heavy hail storm. The hail was bigger than crockery marbles. It rained greatly afterwards for five days and nights, and cleared off the last two days. When it rains we lie in bed and smoke. We expect another rising after harvest in February or March. When it is fine we go out and patrol the country for twenty miles. Preparations are going ahead; we are putting up platforms in the fort for the Maxims, and having daily lessons in firing. The Maxims we have here fire 350 shots a minute. Three men work each gun. There is supposed to be about 21,000 warriors in the Mattappos. We burned about 500 kraals; some of them were 1,000 strong. The fighting men are Matabele, a tribe o Zulus that trekked up here about fifty years ago. They are big, powerfully built men, mostly over six feet. The other tribes are the Makalakas and Mashonas and a few barbaric races, none of whom seem inclined to fight. There are hundreds of miles where there is not a single native.

There is only one river between Buluwayo and the Crocodile river—they are all sand like the sand of the sea. They hold water in the sand about two or three feet deep. That is the only supply of water there is during the dry season. The Shansi drift, or river, is a quarter of a mile wide; the Matalapsey one-half mile and quite dry during the winter. At present they are high and like the sea.

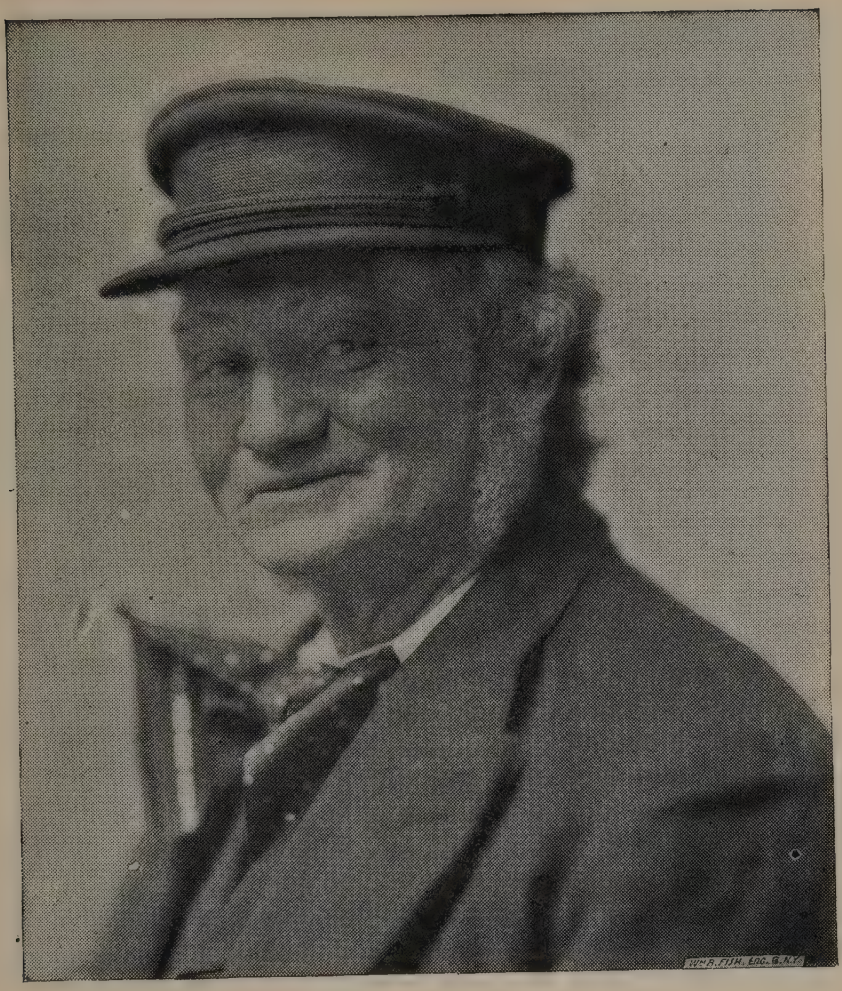
MONOPOLE DRIFT AT MAFEKING, WHERE THE GREAT BATTLE WAS FOUGHT

* * * * *

A tattered postal card, just received, gives the following:

The condition of British prisoners at Pretoria is very good. They are allowed to exercise by walking around the building from five to seven o'clock at night. They rise at six in the morning and are served with bread and tea, and at one-thirty have lunch, consisting of a government ration of bread. Officers are permitted to buy cheese, jam and potted meat. During the morning the prisoners read, and play cards in the evening. Their dinner is "bully beef," which is said to be very bad, and rice pudding. They all have to go to bed at ten o'clock.

BOER DEMONSTRATION OF FORCE IN JOHANNESBURG



JAMES A. HERNE AND HIS NEW PLAY

By Flynn Wayne

WHO has witnessed the closing scenes of "Shore Acres" without being impressed by the tender serenity of it all? And with this, one is instinctively drawn to that actor-author whose personality has become so fixed and popular a part of American stagecraft.

James A. Herne is more than an actor, and even surpasses the limits of a playwright. He is a leader in a wholesome homely philosophy that makes the world better for his teachings. No one can sit and talk with him for a half hour without catching the infectious earnestness and enthusi-

asm of the man who believes first and always in common people.

His latest play, "Sag Harbor," was first produced in Boston and has enjoyed a popular box office approval, as well as the admiration of the great common people for whom he writes. "It is the simple things of life that are to me the most dramatic," he said, as we settled down for a good talk. "I am to write a play that will make people forget that they are in a theatre, and draw them to us on the stage, so that we view phases of life together of author and actor, that are likely to be true and wholesome.

"My best plays have been public failures, but the time will come for them. 'Margaret Fleming' and 'Griffin Davenport' were not financial successes because they impelled thought and revealed too serious a purpose.

"No, I am not one who rails or storms at public opinion because it does not agree with me. Perhaps they are right, and my way of doing it is to take a verdict gracefully when tendered me."

The production of "Sag Harbor" was an event of more than ordinary interest to the Herne family. In the leading role of the cast are the two daughters; Miss Julie, aged 19, and Miss Crystal, aged 17.

Mr. Herne loves to tell of the great delight of the daughters when told they could follow out their cherished ambitions in "Sag Harbor"; and it is not necessary to state which play of Mr. Herne's repertoire is most popular in his own family.

They had long looked forward to this event of their lives, and have thrown their soul and spirit into the piece. It is not difficult to fancy that the father in constructing the play, had in mind his own family circle, which has always been so dear to him—even in the struggling days before the heroic "Hearts of Oak" of that little family triumphed over discouragements.

Mr. Herne's great love for children is with him a ruling passion. He is never so happy as when making children happy, and in his mature years he retains a boyish enthusiasm that is refreshing. And what would a Herne play be without children?

"Maternity I consider the noblest theme of humankind, and I have no patience with that false prudery which would keep from young people truths they ought to know, and know about in its purest and holiest sense." The "uncle" of the play here rose to his feet and gave emphasis to his sentiment with no uncertain force.

In bringing up the subject of "An Actor's Christmas," Mr. Herne said that the romanticism generally believed to radiate from the glow of the footlights, was largely a myth.

"Christmas is our work-day—matinee and evening. Only six times in twenty years have I been with my family Christmas."

* * *

There was a suggestion of extremes when the classic face of Sir Henry Irving, with his Shakesperian pose and Robespeirre scowl, witnessed "Sag Harbor." From the regal blaze of royalty and romanticism of France, to the simple and realistic portrayal of rural life along the Atlantic sea coast; who could doubt the affinity of purpose between these two distinguished actors as thoroughly understood as the Anglo-Saxon alliance without the need of a process in writing to fix it as a fact. Both achieved success despite desperate struggles in earlier days, and each won the laurels when past the meridian of life. These two noted actors are the great play producers of the English and American drama and maintained a standard of the purest and best in life behind the footlights.

OLD WHALING DAYS IN AMERICA

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

"NO," said Cap'n Bangs, as he carefully pressed down the tobacco in his pipe with his horny thumb, "whaling don't amount to much these days, though this season's been the best one for a good many years. I hear the 'Jeannette' has arrived at San Francisco with eighteen whales, which is a pretty creditable voyage. She went up to Crozier channel, where the Englishmen got ice-bound in '49, and had to abandon their ships."

He was seated on a broken spar on the sunny side of a boat-house, smoking his black, short-stemmed pipe; gaunt, bronzed and grizzled, with a far-off look in his dimming eyes and the deep-graven traces of tropic suns and arctic winds in his face. He is slow of movement and deliberate of speech—this survivor of a golden age that is passed—and with a certain unconscious dignity that comes by way of long, lonely watches on starless nights and a lifetime struggle with mighty forces.

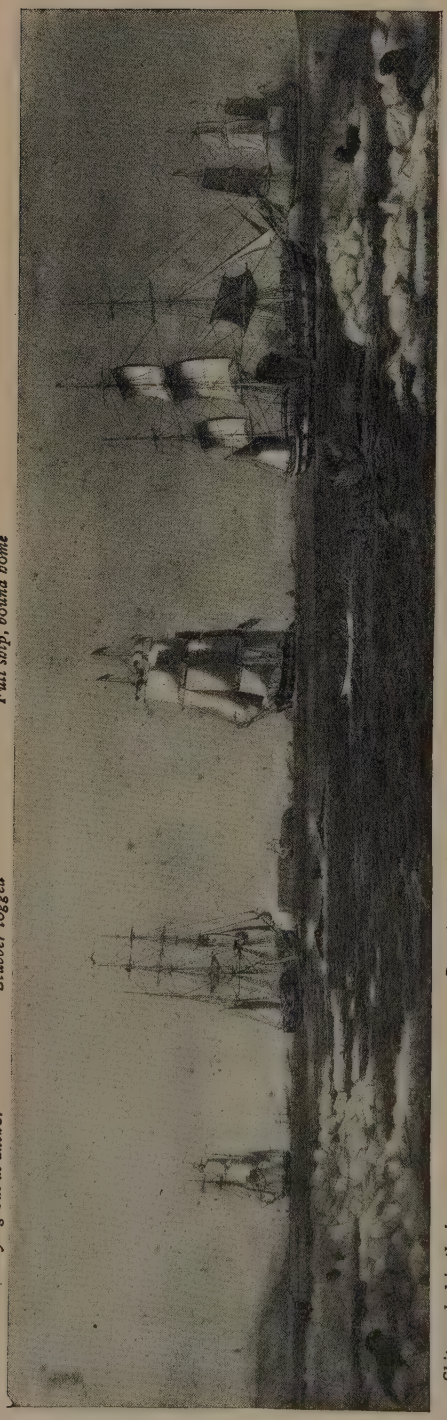
We are old friends—Cap'n Bangs and I—and he greeted me with a cordial squeeze that left my fingers tingling. His schooner, "Three Friends," was idly swinging at her moorings. We went aboard, and "Jack," the captain's cat, greeted me with a delighted "purr-rr-rh" of somewhat less volume than a fog-horn and as much melody.

Cap'n Bangs has lived aboard the "Three Friends" now for many years, and the stuffy little cabin, with its tiny stove and narrow bunk, its snug lockers and canvas-topped stool, is the place he calls "home."

I had run down to New Bedford over Sunday, and the visit, brief as it was, recalled pleasant memories of the cruises I have taken in the staunch "Three Friends" in seasons past; of long summer days when the blue waves dimpled in the sunshine, and the white gulls circled overhead; of calm nights when the big round moon cast its glow across the waters and the sails idly flapped against the masts—hardly giving us steering way; and of other nights running before half a gale with sails close hauled and the flying scud of the salt sea in our faces.

To-day, the captain grew reminiscent, and when I had found a seat on a coil of rope with my back to the mainmast, feeling the slight sway of the schooner as she rose to the gentle swell, and sniffing the odor of tarred rope and salt-laden breezes, he regaled me with stirring tales of the days when New Bedford and Nantucket and Edgartown numbered their whaling vessels by the hundreds.

"There was money in whaling before the days of mineral oil and substitutes for whalebone," said he. "One voyage I shipped before the mast and made $700 clear. But it was a hard life, at best. What with the chances of a poor season and scurvy and bad food, and perhaps being ice-bound three or four winters running, it wasn't all roses by any means. The first voyage I made, we were out forty-nine months and ten days, and didn't get more than half a cargo. We had a good ship, though—five hundred tons' register and eight boats. We had good food, too. But the crew was green, and when we left



Trying out at anchor *Blubber logged* *Full ship, bound home*

Ship crushed in the ice *Pursuing bow-head whales* *Lancing a bow-head* *Taking in head with whalebone* *Ship boiling whale*

port only two of the men before the mast could steer. We fished at the ice edge off Cape Navarin in May. That fall we fished around Point Barrows, and put in the winter in Behring Strait.

"There was lots of sharpies around the ship, and we shot white bears on the ice, so we had fresh meat a-plenty. But it was terribly lonesome—month after month without getting a peep at the sun."

"Did you ever have to eat whale's meat?" I asked, having in mind certain of the gruesome tales which I used to delight in reading when a boy.

"Well," replied the captain, "I've eaten blubber a few times. It's not bad tasting after it's been steeped in salt and water for a couple days, and it's good for scurvy. The natives eat it raw."

"Ever have any serious trouble in killing a whale?" I queried, as visions of wrecked boats and drowning men floated before my eyes.

"Yes," said he, "we got two irons in an old scragg once—an eighty barrel bull whale—and down he went to the bottom. It was deep water, and he took out five hundred fathoms of line before he stopped. Pretty soon he rose right under the boat, lifted it about twenty feet out of the water and tumbled us all out. The captain's boat picked us up, and the old man put a lance into him and brought blood and killed him. Another time we got fast to a fifty foot bowhead in the Okhotsh Sea. He got wound up in the line and charged us. One fluke came down across the boat amidships and killed an oarsman. We all jumped and swam for the other boats, leaving him to smash ours into little pieces. It took two hours to kill him, and three hours after spanning him alongside for cutting in and stowing the slip's 'tween decks. His blubber was sixteen inches thick, and we got upwards

of two hundred barrels of oil and a ton of bone from him."

The captain paused and gravely filled his pipe while "Jack" rubbed his back against my sleeve in a friendly manner. Sleek and sedate is "Jack," and as original a character in his way as Cap'n Bangs himself, and very wise in sea-going lore. When the "Three Friends" ties up snugly to the wharf at the end of a voyage, he takes his shore leave like any sailorman, and roams about the docks with a rolling gait, in quest of mice and adventure, and the choice bits of fish tossed to him by his friends of the fishing schooners. Unlike some sailors, he never overstays his leave, but always comes aboard before sailing time.

"What have been the chief causes of the decline of whaling?" I asked.

"Well," said the captain, "the discovery of petroleum had a good deal to do with lowering the price of oil, and of late years whales are scarce. Then, too, there's lots of other things. To go clear back to the first of it, the Revolution, while it lasted, put an end to everything but the Nantucket fishing; then the war of 1812 gave it a setback. During the Civil War the Confederate privateer 'Shenandoah' burned the Arctic whaling fleet. Then in '71, thirty-three vessels of a fleet of forty were crushed in the ice off Cape Belcher; and again in '76, twelve vessels were lost. I can remember when it wasn't an uncommon thing to see fifteen whalers drop anchor in this harbor in one day."

My thirst for information was growing, so I asked "What's the largest kind of whale?"

"The rorqual, and that's a right whale. I helped to kill one that was upwards of seventy feet long. The cachalot, or sperm whale, is smaller and goes in schools. Then there's the humpbacked whale of the North At-

Towing whale to ship *Whale in dying flurry*

Fast boat rolling up sail *Whale running*

Whale sounding

Ship cutting in

Setting on a whale

lantic, and the little beluga or white whale of the arctic seas, about twelve feet long.

"Queer thing about whales," continued the captain, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "is their fluke. It's smooth on the outside, and yet inside the bones are like those in a man's hand. Then, too, though they live in the water, they're a warm-blooded animal and suckle their young."

"I suppose you've lost ships in the ice?" I queried.

"Only once. That was during a voyage in the old 'Nancy M.' There was three ships in company. We got caught in the ice in Melville Bay. The loose floe ice began to close in before a so'west gale. We'd cut docks in the land ice, and that's about the hardest work you can think of. It was blowing hard and snowing so you couldn't see beyond your nose when the squeeze came, crushing in the sides of the 'Nancy M.' like an egg shell, and sending the masts down by the board. When the ice opened up again she went to the bottom like a shot, leaving only a few spars and empty casks afloat. We managed to make our way over the ice to the other ships, though some of the men got badly frozen, and one poor fellow was missing when the captain called the roll next day. Must have fell through a crack in the ice, or lost his way and got buried in the snow. Anyhow, we never found his body."

"What were your hardest experiences?" I asked, as "Jack" curled up beside me for a nap.

"Well, we got fast to a fish one afternoon and killed her in about an hour. Then we set the jacks flying and the old man sent two more boats to help us tow her in. It was about eight miles and a choppy sea, and we got alongside about midnight. I tumbled into my bunk, too tired to eat, and never stirred till the second mate hauled me out of it in the morning.

"One day we struck a fish about dusk, five miles from the ship. It was pitch dark before we killed her. Then

A WHALE IN THE DEATH FLURRY. USING THE LANCE

SPERM WHALE STRIKING A WHALEBOAT WITH HIS "FLUKES"

we tried to tow her in, but the sea was too heavy and we had to cut loose. We laid too with the boat's head to the sea, waiting for daylight. We were all worn out, wet to the skin and hungry, and terribly cold. Early in the morning a couple boats from the ship picked us up. Only two of the crew could use the oars. We were all badly frost-bitten, and the limp I have is from losing three of my toes that night.

"Another time we were out in a heavy sea and struck a whale. He sounded, and when he came up I stood ready to give him the lance. But he came up right by the boat and knocked me overboard very neatly with the tip of his tail as he thrashed about. They picked me up before I'd been in the water long and took me on board the ship. My clothes were frozen stiff and had to be cut off. After I'd lain in my bunk four days, though, I was as spry as ever."

"Is the method of hunting much different, now?" I asked.

"Not very," responded the captain. "Of course they have larger vessels now, and use steam power as well as sails. And there have been a good many improvements in the implements used. But in the main, the process is practically the same. Whether cruising about in the loose ice under canvas or made fast to a floe, a sharp outlook is kept from the crow's-nest,—which is a barrel lashed to the main-top-gallant masthead. When a whale is sighted, the boats are manned and sent away, having to make a big circle sometimes to get behind the animal, and keep out of sight. When they are feeding they generally swim back and forth near the surface, and then it's not an easy job to keep from being seen. But if they're spanning—that is, swimming in one direction and only coming up to blow—then its easier. The harpooner stands in the bow, ready to put in his iron, and waits till the boat gets as near as possible before he makes a cast. When the whale is struck it usually dives straight down, sometimes taking out 600 or 700 fathoms of line. I've known one to go down so

CHASING A SPERM WHALE. HARPOONER READY TO STRIKE

fast that it broke its upper jaw on the bottom in 400 fathoms of water. Before the whale comes up the other boats are ready to give chase and put in more harpoons, then down it goes again, and after a while is tired out, so the boats can get nearer, and the lance can be used. Then it begins to spout blood and lash about in the water, and soon rolls over on its side, dead. After it has been towed in, the flensing begins. The whale is lashed alongside the ship, with the under side above the water, and a tackle called a cant-purchase turns the body while the blubber is taken off in big slips, some of them weighing a ton. These are hoisted on deck and cut in pieces about a foot square and stowed 'tween decks. We used a harpoon with a V-shaped point, and a lance with a point like the blade of a putty-knife. Now they have harpoon guns and bomb lances, and besides running less danger, can kill a whale much quicker and easier."

The captain arose and peered at a tiny black cloud away on the horizon. "Guess we're going to have a so'-wester," said he. I looked at my watch and found it was time to go ashore.

* * * *

Cap'n Bangs is one of the few of his type now left. On pleasant summer days they gather in their favorite nooks about the wharves and gossip of the days long past. They are for the most part simple, God-fearing men, sturdy and staunch, with a fund of quiet humor and quaint expression. These sons of New Bedford and Nantucket and Edgartown—now in the twilight of their days—are typical of an era that is well-nigh past, but which in its heyday was a potent factor in our national life and a source of untold revenue to the New England states. In the museums at Nantucket and Edgartown the visitor finds mementoes that tell in a language of their own of the hardships and privations encountered by the noble band who did so much for the establishment of American shipping.

Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

Synopsis of Chapters I to XXIII Inclusive

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon. He fears that Mildred will not forgive the past, but tells her all and finds her equal to the trial. Mrs. Marshall finds a ring DeLoste had given to her daughter, and with it confronts his wife. Several years pass, and Judge Terrill's son graduates from college and goes west with Kenneth Phillips for the summer. They stop in Detroit and Mrs. Marshall recognizes Thornton Terrill. He meets and falls in love with Margaret Howard. They become engaged and she informs him that she is a foster daughter. Thornton announces his engagement to his parents, and greatly surprises them. After Thornton and Margaret are married Judge Terrill receives a letter from Mrs. Marshall.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The last rays of the afternoon sun threw fantastic shadows through the windows of a small room on the third floor of the Hotel Eunice. From the furnishings of the room one would infer that it was not a high-priced one. The regulation hotel dresser, a stand, a chair or two, were to be seen. There were no pictures upon the walls, no bric-a-brac; in fact, the conspicuous absence of everything homelike indicated that the room was rented by the day.

Upon entering it, one's attention would not be caught so much by the absence of all beauty, nor the uniformity of the furnishings, but by a figure stretched upon the bed. It was the figure of a woman. She tossed restlessly from side to side on the bed, and made no effort to disguise her feelings. From time to time a moan escaped her lips, and she watched the door furtively. She seemed to be watching for some one. Finally the door opened, and a small man, with gray hair, kindly face and who wore glasses, entered.

As he spoke to her, he walked slowly to her side. As he took her temperature, and noted the decided change for the worse which had taken place in her condition since his visit at noon, he asked quietly, "Madame, is your husband living?"

"No, he has been dead for years," she replied, and looked into his face, startled. "May I inquire why you ask?"

"First, let me ask you if you have any relatives in the city, or near enough to summon at once?"

She replied, "I am all alone, but you must tell me the reason that you ask these questions. I must insist upon knowing my true condition, because I have business matters to attend to."

He laid his hand lightly upon hers, as though he would soften the words he must speak. "You are right to ask, for when one is about to start forth upon a long journey, there are often personal affairs that he alone can adjust."

"Doctor!" she gripped his hand hard. "Do you mean what you say? I know that when I was knocked down and the horses trampled on me, I was badly injured, but do you mean to tell me that my life is in danger?"

He hesitated a moment before he replied, trying to estimate the strength of this woman's nerve and will, trying to find words gentle enough to speak. "My dear lady, I had hoped that some one near and dear to you, was close enough to come and spend this last night with you."

"This last night," she repeated, and in her anxiety raised herself in spite of her injuries. "Do you mean that I am to die so soon? Tell me just how long I have to live."

"You will last until morning, I hope."

"Until morning," she gasped. "My God, I am caught like a rat in a trap."

The physician looked at her in surprise. He had been summoned to her assistance immediately after the accident that morning, and had visited her again at noon. She was a stranger to him, and, until he had looked upon the hotel register, he had not even known her name.

As she sank, gasping, back among the pillows, he gave her a stimulant, and then said, quietly, "I am at your service, Mrs. Marshall. If there is anything that I can do for your comfort or convenience, I will do it gladly. When I leave you, with your consent, I shall send a nurse to remain with you."

"There is one man I should like to see before I die," she said. "I want you to send for him. You can reach him at Mr. Fletcher Howard's. Do not disclose my name. Simply send for him to come at once. His name is Terrill."

With these words she turned her face to the wall, as though to dismiss him.

He bowed slightly as he left the room to fulfill her commission. He was secretly much surprised. He was a personal friend of Fletcher Howard, and the evening before, at the wedding of his daughter, he had met Judge Terrill. He had been very favorably impressed by him, and he could but wonder what connection he could have with this peculiarly acting patient. "Probably some law business," he thought, as he went to the office to dispatch a message. Meanwhile, Mrs. Marshall, for there was no mistaking the fact that she was really Mrs. Marshall, turned wearily from side to side in her bed. She was suffering greatly, and could realize herself that she was growing momentarily weaker. She was deeply agitated by the words of the physician, and she rebelled bitterly against her fate. In all her life she had never given any thought to death, and she was by no means ready to face the unknown.

She had sent for Everett Terrill, because she had no means of knowing whether he had received her letter. She was determined to know. If he had not, then his presence at her side would still give her the chance to disclose Margaret's birth. Her vindictiveness was not in the least lessened by her near approach to death. Her eyes glittered fiercely, and with the fever in her cheeks she appeared as one demented.

The years had not dealt gently with Mrs. J. Irving Marshall, as she still persisted in signing her name upon all occasions. She had struggled fiercely against her environment, and traces of her defeat were plainly visible in her faded cheeks. Passion, avarice, cunning, spitefulness, had carved indelible lines in her face which nothing could erase.

Among certain chivalrous men, it is an old belief that women were not created to buffet with the stormy world; that while their sphere may be broad and useful, still they should ever be sheltered and protected.

There live some men who protect all that they honor and cherish in womanhood, as zealously as admirers guard rare china. They believe that the innocent eyes of women are safeguards in the world. They would have them remain innocent, because they are like an oasis in the desert, and their influence reaches farther than seems possible.

Mrs. Marshall's career had been a checkered one. To look into her seamy, wasted face one was forced to doubt whether it could ever have been young and fair. Could those great eyes ever have been tender? Since Beatrice's death they had been bitterly cold. You could scarcely picture the eyes as ever having been otherwise. Each movement that she made brought a spasm of pain to her face; and yet she clutched at the bed-clothes nervously. She sought frantically for comfort and increased her pain by her own exertions, just as she had always brought more misery upon herself by rebelling against her surroundings.

She had never been blessed with faith in anything. She had doubted everyone and everything. She had no faith in love, and yet to-day she felt a sort of dissatisfaction with her life. Even if death had not overtaken her when she was alone in Detroit, she could think of no other place where there would have been possible a more pleasant situation in which to die. Her mother and her father had long since been dead, and for years she held no communication with her relatives.

Even with her peculiar nature it was an unpleasant thought that in all the broad universe there lived not one person who, as far as she knew, would regret her death.

She thought with a start that it would be necessary to give directions for her own funeral. Ugh! she shuddered, as the details of her interment came to her mockingly. She imagined herself being placed in the coffin. She fancied the coffin was too narrow. Horrors! She shrieked aloud. Her door opened and the physician entered hastily. He saw that she was sinking and in his mind doubted if she could last until midnight. He forced a soothing portion between her lips, and she quieted down once more.

"Your friend will be here soon," he said, and as a step was heard in the hall, added, "I presume that is he now."

A knock came to the door. "Come in," he called, and the door opened, and Everett Terrill entered.

His face wore a look of bewilderment. The summons had not stated for what reason his presence was desired. When he had reached the hotel he had been shown to the room without comment. Therefore he was unprepared for the sight that greeted his eyes. He recognized instantly the physician he had met the night before. He looked inquiringly at him, and from him to the bed. The eyes of the woman were closed, and he did not recognize the faded, pinched face.

Observing his look of surprise, Dr. Montgomery said courteously, "Judge Terrill, this friend of yours wishes to talk with you. I will leave you alone, and should you need me you will find me waiting in the little room directly across the hall." With these words he left the room, closing the door behind him.

If his patient had any communication to make that would ease her mind and prepare her to accept death more calmly, he desired her to have undis-

turbed the opportunity. And still he feared if her business was of an exciting nature that the results would be quickly felt. The action of her heart was bad. Therefore he wished to be within easy call.

When the door closed behind him, Judge Terrill was at a loss what to do. Strange, that after what had taken place earlier in the day, he did not think of Mrs. Marshall. It was proof of the terrible havoc time had wrought with her face. He presumed that it was some law business, and so, approaching the bed, he asked, "My friend, is it upon a matter of business that you wish to consult me?"

He was wholly unprepared for the sudden opening of the eyes, and the sitting upright of the emaciated figure. She was but a spectre of her former self, but the moment that the dark, ireful eyes opened and glared at him like an angry tiger brought to bay, he recognized her. He could not resist the impulse that drove him backward a step, nor the cloud that gathered in his face. He was taken wholly by surprise, and he was angry because it seemed that he had been made the victim of a trick.

"So you are surprised are you, Everett Terrill? Well, you need not shudder as though I were something poisonous. Chance has thrown you in my hands again."

Although the voice was weak from the pain she had suffered, still nerve-force restored in a measure its old ringing strength.

"To what circumstance am I indebted for the favor of this meeting?" he asked, with the chill of mock politeness in his voice.

"It is a great pleasure, is it not?" she asked maliciously, "Well, the dying can afford to be generous."

He looked for the first time closely at her, and realized that she must be seriously ill. He did not know what had befallen her, but he knew that her present display of strength was assumed, and that it might fail her at any moment. With his refined ideas of life and death, it seemed a horrible mockery that anything so material as her hatred for him should pursue her to the very end.

His calmness irritated her, and she broke the silence abruptly. "Why do you stare at me so? Have you no idea of why I sent for you?"

"I have not." The thought flashed through his mind that perhaps she regretted her former misdeeds and had sent for him to ask his forgiveness. Hard as it would be to forgive one who had so wronged him, still he reasoned that he could afford to look down from his higher plane of life and forgive, but his illusion was quickly dispelled by her next words.

"You know I hate you, and I expect to die hating you. I sent for you to ask you if you received a letter from me to-day?"

"I did," he answered briefly.

"Thank God for that," she said. "I wanted to be sure you received it. I am too weak to write another, and if you had not received it, I wanted the happiness of telling you what it contained."

A gleam of something akin to triumph shot across her face. She expected him to speak harshly to her and she longed for him to do so, for then she would know that her letter had done its work. She was not prepared for the quiet indifference in his face.

"You understood who it was your son married?" she asked.

"A very lovable and good girl as far as I am able to read human nature," he replied.

"A lovable and good girl!" she almost shrieked. "Good! Good! That is rich. How can she be good with

such a man as Harmon De Loste for her father?"

"Harmon De Loste!" he cried in dismay, and strode nearer to the bed. "Harmon De Loste of New Orleans?" he asked again.

"Yes, the dark faced, oily tongued villain, how I hate him! When I had only one child why could he not have selected another victim? But he, too, will suffer. I sent him a letter also that he might know who it was your son married, and therefore back into his own family has his sin gone home. He covets your esteem and you cannot give it now."

Could it be possible that she was telling the truth, that Harmon De Loste, the beautiful and fascinating cousin of Mildred, was the author of all the trouble? This, indeed, was complicating matters in a manner in which he had never dreamed.

"Woman, do you swear it was Harmon De Loste?"

She felt from his tone that it would pain him for some unknown reason to know that it was Harmon De Loste more than to have her deny it. She would as readily have done one as the other.

"I will swear by anything you wish," she said.

He turned from her with a sickening sense of disappointment.

"Everett Terrill, if you had lived with Beatrice I need not have died thus. She loved you." A feeling of repulsion for her came to him. Yet he tried to speak gently. She was a woman and she was mortally ill. "I could not have lived with your daughter because I did not love her."

"Oh, you did not love her, didn't you?" She threw herself nearer him. "It has been love, love, love, held up to me, thrown at me, ever since I can remember. I detest the word. I—I should like to throw something at your calm face. You did not love her, was that all? Bah, love, love,—" The last word ended with a wailing moan. She sank with a convulsive shudder back upon the pillows.

Judge Terrill hastened to raise her head that she might breathe. The doctor opened the door abruptly and ran to his assistance. It was too late. She was beyond human aid. She whispered, "Love, love," again, and with her eyes fastened upon Judge Terrill, a mist passed over them. With a long shudder, a last rebellious sigh, the form stiffened. The soul gave up its mortal habitation.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was a glorious afternoon in the early spring. Everything from the blue sky above to the green-robed earth beneath foretold the approach of summer. The fresh-faced flowers, the twittering birds, the gladsome sweetness of the springtime filled the air.

The world seemed very fair to two persons who were strolling aimlessly along a side street of the quaint old eastern village. They sauntered along as though the world and time were young as they themselves were young, and that an eternity lay before them. It was enough for them at present simply to live, to be together, with the May sun softly smiling.

His eyes constantly turned towards hers. Her eyes meet his so staunchly for a moment, and then they droop. She looks bewitching to the man in the freshness and the sweetness of her young womanhood.

"I am sure, Mildred, I do not know why we came out for a walk," he said.

"To obtain the benefit of the fresh air, and because you needed a change, you know."

"Yes, I know, and I need one now. Do you suppose that anyone would see me if I just kissed you once?"

"Why, Kenneth Phillips, are you not ashamed? Don't you know that there must be at least twelve precise old ladies who live upon this street?" She tried to look properly scandalized, but the blushing face and the laughing eyes contradicted the severity of her tone.

"In one month we shall be married, and then, miss, I shall kiss you whenever I wish. Now what have you to say?"

"Only that you are the most provoking and dearest old tease alive. There now, hold the parasol way down and hurry."

He quickly kissed the apple blossom face and then the parasol was raised, and the two strolled decorously onward down the street. He looked at her with adoring eyes, and she continuously raised her face to his and smiled in his eyes.

Kenneth Phillips wondered if he ever could have imagined that he had ever loved before. It was not much over a year since Thornton and Margaret's marriage, and his own wedding day was fast approaching. He had taken a melancholy delight at one time in the firm belief that he would never love again. He always argued now that Mildred was so like her brother Thornton that it was impossible not to love her.

Anyone who was ever skeptical of love would have had but to look into those two blissful faces to have had his doubts forever dispelled. They were eminently suited to each other, in every way.

Where better could those who love them part from them than upon the threshold of their marriage, with the years stretching ahead fair and smiling as the sunshine glints and sparkles this May afternoon?

Thornton and Margaret have not been disappointed in their married life. He understands her and draws forth the best within her. As he builds his own character, he leads her tenderly upward. He cherishes and loves her as women should pray to be cherished and loved.

The lives of Judge and Mrs. Terrill have moved smoothly along the past year. The loftiness of their love, their enduring faith in each other, the broad usefulness of their lives preaches a silent sermon to those about them.

The most eloquent sermons in life are those that are lived, not preached. That which lies nearest to the heart of life is love, and where love is found there dwells God.

BANANA PLANTATION ON THE HILLSIDE

BANANA RAISING IN AMERICA

By Francis L. Wills*

THE venerable joke about the banana peel is now a historical tradition. Although a tropical fruit, in these days of rapid transit the omnipresent banana has become as much a part of American life as the native apple. The Italians with their push carts drive a thriving trade, which attests the popularity of the fruit.

During a residence of several years in Porto Rico and Santo Domingo I visited many banana plantations, and the interest displayed in the subject by my friends prompts me to describe the process of cultivation, which differs but little from that followed in the semi-tropical region of the Southern states.

Many companies have gone into the raising of bananas with the idea that bananas, like weeds, will grow on any kind of land, but this is not so, as has often been proved. Bananas will grow on hillsides and in valleys; but the best land for raising them is a gentle, sloping country, well drained, for while they need much water, they will not thrive if it stands on the ground.

There are various ways of preparing the land for the banana bulb, commonly called banana sucker. One method is to thoroughly underbrush the land, then fall the timber, after which the branches of the trees are cut up and piled so as to readily dry in the hot tropical sun. As soon as the leaves

* The author of this article lived seven years on a banana plantation in Santo Domingo.

BANANA PLANT WITH FRUIT FIRST SHOWING

are dry enough to burn, the place is fired; this does not burn off the heavy timber, but burns the light wood sufficiently for the planting to be done.

After the land is prepared in this way it is laid out in rows twelve or sixteen feet apart, and every twelve or sixteen feet in each row a hole from one to one and a-half feet deep is dug, and in this hole is placed a banana sucker, which is then covered with dirt.

Another method is to underbrush the land, then plant the banana sucker before falling the timber. Each of these methods have their advantages, governed by the season of the year and the nature of the land.

In four or five weeks after planting, the bulb or banana sucker sends up a single light-green shoot, soon followed by others, forming a circular bed of roots and shoots known as the banana mat; these shoots grow very rapidly, changing to a dark green as they advance to maturity.

The tendency of the banana mat is to send up many stalks which, if neglected, will yield only foliage; and in order to produce fruit it is necessary to have the mat carefully trimmed out, leaving from four to five of the strongest stalks. This is very essential, and must be done by experienced men, as one green hand can do thousands of dollars' worth of damage in a day.

Weeding is one of the heaviest expenses of a plantation, as the banana plant is easily choked with weeds, and while it will grow amid weeds it will not produce satisfactory fruit unless kept clean.

On plantations where the timber has all been burned or removed before the planting, this weeding can be done by horse-power and machinery, but where the timber has been allowed to remain on the ground the weeding is done by hand with hoes or machettes

The hoe used is our common American hoe; the machette is a knife from twelve to twenty-six inches in length. This machette is indispensable to a native, for he is never without it, since it serves to cut his food, till the soil, and as a weapon of offence and defense. The knife mostly used for weeding has a twelve-inch blade, with a wooden or horn handle. In using this, the native or peon kneels on the ground, taking the weeds and grass in his left hand while he runs the machette just under the dirt so as to cut them off at the root. This work is usually done by Spanish and English-

speaking negroes; and while the Englishmen are willing to use the hoe, the Spaniards are loth to give up their machettes. The amount of weeding necessary depends largely upon the location of the plantation.

In rich land the banana will obtain its full growth in from twelve to fifteen months, yielding a bunch of fruit weighing from twenty-five to one hundred pounds. The average height of a plant is between twenty and twenty-five feet; but they often reach the height of thirty feet, and will continue to produce, without re-planting, from ten to thirty years. Its leaves are often fifteen feet long and from twelve to eighteen inches wide, and of a most vivid green color. These leaves come from the centre of the banana stalk, making their appearance, wrapped around the centre rib, like a flag around a flag-staff. Upon reaching its full length it unrolls and waves in the balmy air like magnificent plumes, frequently stretching across the narrow paths, and so shuts out the sun that you seem to be riding or walking through a green tunnel. When these leaves first unfold they are one long, large leaf, but being very delicate they soon become shredded by the wind.

The peons often cut a leaf and use it for an umbrella during the tropical showers. After sending out a dozen or more of these beautiful leaves, a leaf much like the others, but not over two feet long, then appears, signifying that the plant is about to blossom. This blossom, which in reality is the bunch of bananas, starts from the very root of the plant, making its way straight up through the centre of the stalk, coming out just above the small leaf. When the bunch or blossom first appears it has an oblong shape and is of a deep, rich red color; three or four days later the large, red blossom begins to bend toward the ground, and as it does this the long, red leaves fall off, one after the other, showing that the bunch of fruit is formed of a long stalk encircled with layers of fruit commonly called hands; each hand made up of several individual bananas, commercially known as fingers, and at the end of each finger is a small, bell-shaped yellow blossom. When the bud first comes out the end of the banana points directly up towards the sky, and as the blossom turns towards the ground the bananas, or fingers, keep turning in an opposite di-

BANANA PLANT WITH FRUIT WELL FORMED

rection, so that the bananas grow pointed up, instead of hanging down as seen in the stores in this country. The fruit is never allowed to ripen on the plant, but is cut when about three-quarters or seven-eighths full, according to the season of the year and the number of days required for transportation.

When cutting fruit on a banana plantation, an overseer with one or two cutters and a dozen or more men are sent out into the different districts of the plantation. When they come to a bunch properly matured they cut, with a machette, a little notch in the banana stalk as high as they can reach. This allows the top of the stalk, with the bunch of fruit, to bend, until the carrier can reach the small end with his hand. The sap flowing from this stalk, when cut, will color either paper or cloth with an indelible brown stain, and has often been used for writing. Then the cutter cuts off the stalk about four or five inches from the bananas, the carrier taking the bunch either on his head or shoulder, while the cutter cuts the then old stalk clear from the remainder of the mat, leaving it on the ground to decay.

A banana stalk yields but one bunch of fruit, and would die if it were not cut down when the fruit ripens or matures. One mat will produce from one to three bunches a year, growing continuously, as fast as one stalk is cut another taking its place. A remarkable thing about this plant is, that if you cut into a half-grown stalk near the root, or any part of the stalk, a small blossom or bunch of bananas, fully formed will soon shoot through the cut, but if allowed to grow will never reach any market value.

BULL TRAIN

Many people affirm that the banana and the plantain are the same fruit, but this is incorrect; although they grow like the banana, an experienced person can readily distinguish the difference by the color as well as by the size of the small ribs in the leaf. The plaintain grows in a bunch, but with only two or three hands to the bunch, and each finger or individual plantain is as large again as the banana, and is more of a crescent shape. They are never eaten raw. The natives cook both the plantain and the banana, but prefer plantain.

HANDWRITING AND HANDWRITING EXPERTS

By Joseph Dana Miller

BROADLY speaking, there are two pitfalls spread for the destruction of the forger: the difficulty of reproducing the style of another's handwriting, and the equal or greater difficulty of concealing the unconscious peculiarities of his own. Handwriting is individual in character, having qualities which become habitual to it, and which no other hand may exactly simulate.

Dr. Frazer's method for the detection of forgery is a comparison of measurements from a given number of the genuine signatures—the lengths, breadths, distances, spaces and angles—and from such comparisons arriving at an average of measurement to which the disputed writing should, if genuine, reasonably conform. Composite photography, together with the system of measurements and numerical averages, is Dr. Frazer's favorite method. "In few, if any, of the signatures of a man throughout his life are all the elements which combine to constitute its character present at one time," says the doctor, and for this reason he declares that composite photography yields the most satisfactory results.

There are almost as many theories of handwriting as there are experts. David M. Carvalho, who has been an expert for twenty-five years, in a conversation with the writer, said: "Now, suppose you come into this building, and write your signature down stairs with calmness and indifference. It will be your normal signature. You then run up stairs, two steps at a time, and sign your name with breath nearly gone, and pulse beating faster. What can be clearer than that both the muscular tremor and pulsations of these two signatures will vary? A man rises in the morning suffering from the effects of a protracted debauch of the night before. His signature will be loose, nervous, vapid. After he has taken a cocktail, his signanature will be nearer the normal. Here, then, are where the theories of Hagan and Bertillon fail. They will answer in many cases, but if to all cases they do not apply we are still without a definite code of deductions that justify us in calling our profession a science.

"The fact is, that the whole broad field for the detection of identities in handwriting involves other and broader considerations than are included in such theories as these."

Hereupon Mr. Carvalho threw open a closet door, exhibiting shelves crowded with ink bottles of all sizes and shapes. "This is only one branch of the subject," said the expert. "If in documents dated prior to a certain year I recognize ink and paper not made until long after, I know I shall succeed in proving a forgery."

When an attempt is made to disguise the handwriting through many manuscripts and letters, it will be clear that this can be done, if at all, only with great difficulty. One cannot avoid betraying a number of the peculiarities of his own handwriting before he has gone far. This was pointed out by Charles Chabot, with whom were associated Edward Twistleton and Fred George Nethercliffe—who, thinly dis-

Dear Dollars $ 10,000.

Duplication of Words in Will

orphan asylums sum
orphan asylums sum

executors children
executors children
executors children

SECTION FROM THE FORGED WILL.

1 I. F. A. Feb 24th/94-
2 This is my last will & testament-
3 I revoke all former wills by me made
4 I bequeath to my sister Margaret
5 J. Crothers 200,000 dollars to be shared
6 Equally by her & her husband &
7 Children I bequeath to my brother
8 William Fair 500,000 dollars To be shared
9 Equally by him & his wife & children
10 I bequeath to my brother Edward Fair
11 25,000 dollars to be shared Equally by
12 him & his wife & children.

FAIR'S GENUINE WRITING.

1 Yuma March 10th/94 Saturday
2 I was glad to get your telegram
3 today saying you had wrote and ale
4 was going well - I will get your first
5 letter tomorrow Sunday Night - but the
6 2d Letter I will get when I return.
7 from the Volcanoes in 11 days from
8 Monday Morning -

The above specimens of handwriting exhibits in the famous Fair will case, are reproduced from the "Penman's Art Journal" by permission of Mr. D. T. Ames of San Francisco, an expert witness in the Molineux poisoning case

guised as "Undercliffe," figures in Charles Reade's "Foul Play"—for a plausible identification of Sir Philip Francis as the author of the "Letters of Junius." The accumulated evidence and the wealth of reasoning are appalling in bulk. It must be confessed that handwriting experts sometimes make great demands upon our capacity for believing, and even Twistleton permits himself to say that "It is not the merely having bodily eyes which enables any one to see in two documents either discrepancies or coincidences."

DANIEL T. AMES W. E. HAGAN PERSIFOR FRAZER

But the handwriting experts have not definitely settled the disputed question of the authorship of Junius.

Judge Cockburn, in his analysis of the Tichborn case, referred in terms of approval to the expert in handwriting whose testimony had been of much value to the State; and it may be said that judges differ upon the value of such testimony.

There is little space to speak in detail of the very interesting cases in which the testimony of handwriting experts has figured. One of the most remarkable is that of Miss Edmunds, of Brighton, England, who bought strychnine of the druggist under the name of Wood, in which name she signed the register for the sale of poisons. She then forged a letter from the coroner to the chemist asking for the book, and tore from it the page on which the name Wood appeared. But she had torn out a page containing the name of another Miss Wood; her own signature, therefore remained. The expert proved that the writing in the register, and that in the forged letter from the coroner, were by the same hand.

Henry L. Tolman, one of the best known Western experts in handwriting, has followed the profession for some twenty years, and has testified in nearly 700 cases in the United States and Canada. Among these were the Section 30 land case, at Duluth, involving an extremely valuable portion of the Gogebic land range, owned by the Minnesota Iron Company; the W. A. Hewlett common law marriage case at Duluth, the Davis will case at Butte, Mont.; the Whitecraft will case, at Anaconda, Mont.; the Allport will case at Boulder, Mont.; the Boggs embezzlement case, at Tecumseh, O. T., the Molineaux investigations before the grand jury in New York, and many other cases.

The De Brenie case involved a very interesting scientific question. Among the papers in the case was a receipt for about $12,000 worth of mortgages and other securities dated in 1877. It was charged that this receipt was a forgery, and Mr. Tolman undertook to make an examination of the paper to see whether it would help in ascertaining the truth. He discovered that it was made of sulphite wood pulp, mixed with some mechanical wood pulp. It struck him that this sulphite was not made in 1877, and a very extensive investigation among mill men all over the country developed the fact that pulp made according to this process was not in use at the time the receipt purported to have been made; hence it must have been a forgery. A large amount of testimony was taken on this point, and resulted in the decision that the receipt was a fraud.

Another very interesting case in which Mr. Tolman testified was a murder case tried at Elkhorn, Wis., where a young man only twenty-one years of age was accused of killing his brother, aged nineteen. The boys were on excellent terms; they had never been known to quarrel, and on the night of the murder were together at a lodge meeting. The next morning the younger brother was found dead in the road near their home, lying on his back, his arms folded on his breast, and his hat drawn over his eyes. Pinned to his coat was a note saying that he was glad he had done the act, and his brother Roy could have all the property. A photograph was taken of this note, and subsequently the note, by some mysterious means, was defaced by having something rubbed over it, so that much of it was undecipherable. The prosecution offered the photographic copy, which was ruled out, unless it could be proved to be exact. Mr. Tolman undertook to do this by a minute and precise measurement of different parts of the note, and a comparison with the same measurement on the photograph, showing that all parts were enlarged alike, and hence the note must have been photographed in the proper position before the camera, so as to produce no distortion or unequal enlargement. The judge admitted the paper, and also held that the wording giving the property to the surviving brother was a valid will, and so sufficient to constitute a motive for the crime. Some of the letters corresponded exactly with those of Roy's handwriting, and he was sent to prison for life.

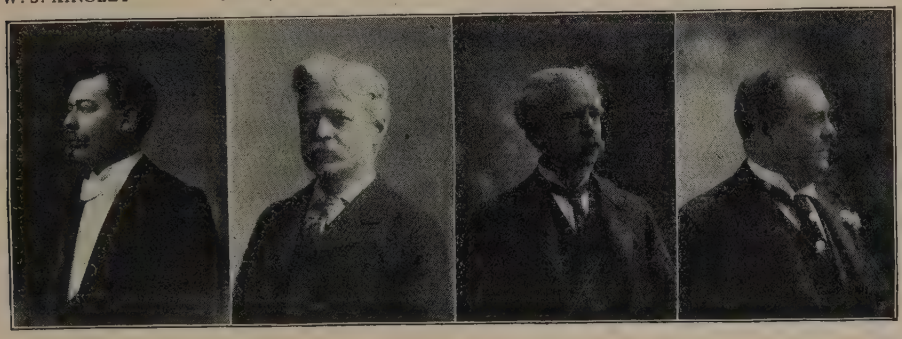
In the W. A. Hewlett case an old man, over seventy years old, died, and left his property valued at a million dollars as an intested estate. Eight months later an application was made by his widow for her share as his heir, and in her testimony she admitted that she was married by common law, and produced a document written by herself, with the exception of the last two lines, which purported to be an attestation clause in Mr. W. A. Hewlett's handwriting. She explained that she and her husband being elderly people were afraid of the ridicule which they would encounter if their marriage were known, and not being believers in the church, decided to be married by simple contract. She had lost this document at the time of his death, and was unable to produce it for several months. Of course this story was scoffed at, and she was charged with having manufactured the documents. The case was hotly contested, but the widow won, and on appeal decision was affirmed.

At the head of handwriting experts in the United States stands Daniel T. Ames, whose forty years' experience has included expert testimony in more than a thousand cases.

In Mr. Ames' office on Broadway are the skeletons of stories stranger than any fashioned by Poe, Gaborieau, or Conan Doyle. The case of Raymond vs. Dodge may be briefly told. Mr. J. R. Dodge was president of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal R. R., and had in his employ a confidential clerk named Raymond. Mr. Dodge died in 1882. A few days before his death Raymond presented a check of Mr. Dodge's at the bank for $2,500, which was paid, and a short time after presented a note for $5,000 to the widow for payment. Mrs. Dodge pronounced the signatures to both check and note by holding the note, which was on thin transparent paper, over the genuine signature and tracing the letters. So complete and convincing was his analysis that the prosecution announced its inability to overthrow the testimony; Raymond's arrest on a charge of forgery followed, and soon after he jumped his bail to avoid trial and conviction.

The Miser Paine will contest is one of the most extraordinary in criminal annals. James H. Paine was a brother of Robert Treat Paine. He came to New York in 1886, and made a great deal of money; but he lived penur-

W. J. KINSLEY HENRY L. TOLMAN R. DeWITT MANN EDWIN B. HAY



forgeries, and denounced Raymond as a forger. Raymond entered suit for slander, and the case was tried in the Supreme Judicial Court of New Hampshire, at Plymouth. Local sympathy was all with Raymond. His connections and character were of the best. It was believed in some quarters that the widow desired to defraud her late husband's confidential clerk of the bequests. The case seemed to be going in Raymond's favor. But Mr. Ames tore the pretensions of the prosecution to atoms. He made enlarged photographs of Mr. Dodge's signatures, and pointed out the differences between these and the signatures on note and check, and showed that the signature to the note had been made

iously. The only thing he would spend money on was music, of which he was passionately fond. He became a familiar figure in the Metropolitan Opera House, begging the price of admission from some well-dressed patron, failing in which, however, he would pay for his ticket out of his own pocket. When he was run over and killed by a Broadway cab, there appeared a man with a power of attorney, authorizing him to take charge of Paine's interest in the estate of his brother, Robert Treat Paine. By this paper the holder was also empowered to dispose of all the miser's property. Then came Chickering, the piano man, with a statement that some years before Paine had

given him a package tied up in a bandanna handkerchief. This was found to contain $300,000 in bank notes. The holder of the power of attorney immediately laid claim to these, but some distant relatives of Miser Paine attacked the genuineness of the paper, and engaged Mr. Ames as expert. He pronounced the paragraph empowering the holder of the power of attorney to dispose of the property, a forgery, and succeeded in demonstrating this conclusion to the satisfaction of the jury which tried the case.

Mr. William J. Kinsley, a famous expert, is the associate of Daniel T. Ames. On one occasion, in order to test the value of Mr. Kinsley's knowledge, seven signatures written on separate slips of paper, two being genuine and five imitations, were handed to him while on the witness stand by the counsel for the opposing side, Mr. Moss, of Howe and Hummel. Mr. Kinsley asked for an hour in which to make an examination. At the expiration of fifteen minutes he announced his decision, which was correct, and the accused thereupon pleaded guilty. Through Mr. Kinsley's skill, one of the boldest and cleverest gangs of check operators—the McLaughlin band—was broken up. A recent interesting experiment of Mr. Kinsley's was undertaken to set at rest the disputed question as to whether the handwriting of a person hypnotized differs from that of the same person in a normal state. It was found that such handwriting retains all the normal characteristics, and Mr. Kinsley holds that this is proof that handwriting is an unconscious product, without any reflex action.

Many amusing incidents have arisen in connection with the cross-examination of handwriting experts. One of the best known men in the profession is Edwin B. Hay, of Washington, D. C. He is a member of the bar and a practising attorney. For thirty years he has made the study of disputed penmanship a part of his life work, and he has testified in hundreds of famous cases. Being a resident of the national capital, he is frequently called upon to testify in such matters as pension frauds, money order forgeries, and before Congressional committees.

One of the first cases in which Mr. Hay was called upon to testify was the breach of promise case of Oliver vs. Cameron, which attracted much attention on account of the distinguished Senator from Pennsylvania and the array of eminent counsel, among whom was Benjamin F. Butler. One of the amusing incidents of the trial was the examination of Mr. Hay. A letter had been placed in evidence concluding with the words, "Will you be my wife?"—and was known throughout the trial as the "Will-you-be-my-wife letter." Mr. Hay was testifying as to the various kinds of writing that might enter into correspondence: a hasty, careless style, a studied, careful style, an affectionate style, as in love letters, a slow, deliberate style, and that peculiar to business correspondence.

"Now, said the cross-examiner to Mr. Hay, showing the letter purporting to be from Cameron, but written by Mrs. Oliver, "What do you call that?"

"Business style," answered the witness, calmly.

"What?" thundered the counsel, "do you call that a business letter?"

"Most assuredly," responded the unruffled witness. " 'Will you be my wife'—that's business." The laugh that followed was at the expense of the cross-examiner, and it was some minutes before order in the court room could be restored.

The fact that no man ever writes his signature twice alike is a truth that sometimes guides an expert in the determination of a forged document. In 1891 Frank H. Wood was placed on trial before Judge Martine in the Court of General Sessions, charged with having forged the signature of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Raymond to a number of certificates of Western Union stock. Mr. Carvalho was the expert witness called to determine the forgery. It was the extraordinary similarity of the real signatures to those in dispute that was urged by the witness as presumptive proof that the endorsements were forged. An interesting chemical demonstration was then introduced. Mr. Carvalho applied to the signatures a compound of hyper-chloride of lime and carbonate of soda, which forms a chlorianite of soda, first applying a one per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. The chlorianite of soda caused the writing to disappear, leaving the pencil tracing below clearly visible. Lead pencil writing yields less readily to obliteration by chemicals.

It is not alone on questions of handwriting that handwriting experts are called upon to testify. Thumb impressions, around which Mark Twain in "Puddin'head Wilson," built his ingenious story, have sometimes formed the basis of very convincing testimony. Conan Doyle said that Carvalho's deductions in the case of the robbery of $25,000 from a package of the American Express Company en route from New York to New Orleans, for nicety of reasoning and extraordinary coincidence, eclipsed anything any one ever dared put into fiction; and with a mention of this case our article must conclude.

In March, 1894, Asa Guy Gurney was tried on the charge of stealing a large sum of money from the express company. It was proven that Gurney had opened the safe where the package had been placed, taken it out and deposited it in another safe. It was found that a large sum was missing. The evidence was purely circumstantial. The envelope containing the money bore upon it, however, a thumb impression. Mr. Carvalho testified that the impression on the envelope and several impressions of Gurney's thumb corresponded exactly. Mr. Carvalho contended that there were no two thumbs in the world alike. But such evidence was too subtle for the rural jury which tried the case, and the prisoner was acquitted. It is to be recorded as a tribute to the accuracy of Mr. Carvalho's testimony that Gurney soon after confessed.

OH, WHY DESPAIR

What is despair? A dry, low-trailing wind
That blows the heart's flame out and leaves it blind;
That sweeps the tortured mind of all its light,
And wheels the beggared soul into the night.
A wind that locks the ear to pleasant sound;
That makes the eye cleave ever to the ground,
Unconscious of a better, higher reach;
That robs the tongue of all its gentle speech—
The prayers it knew, the good it used to tell;
A hot, soul-shriv'ling wind—the wind of hell.

James Courtney Challiss

PIERRE GODEY'S STORY

By Charles W. Hall

I PACED the shores of the great Northern Gulf
In autumn, when beneath the harvest sun,
The fruitful grainfields bowed their golden stalks
To the sharp sickle; or, with sheaves lay strewn
Like some great battlefield, where, after fray,
A nation's dead lie graveless. In the woods,
The leaves were dying, but, in dying, shone
Like saints transfigured. From the balmy south
A languid breeze scarce stirred the turquoise lakes,
Teeming with myriad birds which filled the air
With distant clamor and the whirr of wings,
As, in huge flocks, they wheeled and swam before
The Micmac hunters' stealthy, swift canoe.
A lodge, mid the dark pines crowning the cliff,
Sent from its fire a pillar of blue smoke,
Ascending heavenward through the dreamy air,—
So pure and blue and cloudless. E'en the sea
Scarce rippled, as its silent surges broke
On sandstone ledge and level of bare sand.
I, luckless sportsman, sought to kill in vain:
The withered leaves no longer shelter gave
From the quick glances of the tribes of air;
But 'neath the maples, in the woods above,
I met an aged man, whose grandsires came
From fair Acadia in days long past,
Who laid aside his *musquet*, quaint and old,—
A relic of the fall of Beau Sejour,
And the last siege of fated Louisbourg,—
And, resting, told the legend, strange and rare,
Of those Acadiens who sailed away
As into exile, leaving far behind,
Grand-Pre in ashes, and their flocks and herds
Starving and masterless. How they arose,
Slaying their guard, then northward held their way,
And parted, some to seek their native France,
The rest to battle with the wilds again.

"An hundred years and twelve have passed away
Since 'neath the chapel-roof of Grand-Pre, met
The yoemanry of Minas, fearing much,
But knowing naught deserving of the blow
That fell upon them, giving their broad fields
Back to the wilderness—themselves and theirs'
To dreary exile in a distant land:
Where e'en their speech was strange; their ancient faith.
Their antique costume, and their simple ways
Unknown and hated. As stern Winslow read—
A thousand maddening thoughts tortured each brain,
And racked each heart, as at the close he spake
As one who bears the summons of the Lord,
Yet feels for him whose doom it is to die.
Each unarmed hunter writhed with grief and rage,
At thought of trusty weapon left concealed,
And here and there a glaive, or pistol, flashed
In the soft ray, that gilded with warm light
The picture rude, which o'er the altar hung:
Where from the cross, calm eyes seemed bent in woe,
On those fierce faces terrible with rage,
Convulsed with grief and agony—below.
But madness it had been to face the steel
Of those New Englanders, so coldly stern
Yet pitiful, when ceased the frantic cry
For vengeance, and their captives kneeling wept,
And prayed before the Saviour crucified.

"The guard was set, the search for arms was o'er,
The captives wept and prayed and slept by turns,
And near the altar, on the chancel floor,
Reclined four, whispering among themselves:
My grandsire Godey; Clementine Benoit,
A hardy *coureur* of Chignecto's woods,
Felix Durel, a fisher of the gulf,
And one who called himself Renaud Drucour—
Whose life was a dark riddle to all eyes.

"His beardless cheek wore not the flush of youth;
Masses of rich, dark curls hung o'er a brow
Deep-lined by thought, or grief, or care, or crime—
Which, no one knew; beneath it flashed his eyes;
Keen as a basilisk's; yet quick to change
Whene'er his cold, calm voice heightened its tone
Which seldom happened, save when anger stirred
Or when he heard some mention of the past,
And victories won beneath the Fleur-de-lis.
Few knew him, no one shared his lonely walks,
And, save the friendship of the parish priest,
There was no bond to hold e'en the respect
Of his companions, till that fatal eve,
When he alone of all that crowd of men
Scorned to despair. Keenly he eyed the guard:
Then to my grandsire, as the oldest spoke,
Asking if he could choose three men, whose souls,
Intent on freedom, would not shrink from death;
He answered, 'Here are Clementine Benoit,
Felix Durel, the fisher of the gulf,
And there lies Victor Chaisson, in whose veins
Half the rich blood is seething with the fire
And daring of the Abenaquis braves,
Who sing and laugh e'en at the very stake.'

"'Tis well,' said the pale stripling, 'bring them here.'
And there upon the cross, they breathed a vow
To follow him and trust him to the death,
Nor breathe a syllable of his design
To any. Then Drucourt, in whispers, told
Of weapons hidden 'neath the chancel floor,
Brought there by night, in secret crypts concealed
From the sharp search of the Provincial troops,
Until the day should come when once again
The men of Minas, 'neath the Fleur-de-lis,
Should from their cruel thraldom free themselves—
Sweeping the heretic from out the land.
Now that fond hope was gone and naught could save
Their friends from exile; but there still remained
A hope of freedom for themselves and theirs,
And vengeance on the author of their woe.
He touched a spring in the smooth floor, and slid
A tiny panel slowly back; beneath,
Glittered a row of barrels, long and bright,
And the sharp blades of bayonet and axe.
Victor, with flashing eyes, hissed through set teeth,
'Could we but get at them and arm our friends,'
'They are not loaded, these must serve our turn.'
And from a nook, the nearest to his hand,
He drew a pair of pistols, richly chased,
And a keen dagger; these he deftly placed
Within his vest, then to the others gave
A keen-edged hatchet with a slender helve,
Like the light war-axe of a Micmac brave,
Then closed the panel on the arms, that lie
E'en to this day, beneath the grain that nods
Over the ashes of those hallowed walls.

"They kept his secret through the dreary days,
And nights, made desolate with a people's woe
That slowly followed. Then the comrades five
Tarried until the last of those who marched
Down to the sea, 'mid files of armed men,

Gazing their last on the loved scenes of home,
And, it so happened that these five were placed
With their own loved ones, on a bark so old
And ill-equipped, and leaky, that she lagged
Behind the others, and the light-armed sloops
Which convoyed them. While Drucourt waited well
A fitting time to rise against the guard—
A dozen men, whose sergeant, stern and old,
Never relaxed his vigilance, but kept
His men on guard, though fearing little harm
From half a score of broken-hearted men.
But Drucourt, with his pale and careworn face,
Sought converse with him daily, speaking much
Of his long wanderings amid the tribes
Of the Souriquois, or the hours beguiled
With Indian legends, mystical and strange,
With wonders of a half-forgotten past,
Still, by the embers' red, uncertain glare,
Told in the wigwams of a wasting race;
And, often as he spoke of fight, Drucourt
Would send the war-whoop pealing o'er the sea,
Bringing some startled sentry to his feet
And a grim smile to the old sergeant's face.

"The crisis came. When the third morning dawned
Around them, the blue heavens met the sea
In one unbroken circle, and Drucourt
Said, in the narrow passage to the deck:
'When peals the war-cry through the air to-day,
It calls us, or our captors to the grave,—
Be ready!' and his eyes grew strangely bright,
Like the lithe panther's when about to spring.
But on the deck he seemed another man,
Yawning like one drowsy with too much sleep,
While Godey, Chaisson, Benoit and Durel
Flung themselves down to leeward in the sun,
Wrapping their cloaks around them. But, beneath,
Each nervous right hand grasped the ready axe;
Each anxious heart grew hot and chill by turns,
Waiting that summons to a doubtful strife.

"Four sentries slowly paced the the crowded decks:
One by the windlass; two beside the hatch;
The fourth guarded the guns of the relief.
Near sat the sergeant, buried in the calm
And dreamy pleasures of his morning pipe;
Victor strode forward, looking o'er the sea,
As if his thoughts were of his future lot;
Durel and Benoit loitered in the waist;
My grandsire Godey sauntered farther aft,
And Drucourt, idly stretching, yawning wide,
Bade 'a good morning' to the veteran scout,
Who answered him as kindly, but bewailed
The tardy progress of their ancient craft,
And asked Renaud to while the hours away
With some wild Indian legend of the past.

"He, nothing loath, began a stormy tale
Of a great wizard—rising from the tomb
Of his dead mother murdered ere his birth,
By his own grandsire. How he grew and learned
All knowledge under heaven; healed the sick,
And slew the giants, eaters of men's flesh,
And his own grandsire, chieftain of them all.
His eyes grew brighter, his slight form erect,
As he continued: 'How, equipped for war,
He sought his grandsire's hold, a cavern drear,
Strewn with the spoils and bones of many men,
How fearlessly he entered, told his name,
And found at last the vengeance that he sought—
Pealing the war-whoop with triumphant lips—'

* * * * * * * *

"As that fierce yell burst on the tranquil air,
It found an echo in the dying moans
Of three men of the four; while Drucourt struck
Full at the sergeant's breast; but he had marked
Unwonted fervor in that idle tale,
And felt some coming danger: so the blow
Was parried; but my grandsire with his axe
Had felled the sentinel—a second blow
Fell on the sergeant's head. The guns were won;
The soldiers in the cabin all unarmed;
The crew o'erawed and trembling. Then Drucourt
Armed the Acadiens, and bound the rest—
Sent Felix to the helm—then reeled and fell,
Mortally wounded by the only blow
Of the dead sergeant's sword, still firmly grasped
By the cold hand, which ne'er would wield it more.

"My grandsire gently raised him in his arms,
But strove to staunch the flowing blood in vain.
Tears fell, and cries of sorrow rent the air,
As near him the Acadien women knelt—
Proffering rude aid, or asking grace of heaven.
But he seemed all at peace, and calmly spoke;
'Bury me with the English; our long feud
Shall slumber with us 'neath the wave or sod.
Much blood my hand hath shed—I fear in vain;
Daily the power of France dwindles away;
And our stern foes conquer and hold the land,
Covering with fort and blockhouse, growing towns,
And the tall spires of an apostate faith.
Yet well I wish your freedom had been bought
With my own life alone, for those who sleep,
Slain yonder at their posts, were kind, as seemed
Consistent with stern duty; and their babes
Will weep for them in their New England homes,
No home is desolate because I die:
That which I had perished in blood and flame—
My vengeance is appeased; henceforth I rest,
After short sojourn here—so full of pain,
That death is welcome.' As he slowly spoke,
His glorious eyes grew dim; his pulses weak;
His breathing difficult, until it ceased—
And he lay dead upon the crimson deck:
His blood the price of freedom; while hot tears,
A grateful tribute to his memory, fell.
A week ago a stranger to them all—
A martyr and a saviour ever more.
They laid the dead beneath an ancient tree—
The victor and his victims; and they raised
A wooden cross, long since blent with the dust:
Then, parting, sought another forest home
In Canada, Acadie, or St. Jean.
While others crossed the ocean, where the sun
Ripens the purple grapes of fertile France.
My grandsire settled here, and he and his,
In the long evenings of the winter months,
Often have told, and still we tell the tale,
Of the recapture of the English bark,
The death of Drucourt, and his unknown grave,
Beneath the birches of a sea-worn cliff."

We parted as the sun sank slowly down,
Filling the west with glory, such as words
May not describe: its beams gilding alike
The massive cross upon the chapel dome,
And the square belfry of the rural church;
While on the gulf, a century ago
Oft reddened with the conflicts of our sires,
An hundred white-winged boats crept towards the land
And, mellowed by the distance, rose the hum
Of many voices raised in laugh and song—
Acadien French, and English intermixed.
And the old tale of vengeance and of wrong,
Loomed, through the misty veil of bygone years,
Like some vague memory of a troubled dream,
As 'neath the rising moon, I hastened home.

"MRS. WILLIAM"

By Helen Ray Kent

ELEANOR KAY was an odd girl; at least, so the majority of her friends dubbed her. She cared more for economics, politics, business and books than for dancing, dressing, and the usual feminine occupations, although enjoying these in a lesser degree. Adding to such unusual characteristics an ardent and impulsive temperament, her zeal and enthusiasm were often inspiring when not a bore.

That she should heartily espouse the cause of our government in its war with Spain was to have been expected; and the energy with which she sewed comfort bags and made contributions was unparalleled.

"It was bad enough to have you go into business," wrote one friend, whose invitation for a visit had been declined because of the young woman's multiple martial preparations.

"But to have you stay in town all summer just to write book reviews and help fit out troops is simply ridiculous. Anyone would think you belonged to the government. I'm only thankful you realize that you're not strong enough to go as a nurse, for you'd certainly be a hindrance instead of a help if you tried that. How can you care so much? It's the greatest pity in the world you were not a man, dear."

Eleanor shrugged her shoulders as she read the note. Then she sighed a little. Did anyone realize the limitations, the drawbacks of petticoats as she did? Assuredly not.

"Still, I can help," she thought, resignedly. "I do so wish I knew someone who was going—personally, I mean."

As if in answer to her unspoken desire, a glance at the next morning's paper brought her the wished for friend. Scanning eagerly the army news, Miss Kay discovered among the appointments to the —th regiment, soon to sail for the Philippines, that of one William Beverly as captain of Company E. The news caused her to execute a pirouette of delight around the breakfast table, and, in answer to astonished questionings, she exclaimed with all the ardor of a long pent-up enthusiasm:

"Somebody I know—actually know, is going with the —th regiment to the Philippines. Captain Beverly—Will Beverly. I used to know him very well when I was at St. Agnes. Dear me, how I hope the regiment will parade here in New York, so that I can see him before he goes. How splendid it is to be a man, and be able to do what one wants to and to see so much of life! I do hope he won't be killed or get sick, or anything. I must make him a comfort bag right away." And the young lady's breath gave out, as she left the room to set about her project at once.

"I'm not half way in anything, thank goodness," she announced later in the day, after a lengthy shopping tour.

"When you really know anybody you can put so much more into anything for him, don't you know? This will be a comfort bag as is a comfort bag, or my name isn't Eleanor Kay."

And it certainly was a triumph of art, needlework and convenience. From the tiny flag sewn on the back,

the initials and rows and rows of feather-stitching. "Wholly unnecessary," said Aunt Caroline, but Eleanor only tossed her head and took her own way. From the tiny pocket mirror and threaded needles, to the surgical plaster and four-leaf clover, tucked in for good luck, it lacked nothing.

Once dispatched, Eleanor gave herself over to the routine of her magazine work, and awaited its acknowledgment. When the envelope was put into her hands, with the words, "Officers Club, —th Regiment Barracks, Meadowburg, Pa.," in one corner, she gazed at them with undisguised admiration.

"Just the thing for my new monogram picture frame," was her inward ejaculation, as she broke the seal. But admiration gave way to astonishment as she perused the following:

"My dear Eleanor:

The very pretty and exceedingly useful comfort bag was duly received, and until the arrival of your letter I was consumed with a burning curiosity as to the donor. When last you wrote me your penmanship was angular and English in the extreme, and now it is the regulation library hand, plus a little of your own originality.

It was awfully sweet of you to make the bag for me, and I shall keep it always. While it may not contain all the comforts of home, as the saying goes, it does very nearly, and I have already sewed on two of the buttons myself where they were most needed, rather than disturb my wife.

We are awfully busy getting ready to go out and back up Dewey, and I have learned to work twenty-six hours every day and sleep at any time. The regiment will, in all probability, go through New York, and we may parade there about July 6th, so we can then talk war to our heart's content.

Yours very truly,
William Beverly."

Twice, three times did Miss Kay peruse this letter before grasping the contents, and then seating herself at her writing desk she dashed off the following answer:

"My dear Will:

Your note is just received, and I am so glad that the little comfort bag pleases you. I only hope that it will really be useful. The news that there is a Mrs. Beverly actually took my breath away. Is she anyone I know? I don't understand why I failed to hear of it, or be notified in some way. Still, I am so completely away from my early life and surroundings that it is not strange, perhaps.

Tom Corwine was in New York six months ago, and did not mention it, so I fancy it must be very recent?

Please give my best wishes to Mrs. Beverly, and tell her I congratulate her on having such a patriotic husband. She must be very proud of you. I hope to see you both as much as possible when you are in New York, and should be very glad to have you use our apartment if you care to do so. It is very central. Mamma is away for the summer, and I am staying with my Aunt Caroline, who never goes out of town if she can help it.

If you would like the apartment ask Mrs. Beverly to waive ceremony and write me, that I may have it put in order for you.

Very sincerely your friend,
Eleanor Kay."

This epistle sealed and stamped, the young lady fell into a reverie of surprise. Whether she regretted the existence of the unknown Mrs. William is not pertinent to this narrative.

"I can't understand it," she told Aunt Caroline at dinner that evening. "When he's been such a good friend of mine always. Why, I've known him ever since I can remember; and that he shouldn't send me a card even. It must have been awfully sudden. I only hope it isn't Mina Stearns. She doesn't care for a single thing he does, and after the first stages are over, they'd both be wretched. It is such a surprise."

* * * * * *

Captain Beverly of the —th regiment was lying flat on his back, smoking a cigarette, in one of those blissfully rare minutes of leisure, when Eleanor Kay's note reached him. As he read, his shouts of laughter brought two lieutenants and a major to his side in perplexed anxiety.

"O, Lord—Lord," groaned the young officer when he could get his breath long enough to speak.

"Here's the best one on me you ever heard of. All comes from my confounded love of joking. You know I am rather a devil at fooling."

"Whole Inferno," interjected one of the lieutenants.

"So, when I acknowledged that comfort bag that Nell Kay sent me the other day, I said in the letter that I'd used it already in sewing buttons on, rather than disturb my wife. I only put it in for a joke, you know, but she's swallowed the whole thing and she wants to meet Mrs. Beverly when we are in New York, and she thinks the lady must be proud of me, I'm so patriotic, and all that. I never dreamed she'd take it seriously. It's the best joke on me yet."

"Serves you right," commented the major tersely, as he turned away. The three younger men looked at one another knowingly. Major Decker was a fine officer, but lacked the slightest sense of humor. Such a man is often appreciated, but rarely loved.

"What shall I do?" asked Beverly, as he lighted a fresh cigarette, and began to langh again.

"I can't get married before we go to please the lady, for there isn't time. Hang it all, I do wish women weren't so dead in earnest about everything. I don't relish writing her that there isn't any Mrs. Beverly, and that I am a liar."

"What makes you, then?" suggested Lieutenant Corkle, who, barring Beverly, was counted the biggest scapegoat in the barracks.

"I'd keep the thing up and have some fun out of it now. Then wire her from San Francisco that it was all a joke. Can't you invent a little more, old man? It'll be wonderfully good for your imagination; and, you know, we Americans are lacking in imagination. You can have no end of fun out of it."

"By George, I will, Corkle," responded his friend, as he passed Miss Kay's letter of congratulation over for the latter's inspection.

"Life's too short for explanations—especially army life. I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," and the group scattered.

The evening after the —th regiment paraded in New York Captain Beverly presented himself at Miss Kay's residence, and found that young lady exceedingly glad to see him, and in a glow of patriotic enthusiasm over the afternoon's pageant.

"Aunt Caroline's awfully sorry not to see you," she began, when they were seated.

"But she's suffering from a frightful headache. And where is Mrs. Beverly? You never answered one of my questions except to say that she wasn't coming, you bad fellow. Now tell me all about it."

And she leaned back against the sofa-cushions, making a very attractive picture in her trig blue gown; the expressive face alight with interest.

Beverly gazed at those honest blue eyes, made doubly attractive by just a twinkle of mischief or roguery, and felt a pang of conscience.

"What a scamp I am," he thought, as he answered, nonchalantly, "Oh, she's in Canada, with her—her grandmother, just before sailing, you know. She'll join a party of officers' wives, and come out next month. I

think we'll take a house in Manila with Major and Mrs. Decker; and she and Mrs. Decker can be company for each other when we are in the field."

Beverly coughed a bit as he imagined himself domiciled with Major Decker and his vinegar-like spouse.

"Might as well make a good story of it, while I'm about it," he thought, cynically.

"Oh, how nice for you that she's going, too," replied Miss Kay.

"But you haven't told me her name yet, or where you met her, and all about it. Harry Landis was here yesterday and was dumbfounded when I told him. He wanted your address, so he could send you something, and felt very indignant that you didn't send him a card. I told him I didn't get any, either." And the young lady paused, seemingly for an explanation.

"If she looks at me that way much longer I shan't be true to Mrs. William," thought Beverly, as he answered:

"No, we didn't have any cards. Fact is, there wasn't any time to get them. I met her up at the Thousand Islands two months ago, and it was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Her name is Rosamund—Rosamund Vivian Cargill."

Beverly was conscious of a distinct thrill of pride as he evolved this high-sounding name.

"Well, I'm awfully glad for you both," commented Miss Kay, shifting her position slightly. "And especially for her, that she can go out to the Philippines with you. It would be so hard on a bride to be left behind. Do tell me what she looks like; what color her eyes and hair are; and all about her. And I want to know what you think of the war? Dear me! it's been so long since we met, and there is so much to say I don't know where to begin."

"Well, I've begun all right, but the Lord knows where I'll end," was Beverly's inward exclamation, as he plunged into an old-time talk. "I believe I'm the biggest rascal in New York city; and I know I'm the biggest liar, by all odds," he thought, as he was dropping off to sleep several hours later. "Bless her dear little heart! what an interesting girl she is. I'll wire her from San Francisco or write to her. Wish now I'd told her the truth, and read her note aloud to teaze her. Why didn't I think of that, I wonder? O Willie, what a boy you are!"

Captain Beverly's intention to explain matters from San Francisco was not carried out, however; for in the press of duties and hurried departure there was no time for letter writing. On the voyage to Manila his overworked, over-taxed system gave way to a bad attack of seasickness; and upon his arrival the bustle and activities were so great that the confession was from day to day postponed.

Men rarely make good correspondents, but in the modern woman the letter writing habit is firmly fixed. That Eleanor Kay's correspondents were all duly informed of her old friend's romantic marriage was a foregone conclusion.

"You must be sure to send them something for a wedding gift, poor things," she would add, almost invariably. "Just think of being way off in that heathenish country, 'with 800,000 savage naygurs,' as Mr. Dooley says. Do get something useful in the housekeeping line, for I've read somewhere that the majority of people out there use spoons made out of wood for everything. Imagine it! I've sent a dozen teaspoons—to him—for in these unsettled times I fancy packages would reach an officer in our army more surely than just sent to Mrs. Beverly."

The results of all this industrious letter-writing were manifested one fine evening when the officers of the —th regiment were just getting ready for mess. All day long they had been bushwhacking through the Laguna de Bay district, near Manila, and were settling down to their evening meal with fine appetites, and the firm belief that the insurgent Tagals would soon be brought to submission.

"There comes the mail, by George!" called Lieutenant Corkle to his brother officers, as an orderly approached on horseback, a bulky mailbag swinging from his saddle. "Somebody must have a corking lot of letters if that's all for us," he added, as the man galloped away after depositing his burden at the lieutenant's feet. "Packages, bundles—Good gracious! it isn't for the commissary department, is it?" he added, untying strings rapidly, as the others crowded round, eager for news from home. "Here she comes: Captain William Beverly, Captain William Beverly, Captain Beverly, Beverly, Beverly, Major G. N. Decker, Beverly, Beverly—now look here, old man, we can't have you stuffing the mail-bag like this."

"I'm sure I don't know what it means," answered the accused captain, cutting the strings of the first bundle handed him, while the rest stood about in idle curiosity, waiting for the letters which were in the bottom of the bag. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated a moment later, as a handsome kid box came to light containing a dainty sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher, "with warmest congratulations from Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Turner."

"What on earth does it mean?" and he snatched up a second parcel addressed in Eleanor Kay's handwriting. "Good Lord! I do believe they're wedding presents. Don't you remember, Corkle, I told you the joke I played on Nell about my wife? And you advised me to keep the thing going, confound you! Well, I gave her a regular song and dance about it, and meant to write and explain matters from San Francisco, or after we got out here, but I didn't get round to it; and that's what this means. Hang it all! she's spread it broadcast. I told her Mrs. William was coming out here to live, and a lot more stuff; and now look at the fix I'm in."

The shouts of laughter which had punctuated every sentence now drowned his voice completely, as half-a-dozen officers began to sing, "Haste to the wedding." Beverly's face grew very red, as he extracted half-a-dozen handsome silver teaspoons from Miss Kay's package; and then resigning himself to the inevitable chaffing, he joined in making light of it.

"Here's richness," exclaimed Captain Wilberforce, a little later, as the officers sat down to eat. "Who says we're in an uncivilized country? Isn't our table set forth with as handsome plate as any festal board at home? What nectar coffee is taken via a silver spoon from a tin cup! Captain Beverly, allow me the pleasure of serving you to the sugar from your gold-lined sugar-bowl. Please pass the forks, somebody? I've used one with two prongs for so long that I'd like to try the old style again. Too bad our Dresden china and damask table linen didn't get here; but they'll come by the next steamer. I say, here's a toast to Mrs. William. She must be a jolly good fellow." And the mess applauded vigorously.

"Speech, Beverly, speech!" cried Lieutenant Corkle, waving a big silver berry-spoon in the air. "Tell us something about the lady. By George! I don't envy you the letters you'll have to write, old man,"

"Well, they'll be short and sweet,"

said the much-badgered, much-amused Beverly. "It seems to me I've got to stay out here the rest of my life, thanks to my confounded love of fooling and your devilish suggestions. I'll never dare to go home."

Fresh bursts of laughter greeted this statement; and the feast became a veritable meal of mirth.

Just what were the contents of those brief notes ultimately dispatched by Captain Beverly to his friends in the United States, the officers of his regiment could never discover, although every effort was made to extract the information from him; and Lieutenant Corkle suggested intercepting the mails, and made other dark and dire threats as to what would occur if the secret was not divulged. The supposititious Mrs. William soon became the favorite toast of the mess, and before many months was installed as the patron saint of the regiment. No ancient divinity or modern mascot ever received more ardent and superstitious worship than Captain Beverly's bride.

To the greater part of the men the joke was unknown; and those in the secret extracted so much fun from the universal ignorance, and Beverly's amused and embarrassed protests, that the popular fancy grew apace. Many a night after long marches, dreary garrison duty, or the tiresome inactivity in the trenches, did jests and songs such as, "Here's to Mrs. Billy, drink it down, down, down," served to keep the men's spirits up; and Captain Beverly, naturally popular, was in a fair way to be spoiled by the notice and petting he received as the husband of the regimental idol.

During every active engagement the men in his company watched over and sheltered him with unparalleled devotion, so that he really won his spurs, or honorable mention for conspicuous bravery, in spite of such cooperation, rather than because of it.

At the close of the regiment's term of service the last night before embarking from Manila for home, men and officers alike went wild with joy. Perhaps it was because men do not realize what home and country means until they have been away from them; perhaps it was the natural exuberance of those soon to be out of bounds, free from a distasteful duty nobly done amid hardships. Whatever the cause, the effect was startling and boisterous in the extreme.

"Just think, old man, to-morrow we shall be on our way to God's country again. *To-morrow*," said Lieutenant Corkle to Beverly at the close of the last mess in the Philippines, held in a Manila cafe, and attended by most of the surviving officers of the regiment. "I say, old fellow, what's the matter with you? Wilberforce, doesn't it strike you that Beverly is rather down in the mouth for a man who's just going home? You look as if you'd just got your sentence, instead of having served it, old chap. Think of home and mother, not to mention your wife, you know. Reflect upon hot baths and clean clothes; decent grub, and enough of it; good beds and all the other unspeakably heavenly discomforts of modern civilization, not to mention theatres, champagne, golf and girls, and all the frills that our souls have hankered for. Stand up and salute the flag that stands for all those things at home, and tell it how glad you'll be to land in the United States of America again. We await your eloquence." And the young officer grinned at his companions, whose attention had been attracted by the harangue.

Beverly coughed a bit, lighted a fresh cigarette deliberately, as if to give some one a chance to change the

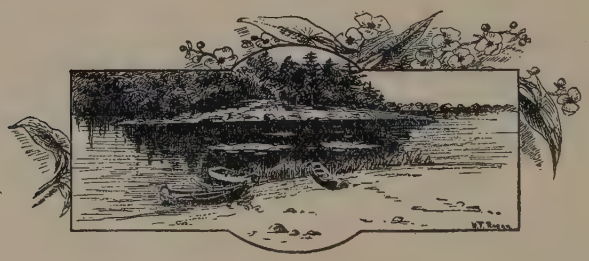
subject, and finally said, laughingly: "After all that oratory you don't think I'd dare to make a speech, do you?" But as the unsatisfied interest of the company continued to be focused upon him, he rose, dropping his cigarette upon his plate, and said, slowly:

"Since you will have it, gentlemen," —and he paused dramatically for a moment before continuing—"I do appreciate all that you feel and express about going home, a hundred times more than you can—for I'm not going."

"Not going? For God's sake, man, why not?" murmured one of the officers in amazement. The rest sat as if stunned.

Captain Beverly smiled a little wickedly, as if enjoying their surprise, as he answered:

"I didn't tell you before, for there wasn't any especial need to. Besides, I wasn't certain about it myself. I've been appointed major in one of the new regiments just coming out here, that's all. But you needn't think I don't want to go home. I'd rather be a pack-peddler there than to stay here, if I was General Otis himself. But—" his comrades held their breath in suspense for an instant, before he continued, laughing outright at their mystification—"The fact is, fellows, my longing for home is tempered with fear. I actually don't dare to return without Mrs. William."



THE OLD YEAR'S DEATH

How can I romp with this rose-scented child?
This stranger crowned with ivy, laughing, gay,
When out upon some fierce, forsaken way
The Old Year lies death-clasped! I know that wild
Winds toss his grizzled hair, and that his mild,
Sad eyes stare sightless at the Winter's play;
That Dawn will throw o'er him her ashes gray;
Oh, grief, that my true friend should be reviled!
What tho' the days that form his robe shall blow
Like sere leaves thro' the past! What tho' Time's hand
Shall bleach his bones upon their barren bed,
My tenderness for him shall ever grow;
And oft across the mystic borderland
I'll stray and seek for him among the dead.

John Luther Brenizer

RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK OF TO-DAY

By Professor L. T. Townsend, D. D.

I

A RETURN TO THE OLD FAITHS

THE intensely interesting history of free thought and destructive criticism in Germany leads one first of all to look to that country when seeking to ascertain the present condition of religious thought, and one does not have to look long before discovering that Germany is giving much encouragement to what are termed traditional beliefs.

In a recent publication, "Wissen schaftlicher Handbuch der Einleitung in das alte Testament," Rupprecht, an eminent German scholar, after a survey of English, American, and German theology, expresses the opinion that "the number of those who are taking the conservative view of biblical criticism is constantly on the increase. The cry now is 'Back to tradition!' 'Back to Christ and His testimony!' It is being more and more recognized that progress in biblical science is not to be found in antagonism to the teachings of ancient traditions, but in conformity with them."

And, too, Harnack's recent change of attitude is regarded among theologists as "a veritable catastrope for modern negative and compromising criticism."

Professor Zockler expresses no little surprise at the strength of this recent attack upon destructive criticism, and at this return to the faith of the reformers and church fathers.

Professor Holtzmann goes so far as to say that "radical criticism of the Bible has run its course in Germany," but being himself a radical he finds encouragement in the thought that "the new views are taking root in America." *

In Great Britain there is found a tendency similar to the one in Germany; though less critical, it is no less philosophical.

A recent prophecy from the "London Quarterly Review," based upon present indications, goes so far as to assert that "the twentieth century will find the structure of Christian belief more firmly founded, more widely extended, more abundantly enriched and strengthened than ever before in the history of Christendom."

The case of the late Professor George John Romanes has attracted no little attention and has had its influence. He was a man of splendid scientific attainments, and for a time, like not a few others of his class, lost entirely his faith in the Christian creed. His confession while passing through those years of doubt is of interest and voices the feelings of not a few others who have been in like condition of unbelief:

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* It may be noted that with Rupprecht and Harnack in this anti-radical movement stand prominently Professor Julicher of Marburg and Dr. Ad. Zahn of Stuttgart. The attitude of "These critical re-actionists," as they are called, is well illustrated by the "Schlusswort," in Rupprecht's introduction.

"The position maintained in this work does not stand alone. It is in full agreement with the greatest theologians of the ancient and modern church, whose works modern critics have thought it advisable simply to ignore. The present work goes back to the great representatives of theology in the Reformation and post-Reformation period, and if it has been successful in drawing anew the eyes of the church to these teachers of a genuine theology and science, a good deal has been accomplished. For such a return the people of our day are evidently preparing more and more, and it is becoming evident that they are more than satiated with the siren song of the modern type of naturalistic non-theology and are seeking for a firmer basis upon which to stand for their acceptance of the scriptures."

"I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness. . . . When at times I think, as think I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of experience as now I find it—at such times I feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

But fortunately Professor Romanes lived long enough not only to deplore, but to rise above his unbelief and before his death confessed anew his faith in the primitive creed of the Christian church.

John Morley's more recent contributions to literature, like those of his friend, John Stuart Mill, just before his death, and the late suggestive utterances of Herbert Spencer as to the "absolute certainty" of at least some religious truths, also the request of Professor Huxley in his last sickness, that the Episcopal burial service might be spoken over his grave, go to show that the primitive Christian faith still has so strong a hold upon even the most cultivated minds in Great Britain that one need not despair of the final outcome.

Of America it may be said that while the general drift appears to be away from the primitive faith, yet the boastful confidence of the destructive critic is far less pronounced than it was a short time ago, and it may be hoped that this country is not much longer to lag behind Germany and England in a movement "back to tradition" and back to the spirit, teaching and aim of Jesus.

II

NEW GROUND FOR AN OLD FAITH

The interest in spiritism and other phenomena belonging to psychical science that has been awakened by recent statements from certain educators of note, is such as to arrest the attention of thoughtful people, especially since these statements, so far as they have any merit, tend to throw light upon the mysterious, yet ever alluring problems of an immortal life.

How much weight should be given to the words of these men is, however, not clear to the writer of this article. The most that he would venture to say is that the whole subject of spirit manifestation is, perhaps, entitled to a re-hearing. First of all, however, it would seem that the noise of the modern professional, advertized, money-catching, trick-playing medium, should be silenced and that he should be ruled out.

Were it not for the undying hunger of the human soul for immortality, it is almost certain that the pretence and paraphernalia of these deceivers and tricksters would have brought the entire subject of spiritism into irredeemable disrepute. For they are these professionals who have befouled it and have caused thousands of thoughtful people to turn from it with disgust and abhorrence, who, under a different leadership, might have found some measure of comfort in the thought of the nearness of their departed ones.

But returning to the more recent testimony offered on this subject, it is gratifying to find that it makes for, rather than against, the Bible doctrine of a future life, or rather it makes for the theory of a continuance after death of man's personality.

The first of these recent statements is from Professor Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania. After a careful study of spirit phenomena, he makes this declaration: "Scientific men cannot say much longer that there is no future life. I have said

it, but I shall not say it again. I know now there is evidence of a future life, for I have seen it."

Professor James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, president of the Society of Psychical Research of the United States, having made long-continued investigations into the "manifestations" of several mediums, especially those of Mrs. Leonora E. Piper, of Boston, is confident, after eliminating from those phenomena every species of fraud, hallucination, suggestion and telepathy, that there is still left a residuum that can be accounted for only on the ground that the spirits of the departed are in this world, and that they can and do sometimes manifest their presence through the agency of certain persons whose power to communicate with the departed, remains a mystery to themselves and others.

The statements of Dr. Richard Hodgson, president of the American section of one of the foreign societies for psychical research, are equally pronounced. In an article in "Le Journal d' Etudes Psychologiques," of August, 1899, after speaking of his acquaintance with Mrs. Piper, which extended through several years, whom he first visited for "the express purpose of discovering fraud and trickery," he makes this announcement:

"I visited Mrs. Piper, with Professor James, about twelve years ago for the purpose of unmasking her. To-day I am prepared to say that I believe in the possibility of receiving messages from what is called the world of spirits. I entered the house profoundly materialist, not believing in the continuance of life after death, and to-day I simply say 'I believe.' The proof has been given in such a way as to remove from me the possibility of a doubt. . . .

"I have received innumerable communications, especially on the relations which exist between man and the Infinite. . . .

"The world is on the eve of great developments. In two years' time, or perhaps sooner, I will publish to the world a new interpretation of that great primitive universal religion which no dogma and no sect of to-day can contradict. To suffering humanity, tortured for centuries with doubts, wavering first this way and then that, it will need no explanation. The new and yet ever old truths need only the restating—they compel belief."

A very distinguished French scientist, Professor Camille Flammarion, likewise has made a public confession of his faith. In one of his more recent publications, entitled, "Problems of Psychics," he writes thus:

"My studies have led me to the discovery of a new proof of immortality. This proof is based upon my experience. For convenience sake, let us call it an experimental demonstration of the immortality of the soul.

"Man dies. Years pass. I then talk to his spirit under circumstances which admit of no deception. Am I not right in concluding that there is a spirit world, and that the spirit lives after its separation from the body.

"I have had direct communications with hundreds of departed spirits, and the same is true of many of my trustworthy correspondents. If we were deceived, then the deception would be still more wonderful than the communications.

"Hitherto all proofs of a future life have been based upon logic, justice and the spirit of humanity; but there was no positive demonstration. The arguments of the school men are losing their hold upon the more scientific mind of to-day. Now I have something positive in the way of proof, which even the severest science cannot reject.

"Founded on my experience of the invisible world, I am absolutely certain an invisible world exists, and that it has many unknown forces.

"I began the scientific studies of these questions on November 15, 1861, and I have continued it ever since. I have received more than four thou-

sand letters upon these questions from the learned men of every land."

Now what shall be done with the statements of these and of many other eminent men? Are they, or are they not, entitled to a measure of consideration? Is there, in the phenomena described new evidence that "death does not end all," and consequently a new ground of hope for the bewildered and half discouraged human race? Or, as Professor Flammarion suggests, are there valid reasons for supposing that proofs of a future life "based upon logic, justice and the spirit of humanity," which largely have lost their hold upon the mass of men, are in the providence of God to give way to new, more obvious and convincing forms of demonstration?

Does it add anything of weight to what these men are saying that all those who believe in supernaturalism and in the authority of the sacred Scriptures, must also believe that the spirits of the departed are in and about this world and that under certain conditions their presence has been manifested? As this new testimony takes shape, what shall be said of the story of Saul and the witch of Endor; of the vision of the servant of Elisha; of repeated angelic appearances recorded in both the Old and New Testaments, and of the reappearance of Moses and Elijah on the mount of transfiguration? Do these facts make for or against the statements now before us from men whose word in other matters would carry weight if not conviction?

Though for the present the majority of people will be slow in receiving without qualification the affirmations of these very eminent scientific authorities; though men of this class have been led astray and have led others astray so often as to shake public confidence in their conclusions; and though the frauds practiced by professional mediums have often been detected and publicly exposed, still without incurring the charge of fanaticism may it not be said that after all objections have been considered, there is, probably, "a residuum of truth" in recent spiritistic manifestations?

Under rigid scientific investigation, may not one cherish the expectation or at least the hope that to many an almost despairing heart something helpful and uplifting may yet come of this new research and advocacy of spiritism?

NOBLEMEN

"Franklin, Webster, and Emerson are the three great New Englanders."
—*George F. Hoar in Scribner's Magazine*

FRANKLIN

The lightning's bridler; sound, plain man;
Rare diplomat; American.

WEBSTER

Olympus' heaven-touching height
The mid-day sun's revealing light.

EMERSON

This man no formal schools could brook;
But to himself the world he took.

U. Francis Duff

HIS BIRTHRIGHT

By Elmore Elliott Peake

PROEM

A HOT, dusty highway; a palsied spring wagon; a young man and a young woman on the seat; two new rocking chairs behind, swathed in paper, and a number of small bundles.

The man, in spite of his youth and a certain heyday air, which sat on him like a misfit garment, was anything but pleasing. His smile was too much like a leer; the eyes, which he now and then bent amorously on his companion, were weasel like in their low cunning, and his thick-lipped mouth had a peculiar malformation in one corner which gave his whole face a singularly repellent aspect.

The girl was pretty, with red lips, which she capriciously parted in a smile or pursed in a pout. Yet her eyes were as soulless as his, and every movement, on this her wedding day, in the presence of him she had promised to love and cherish all her life, betrayed the tawdriness, the staginess, and the insincerity of a flirt.

They turned in at an ugly, dilapidated farmhouse, and their domestic life was begun. The first day passed without a jar, but trouble began the next morning over the hanging of a picture—one of the wedding presents. Thenceforth, the lean, worthless hounds that slunk in at the kitchen door whenever opportunity offered, led a life more peaceful than that of their master and mistress.

One day, nearly a year after their marriage, a peddler came to the door. Among other seductive household ornaments and utilities, he showed Mrs. Nicholson a flashily-bound copy of The "Lady of the Lake," for which he asked the modest sum of two dollars. The cover took her color-loving eye, though she probably had only the vaguest knowledge of the Wizard of the North. The money was at hand, in a buckskin bag in the cupboard, but she dared not squander it on such a frivolity as a book, and she successfully resisted every art of the peddler. Yet he had not been gone five minutes before she, with characteristic caprice, began to regret her decision, and, recklessly seizing the buckskin bag and taking therefrom the necessary sum—nearly half the contents—she flew down the road after the peddler. She came back with the coveted volume under her apron, and after admiring it for a while, hid it away.

While her husband was at work in the fields, or loafing in town, she would take her prize from its hiding-place, run her fingers over its smooth, gilt edge, and gloat over the barbaric splendor of its cover design. At other times she would set it up in different parts of the room, and admire it from every point of view. After a while its pictures began to interest her; about the fair ladies and fierce chieftains she wove a romance of her own, until one day she conceived a desire to know their real history. Then she began to read the book. At first the work was slow and laborious, but each day she returned to it with keener zest, until at last she thought and dreamed of

nothing else. When the book was finished, she, childlike, straightway began it again.

A great change had meanwhile come over her—one that vastly puzzled, but no less pleased her husband. She let him have his own way in all things; she became gentle and affectionate; gave up going to town so much, and did her work uncomplainingly. All this her husband saw; but he could not see her glowing day-dreams, as she sat in the shade of an old locust tree and lovingly stitched away at those little garments which few young wives do not hope to be called to make.

Then the babe came—little Jake. The mother's dreams were roughly jostled aside by rude care. The wonder-book gave way to harsh realities. Over-worked and under-fed, she grew thin, weak and peevish; the old bickering and quarreling broke out afresh, apparently with added bitterness.

I

Four of us seniors were having a spread in my room when there came a knock at the door. The fellows instinctively hauled their feet off the table and pulled themselves together, and blew the ashes off their vests and looked at me inquiringly. For the knock was timid and uncertain, like a woman's.

In answer to my "Come!" a tall, lank, youngish-looking man, with a habitual shrinking air, hesitatingly entered. At the sight of my guests he murmured an apology, and was preparing to withdraw, when I peremptorily ordered him to sit down. This he did, after gravely bowing to the others. A stranger would never have suspected him of being our classmate.

His feet and hands were unusually large, spread into that shapelessness which comes from grinding toil. His face was long and angular, with prominent cheek and jaw, and was surmounted by sparse reddish hair. Yet the general effect of these harsh individualities was pleasing, and the whole was illuminated by a rare gentleness and nobility which I always ascribed to his eyes. These were as blue as the sky, and as deep and tender as a woman's.

Such was Jake Nicholson at the age of thirty, in his last year at Beloit College. He had entered the academy at twenty-four, being from five to eight years older than his classmates. He was then fresh from the farm—shaggy, bashful and awkward. But beneath his rough exterior lay a character already well-formed, and a spirit almost too sensitive for the exigencies of life. Nobody but the angels can ever know what he suffered that first year from the thoughtless boys with whom he was thrown in the classroom.

In the end he prevailed, as such a man must. For obvious reasons he never became "popular," but his gentle heroism, his simple magnanimity won the heart of everybody worth winning. His teachers found that he brought to bear on his studies a mind which, though heavy, was of wonderful breadth and sympathy; and that when once he had learned a thing it was his forever.

I don't know that Jake "worked his way" through college, in the accepted sense of the phrase. At least, I never saw him sawing wood around town, or mowing lawns, or beating carpets, or doing anything of that nature. But I know that every summer he went back to the farm and slaved through the melting months of his vacation, in order to eke out the money he had saved from earlier years of the same kind of toil.

Socially, he was dead; but I frequently saw him at lectures and con-

certs. Before I knew him well, I used to be surprised, and not a little amused, to see a man of his "solid parts" sitting spellbound under a discourse on such subjects as art, music, child-culture, the love of the beautiful, and so on. I learned in time that these indulgences were rigorously selected; and that to anything of a popular nature, whether lecture or concert, he was utterly indifferent. When I came to know him, I discovered that he loved good music and eloquence and beauty—yes, and beautiful women, too—with a hopeless, despairing passion that was touching.

This night, after the other fellows had gone, I showed Jake a woman's head in colors, which a dear friend had sent me. It was an exquisite thing, exhaling from its satin border an ether that seemed to be breathed out by the tinted cheeks and laughing eyes of the subject. Jake looked at it listlessly, almost stolidly; yet he held it for five minutes without lifting his eyes.

"Well, break away, Jake, break away," said I, scoutingly.

"I could love that picture," said he, quietly. "Some day she will be your wife. I can never hope to win such beauty."

There was no stagey sentimentality about it; he was too true and too stoical for that. But I had come instinctively to know when he was suffering; and at this moment there was a dumb, ox-like misery in his eyes that hurt me.

"Confound it, Jake!" I exclaimed, "You are forever underrating yourself. It is your besetting sin. If anything loses you the woman you will some day love, it will be that and nothing else. Women like men to think well of themselves. And do you, philosopher and psychologist," I continued, smiling to soften my words, "mean to tell me that a man who is capable of loving and understanding beauty, is incapable of winning it? What is there about you that would shut out a noble, beautiful woman's love? Tell me that!"

"I guess you know," said he, indifferently, studying my wall paper as though it were one of Michael Angelo's frescoes.

"Know! By George, Jake, I won't stand that," I cried, now genuinely indignant. "I don't know. Do you think it is because you don't dance? Or because you can't bow and scrape, like a French gallant, every time you meet a woman? Do you think it's because you can't turn a hollow compliment, every five minutes in her presence? Or because you haven't got small hands or feet? Or because you haven't a dressy figure? Or because you aren't conventionally handsome? Answer up! I want to know to just what extent you are calumniating womankind."

"I guess you know it's none of those things, Dan," said he gently, rising to go, and he meekly but obstinately refused to discuss the matter further.

II

Jake brought his commencement oration to me to read. It was grand, simply grand, and he knew it. He knew that every word of my praise was genuine and his blue eyes lit with a glow which he, stoic though he was, could not hide. But, alas, when he came to deliver it! He ground it out like a man of wood. His swelling periods, his graceful flights, his quaint turns, his moving pathos, his beautiful imagery, his majestic and irresistible logic—all were shapelessly crushed into one dry, listless monotone.

I suppose nine-tenths of the audience in the old Congregational church

that June morning, took him for a dolt who had filched his sentiment from books. I believe he knew they took him for such, for as he passed down the aisle, back to his seat, there was a Christian-like fortitude and humility in his eyes that made my heart ache. It was as though he were suffering for another; as though the inner man were suffering for the outer. And as I glanced at his white-haired old Greek professor, it did me some good to see tears standing in his faded eyes. He knew.

I saw Jake after the exercises, but I did not dare to congratulate him. Such a piece of hypocrisy could not have deceived him, and it might have estranged us forever. Neither did I dare, this time, to take him to task.

He insisted on my visiting him at his home during the summer. With all respect to poor old Jake, I had my fears of his family, although I had never heard him speak of a single member of it, not even his mother. That may have been just why I feared them. However, I accepted his invitation, but gave him to understand in advance that my time was limited, and that my stay could not exceed a few days. He acquiesced with an understanding humility that made me blush.

My worst fears were tame compared with the savage reality. The farm had gone to rack and ruin. The last vestige of paint on the dwelling and outbuildings had long since succumbed to wind and rain. Roofs sagged and walls bulged, or yawned with great board-wide cracks. A dozen whole window-lights could not have been mustered on the place; gates had disappeared, and the rotten fences, through and over which the cattle roamed at will, reeled and plunged like drunken men. The lean hounds in the dooryard slunk away at our approach, with a crestfallen, distrustful air that was painfully habitual—so different from the glad welcome of a well-bred dog. Even the mongrel chickens, dejectedly picking over the bare ground, showed a lack of fat and feathers.

Of the family it is hard for me to speak the brutal truth. I had always thought Jake uncouth, but beside his five brothers he seemed a polished gentleman. The father was a sullen old man who seemed to have been whipped into subservience by his strapping sons, and perhaps his wife.

The family took a conspicuous and vulgar pride in Jake's accomplishments. "Talk in Greek, Jake!" called out the old man, as though Jake were a quarter of a mile away, before we had been in the house fifteen minutes.

"He'll show off enough, and talk enough, too, won't yon, Jakey, when the time comes?" cackled the old woman, with a forbidding cunning in her eyes. "When he gits to buzzin' in the years of some of them rich city gals, I swan he'll talk in fourteen langwidges then—won't you, Jakey?"

That the family believed this, and had talked it over before, was evident from the dark, envious faces of the girls. The boys were too ambitionless to be similarly stirred.

It must not be assumed that Jake gave any evidence of the pain these gross scenes, enacted in my presence, must have inflicted. He bore them with a stoicism that I was beginning to dislike. It smacked too much of his brother's sullenness. I liked it still less later.

Jake soared in the clouds one day and grovelled in the mire the next. One day, with glowing face, he would canvass the future with me, telling of his bright hopes and great expectations. The next day he would be silent and moody. I cannot name the emotion that thrilled me when, on

one of those latter days, he quietly said, with a straw between his lips:

"I don't know, Dan, but the best thing, after all, would be for me to settle down here on the farm. Father and the boys don't seem to be able to make it go."

"And what will you do with those six years of education that you sweat for?" I asked.

"I have got them," he answered, calmly.

Why Jake had brought me to his loveless home, and shown me its inward shamelessness, was a question that gave me food for thought. That it was hospitality was simply incredible; whatever else he was, Jake was not a fool. I fancied once that it might be a test of my friendship, but that explanation was rather romantic and not exactly just. My doubts, however, were set at rest, a day or two before I left, by Jake himself, in his usual blunt way.

"Dan," said he as we strolled down a lane, "you know just what I am now. You know just what I've been working against, and what I've got to work against, all my life. Maybe you understand now some things that used to puzzle you."

"No, sir," I answered, quickly; for I knew what things he meant. "My opinion as to your capabilities and your possibilities has not altered one whit. You and your family are separate and divided. There is no use in mincing words, Jake. You are no more like them than day is like night. Leave this hotbed of strife and unloveliness, as soon as you can—tomorrow—and get out into the pure air once more."

"I lived in this hotbed twenty-four years before I went to school," said he, with his dead indifference, "and I guess a few more weeks or months of it won't hurt me—or years, for that matter," he added, with a gleam in his eye. "I drew the blood in my veins out of this hotbed, and I guess the strife and unloveliness that are in the air won't hurt me much. It's pretty hard to spoil bad blood."

His tone, and manner, and words, which were fearfully depressing, made clear a little thing that once puzzled me. One day, on entering his room in Beloit rather unceremoniously, I saw him hastily put away a volume—the first and only act of stealth I ever caught him in. My curiosity being aroused—improperly, no doubt—I noticed the location of the book in his case, and glanced at the title the first chance I got. It was one of Weismann's works on heredity!

During the next two years I lost track of Jake, only occasionally receiving news of him through our old classmates. One had seen him in the Wisconsin pineries, keeping books for a logging concern; another had seen him in St. Louis, canvassing for an encyclopedia; another had met him somewhere else, soliciting work for a crayon house. Except the book-keeping it was work for which he was eminently unfitted by his shyness and lack of address.

I unexpectedly met him myself, one commencement time, in Beloit. He was undeniably shabby and looked more like a Nicholson than he used to, in the old, buoyant, hopeful college days. He told me, though, that he never felt better, and that he had outgrown his old melancholy. But his gaunt, almost haggard face belied his fair words. The truth is, we had drifted apart, and he was simply showing me the side he had always shown the world. But before we left Beloit—two or three days later—we succeeded in warming up our old friendship a little, and promised to keep each other informed of our whereabouts.

Two years later Jake walked into my office a full-fledged LL.B. He wanted advice, but supplemented his request with the statement that he intended to go to Chicago, as he thought the field there wider than in a small town. Undoubtedly it is—so wide that I feared Jake would lose his bearings. Knowing the dependence of professional success in the city upon social position—at least in the beginning—and knowing moreover, Jake's ineradicable unfitness for social position, I did my best to persuade him to hang out his shingle in a small town. But his resolution to go to Chicago was already fixed.

For a year he floated around Chicago, lonely and unknown, living by clerical work in law offices and occasional appearances in justices' courts, for some preoccupied attorney. People looked at his gaunt face and were repelled before they had time to be charmed by his sympathetic voice. But at last his hour came. An old counsellor whose practice was worth fifteen or twenty thousand a year, "took Jake under his wing"—as Jake wrote. Both pleased and suprised at the good news, I shortly ran down to Chicago to verify it.

"Mr. Hatton," said old man Falligant, Jake's benefactor, leaning comfortably back in his swivel-chair, "if you ever live to be sixty-five years old you will find yourself thinking about yourself all of the time or none of the time. I have done the former for some years, and I thought I'd like a change. This young partner of mine needed a helping hand. I extended mine. It's a little fat and chubby," he added with pompous good nature, holding the member out, "but a good many people will tell you that it's a lifter."

Two more years passed. Jake had not yet distinguished himself, but he had given perfect satisfaction to his senior partner, who was generally regarded as somewhat crotchety. Then came a letter to me.

"Dear Dan, my heart is very tender to-day. I feel that God has been too good to me. When I think of the slough from which He has lifted me; when I think how He has enabled me to overcome, one by one, my congenital handicaps, I am lost in devout wonder. But, Dan, when I think that he has given to me—to me!—the love of a noble, holy and beautiful woman —just such a woman, Dan, as I used to dream of in despair—I am almost afraid. I have not yet declared myself, and nothing has been openly acknowledged between us, but I know that she loves me. And yet, Dan, though I am as sure of her as I am of myself, I sometimes fear to dispel, by positive declaration, the sweet, holy spell in which we now live, in which nothing is spoken, but much is thought and felt."

He ran on for pages, very much as any high-minded lover might have done. I was more than surprised; I was non-plussed. And yet I was glad, very glad; and told myself so fifty times. But I must confess that I could not shake off a vague sense of uneasiness. For no particular reason, unless it were my knowledge of Jake, the dark suspicion continually suggested itself that some heartless flirt was trifling with his noble but simple heart. Yet I could hardly imagine a sane woman attempting to flirt with Jake Nicholson. And, after all, why shouldn't some woman fall in love with him? I had always told him that there was no reason why she shouldn't, and I had always believed myself sincere in it. He was gentle, manly, solid if not brilliant, romantic, a worker though also a dreamer, and true as steel. I knew all this, but how, in the wide world, did any woman ever find it out?

However, I wrote him a congratu-

latory letter, and asked him her name —a blind shot, for my acquaintance in Chicago was very limited. He answered that his love was Miss Charlotte Falligant, his partner's daughter. I gasped. I knew her—had met her the time I went down to see her father about Jake. A mature society woman of twenty-seven, apparently wedded to virginity, talented and accomplished, unusually beautiful, and—unless my judgment went for naught—unusually good and true. "No flirtation there!" said I, with a sigh of relief. And yet the thing was more amazing than ever.

III

A messenger-boy walked leisurely into my office—as they have a habit of walking—and laid on my table a telegram announcing the fatal injury of Jake Nicholson by a trolley-car. I reached his side as quickly as train could carry me. Old man Falligant, looking very grave, and a doctor or two, were present. Jack motioned them all out of the room.

"She's out of town, Dan, or she'd be here," said he, weakly, but distinctly. "I want you to see her and tell her all you know about me, Dan. You know more about me than anybody else on earth. She'll be glad to hear it from you—I've told her all about you. I intended to tell her all about myself sometime—sometime before I asked her to become my wife. But—" A spasm of pain crossed his face, and I would not say that it was all physical. "You tell her everything, Dan," said he, gazing steadily up at me from out his misty blue eyes.

"I will, my dear old Jake," said I, with tears in my eyes.

"Everything, Dan!" he repeated, with significant insistency. "My family!" he added.

"Is that necessary?" I asked.

"It's right," he answered, humbly. I should have told her."

* * * *

Miss Falligant received me the next day with a subdued expression on her handsome face. Her father had, of course, told her the sad facts.

"And you are the dear friend he has talked about so much!" she exclaimed, peering into my face with curious, searching, and, I imagined, puzzled eyes—eyes that I could readily believe had given poor Jake's heart-strings more than one tug. "How strange!" she added, musingly, with falling lashes.

"Strange!" I repeated, not just understanding, nor just pleased.

"You are so different, you know," she explained, with a little pensive smile. "Hasn't anybody ever told you that before?" she asked, with a piquant air of surprise. "Why, you are just his opposite in everything—except that I am sure you are good, or he could never have loved you so."

"Do you think it strange," I asked, "that I could admire and prize the man that you could love?"

She suddenly shrank back a little, startled, and the blood slowly left her face.

"Love!" she exclaimed, bewildered.

I saw it all in an instant. Jake had made a mistake.

"He is dying with your name on his lips," said I, with a miserable sense of piercing her heart. "He loves you, and he believes that you love him."

She looked at me imploringly for a moment, her eyes begging me to say that it was only a ghastly joke. Then her lips twitched, and she sank upon a couch, with a piteous little wail.

"The poor, poor boy!" she sobbed; and in her eyes there suddenly shone the ineffable glory of a woman's love. Jacob had won his Rebecca.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE

By Sarah Hammond Palfrey*

N old times in these parts, if one wished to make good cheer one did not look to the fishmonger, the butcher, nor the vintner for the best part of it. Around the plenteous tables of the period assembled guests fit for the banquets of the gods.

Mr. Longfellow liked to go out to dinner. He would come from Craigie House, his enchanted palace, presided over by the "Mary Ashburton" of his "Hyperion,"—most goddess-like of women! And he would come like a planet, bringing with it its own atmosphere—an atmosphere of sunny calm, unbroken, unless by some rare lightning of indignation at some wrong done to another. He was like an incarnation of the Golden Rule. Perhaps some of his rare power of stirring the heart-strings of his readers was the reward of his keeping his own so constantly entwined with those of his fellow-men in the kindly sympathies and services of daily life.

Mr. Charles Sumner, the senator, orator and patriot, belonged to Cambridge, in a way, through his close intimacies, and his membership of what was merrily called the "Mutual Admiration Society." Before the brutality which nearly slew him in Congress, and the long ill health which followed, had saddened and embittered him, he was in private one of the most good-humored and light-hearted of men, and was particularly kind to the young. If he was harsh in public speech, he expected what he said to be taken, though not exactly "in a Pickwickian sense," at least, as neither implying nor involving the loss of private good will—after the fashion of the warriors of Valhalla, who killed each other furiously every day and quaffed together amicably every night. Possibly it was not extraordinary if his antagonists did not always see things in the same light; but it was rather surprising to him.

* * * *

Mr. Cornelius Conway Felton (Dickens' "heartiest of Greek professors")—a happy-go-lucky man, loving peace and prosperity—was in those days naturally a "Webster Whig." Hence, on political grounds, what President Kirkland would have called "a warm coolness" set in between Sumner and him—to the great regret of Longfellow. But being as good-hearted as he was vehement, Professor Felton was so incensed at the assault upon Sumner at Washington, that Peirce Butler's ruffianly bludgeon beat them back again into friendship. Felton's head was great and classic, with rich, black curls, through which a fine white hand unconsciously wandered as he sat in Appleton Chapel, listening to the eloquence of the Reverend (now Right Reverend) Frederic Huntington. He declared that Nahant—not then the trimmed-up and tamed-down result of the exertions of urban gentry which it has now become, but formerly one of the most glorious bits of wild fairy-

* These reminiscences, written by a personal friend of the poets of the old Cambridge school, have a rare touch of the atmosphere of the golden days when Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes were living forces in the social life of the period, and their presentation in the "Boston number" of "The National Magazine" is peculiarly appropriate.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

land to be seen on earth—was a place where people went to leave half the duties of life behind and all of its pleasures.*

Mr. George Hillard was an associate member of the aforesaid Mutual Admiration. A somewhat languid individual, set in a minor key, he was not without a fine humor of his own, and was a good writer and reader, and capable of appreciating the achievements of his more distinguished mates.

The composite Dr. John Gorham Palfrey was one of the elders among them, with his Puritan conscience, his strong, clear, well-trained intellect

* Mr. "Tom" Appleton, Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, called Nahant "cold roast Boston."

and his exhaustless stores of anecdote, and the racy wit and vivacity handed down to him between a double line of Norman ancestry from an earlier time, probably, than that of William the Conqueror.

Time was when the East was fishy as the West is "woolly,"—when the gilded effigy of the cod was set on high in the State House—that every good Massachusetts family was expected to eat a salt fish every week for the encouragement of the fisheries.

Mr. Richard H. Dana the second (son of the poet, and author of "Two Years Before the Mast,") did not talk down to women. He gave them of his best, and how good that was! He spoke in a smooth, silvery voice and shared with Dr. Palfrey, Lowell, and others of their set, the fine old accent of the Boston gentleman.

Mr. Dana was not unlike James Russell Lowell: neither tall nor stout, but with a large chest and short neck sending up plenty of blood hot from the heart to the brain.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, soon to be the Tyrtoeus of the War of the Rebellion, bore about, packed in very small compass in his little, lively body, the concentrated quintessence of poetry, sensibility and mirth. Though he liked Boston best and lived there, he, unlike most of those whom I have mentioned, was a native of Cambridge. The evil genius of our country has apparently decreed that antiquities are not for us, and that everything is to be democratically cleared away as soon as it is old enough to be interesting through the charm of association. But the said evil genius has seldom succeeded in perpetrating a more unpardonable sin than when the venerable and historical Holmes House, the birthplace of Oliver, (of his brilliant brother John,* and of "Mary, the household angel,") was sacrificed, as it is supposed, to the exigencies of the fine new law school.

In mind he was a Bostonian of the Bostonians, and was delighted in by them accordingly, as well as by many cosmopolitans.

He was ambitious by constitution, desired fame, deserved it, won it, and enjoyed it frankly, heartily, gratefully, and generously, ready to scatter laurels round him on those who stood below him on the steep of Parnassey. (He told me once that he received, "from the ends of the earth, letters of a nature to make one blush when he read them all alone by himself.") But oh, the contrarieties of life, even of the most successful lives! I doubt whether he ever quite knew how to forgive the fates for making him great as an author rather than as a physician.

* * * *

All of those whom I have mentioned were men of liberal education, in days when a Harvard degree implied mastery in the mental athletics, Latin, Greek and mathematics;—and their books and conversation had a solid body therein, showing the good nourishment on which they were reared.

One can hardly help wondering, moreover, whether there might not be some connection between the rich hues and complexion of some of them and the glow of their thoughts. Longfellow and Lowell, especially, were red-cheeked men. The older poet had hair of a warm brown, and full, very brilliant, blue eyes. Lowell's face was handsome enough for a troubadour, and it almost seemed as if the rich tenor voice in which he spoke took its tone in his auburn beard. Half of Mr. Jared Sparks' remarkable and imposing beauty was in his colouring; and so was that of the Rev-

* Mr. John Holmes, being called upon to write his autograph, wrote, "John Holmes, *frere de mon frere.*"

erend Andrews Norton, the theologian, and of Mr. Agassiz.

Plenty of them were men of wit, with the notable exception of Sumner, who was said to be incapable of so much even as understanding a joke. But if "unexpectedness" be really a component part of wit, it might be a rash deed to put forth a string of their witticisms; the surprise, and therefore so much of the point, would of course be lost in the exhibition.

Into this good company, emigrated from Switzerland the naturalist Agassiz, "happy, and glorious, o'er all victorious," and was warmly welcomed and much beloved, especially by Longfellow, Lowell, and by his own brother-in-law, Mr. Felton. He was a stout, not corpulent man, large and bounteous in looks and ways, with a genial manner and a hearty German accent. Soon after his arrival, he made a visit to President Everett at Wadsworth House. While there, he joyously informed Mrs. Everett, confident of her sympathy, that he was "going to dissect a skonk,"—Somebody had "been so very kind as to promise him a skonk." Hospitable as his hostess was, she was forced to implore that no "skonk" should be desected on her premises.

Another time he was exhibiting a new specimen of the genus snake to his students, with the statement, "Perfectly harmless, gentlemen," when the serpent inconsistently bit him. "I was mistaken," remarked he, calmly, gratified by the discovery of a new fact, "it does bite."

Among them, though not of them, was another foreigner, so singular that I cannot forbear a brief mention of him. "That Mr. Aristotle,"—as one of his hostesses called him—author of one of the best Greek Grammars of his day, was as picturesque and shaggy as a fine, long-haired rough terrier. His proper appellation was Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles. He was reared by monks on Mount Athos. His ideas were one or two thousand years old; and a collegian asked him, in good faith, whether he was "the man of his name who wrote the tragedies." Hearing him talk, in his smooth, deliberate, Oriental tones, was like reading the "Arabian Nights."

And now they are all gone! Their "infinite jest" has proved itself finite, at any rate for this world. If, as Sumner quoted, "God is a God of laughter," as well as a "God of tears," we will hope that, in that other world still to us invisible, they are gay as well as good together again. But in the theatre of this life it is not the comedy, but the tragedy, that is the afterpiece.

PRAYER

Prayer is the soul's telegraphy;
Its message from the sod,
Which, on the unseen wire of faith,
Goes flashing up to God.

James Courtney Challiss

HEY FOR TOMMY ATKINS!

We've seen him larrup the heathen
  In many a distant land,
And forty to one, but the deed is done
  When Tommy takes a hand.
He's hammered the Turk and Russian,
  And always done it fine;
And the Soudanese come down for peace
  When his maxims get in line.

Then hey for Tommy! ho for Tommy!
  Doesn't he do it right?
His English cheers for a thousand years
  Have been in the thick of fight;
And if he was right or if he was wrong—
  Well, maybe he never knew;
But put in your song that he jollied along,
  And somehow put her through.

We've met him at Concord cross-roads,
  We faced him at Bunker Hill;
And we found him as gay as the birds in May,
  With our blood, or his own, to spill.
And whether to win or lose his fight
  (It's all in the game you play),
We found him square and we found him there
  When the deuce was most to pay.

Then hey for Tommy! ho for Tommy!
  Doesn't he do it well?
He'll stay in the fight, be it day or night,
  From here clear down to Hell!
And if he's right or if he's wrong—
  Well, maybe we'll never know;
But here's good luck to his British pluck,
  That's right, for he's made it so.

It's twice the African Dutchmen
  Have heard his battle-peal,
And wiped him, with mirth, from the face of the earth,
  But they haven't heard him squeal;
And he's banging away at the game to-day,
  With the motto pinned in his hat,
That he's up to a block of his own race stock,
  And Puritans, too, at that.

Then hey for Tommy! ho for Tommy!
  Doesn't he stand it fine?
Tho' the Boer's a brick and does him slick
  Whenever they get in line;
And if he's right or if he's wrong,
  No German or Turk or Russ
Need interfere, for we're watching him here,
  And there's English blood in us.

Winthrop Packard

REBELS IN THE HILLS NEAR BIAC NA-BATTO

It was here that the treaty of peace was signed with Spain by Aguinaldo, and where part of his cabinet laid down their arms December 12, 1899, to the United States

WHEN AGUINALDO IS CAPTURED?

By Peter MacQueen

IN the jungles beyond San Isidro, over the dry hills of Benguet, beyond the bastions of Bayambong, in the wild Sierras of Cagayan —the guerilla bands of Don Emilio Aguinaldo y Fama still confront the American forces. When the history of Young's and Lawton's march across the mountains is written it will contain romances worthy of the days of chivalry.

My dear friend Capt. Luna of the Rough Riders was drowned in one of the fierce and rapid torrents. Major Logan was shot in a hot skirmish gallantly charging at the head of his troops.

The list of brave men dead and gone is a long and sad one. No men could fight with more generous chivalry than our boys in the Philippines. If here and there a man goes wrong in our army, it is an exception which emphasizes the rule that the bravest are the tenderest.

In the great glooms of the deep tropical forests, Aguinaldo may still keep up guerilla war. But the time will come when he must either yield or leave the Islands. Some begin to believe that the slippery eel will slip through our hands and get away. Dewey seems to think this would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. When the army captured the wardrobe of Mrs. Aguinaldo it seemed as if we were near the goal. When Aguinaldo's mother and child were rescued by our soldiers from the irate

natives thirsting for their blood; it was an act of gracious courtesy on the part of our American officers. I remember on our expedition to Laguna de Bay at Pagsanjan, an officer of Lawton came upon a large fish-basket in which a Filipino woman was concealed. The lady put her head out and began to scream. The gallant captain grew red in the face, took off his hat and retreated stammering: "Excuse me madame, excuse me," much to the delight of the rest of us.

The chivalry with which our army has greeted the families of the Revolutionists in Luzon suggests what would be the fate of Aguinaldo if he were captured. Would he be hanged for a traitor or sent to the senate to represent the island States? What is the status of this Emilio Aguinaldo? Would he be kept a state prisoner like Napoleon, or pardoned like Jefferson Davis? From the point of international treaties I suppose he is guilty of high treason. From the romantic and moral point of view many regard him as a hero and martyr. My own opinion of the man is that he is not so good as his friends think him, nor so bad as his enemies declare him to be. I think he is to the oriental mind something of a Bolivar. It is pretty certain that he did not accept the $400,000 from Spain as a bribe, but rather as a national fund to be used in case Spain broke her agreement. Primo de Rivera, who signed the famous compact at Biac-na-batto for the Spanish side, has recently averred that he believed that Aguinaldo was perfectly conscientious and high-minded in the whole transaction; and Consul Williams in a letter published in the "Lit-

GENERAL OTIS AND STAFF

TWENTIETH KANSAS NEAR TONDO

erary Digest" said that Aguinaldo had made him his attorney and that he (Williams) had spent part of the $400,000 in purchasing 3000 stands of arms and ammunition when Dewey landed Aguinaldo at Cavite, May 19th, 1899. Consul Williams is further represented as writing the State Department that the United States were in debt a hundred million dollars to Aguinaldo for the influence which that Tagal chief had in preventing the destruction of property which would have been inevitable if Dewey had not landed Aguinaldo and put him in charge of the Filipino Revolutionists.

The fact that Aguinaldo has never been fond of money is against the theory that he was bribed by Spain. The Filipino government at Malolos voted him $50,000 a year, and he quietly vetoed the vote and set his salary at $25,000. Aguinaldo's wife, mother and children stayed by him in his greatest straits. He had a wonderful influence on the Tagal soldiers and officers. In one of the trenches taken by Col. Fred Funston and the Kansas troops, we found the negative of a photograph of a Tagal woman with her child. We thought that it must be that of Mrs. Aguinaldo, and her son George Washington Aguinaldo.

I do not say that Aguinaldo is right; but I do believe there are some things to be said in his favor.

The problem is to catch Aguinaldo; and then a new problem will come, what to do with him. To execute him would shock the moral sense of America, and make the present race hatred of us in Luzon a hundred times more intense. To imprison him would be to keep an open sore on the body politic. Reporters would get to him, and he would be an American Dreyfus. The most satisfactory way, I think, would be either to encourage him to escape from the Archipelago altogether; or, having caught him, offer him full amnesty upon his taking the oath of allegiance. If he refuses to take the oath, that is going to complicate matters. But we will not build bridges.

THE MESSAGE OF MINISTER PARRISH

By Theodosia Pickering Garrison

EARLY as it was, the village folk were assembling in the little green in companies of three and four, shivering in the cool air, and gazing upon one another with expectant and excited eyes.

As it grew later, the green filled. Not a soul in the entire village who could walk or be carried but was there. From the neighboring counties the country people came riding with their households, even to the ruddy-faced servant lasses decked in their holiday finery. Curly-haired children sported about the outskirts of the crowd. A group of boys had climbed into the branches of the great oak near the jail, still nailed to whose trunk was the proclamation, signed in his Gracious Majesty's name, offering a reward of so many good pounds sterling "for the capture, dead or alive, of one Gentleman Jack, highwayman, outlaw and rogue," who had robbed more of His Majesty's subjects than he had hairs on his head, and whose very name had been a fascination and terror to the country side. Small wonder so many had assembled to see him die.

Sunrise had been the time appointed. Now a few rosy streaks in the east showed the hour was near.

A great cloud of dust formed in the distant highway. Presently there came the sound of wheels and the thud of hoofs. A great coach, drawn by four panting horses, with outriders in green and gold, dashed into the square.

" 'Tis some great lord who hath ridden from London over night," said one good gossip to another, with many courtesies to the foppish figure that appeared at the door of the coach, looking anxiously above the mass of surrounding heads.

His lordship drew a breath of relief. "We be in time," he said to his companion, a gentleman of an apoplectic cast of countenance, with a cocked hat above his red face. "Beshrew me, I would not have missed the hanging for an earldom. 'Tis a gallant rogue who robbed like a gentleman, and I doubt not will be game to the end."

His companion grinned. "Was't not some fifty guineas he relieved thee of, Will?" he said.

"Aye! But I would give twice the sum to see it done again," cried his lordship. "Why, man, 'twas a scene from the playhouse—the full moon, the white stretch o' the road, and, sudden, the stop o' the coach and two pistols in at the window, with a dare-devil face above them. Lady Betty, with both arms about my neck, screaming for the watch some twenty miles from London, and our rascal men at the back with their hands i' the air and their four knees knocking together. Faith, he had my purse and my pistols like a wink o' the eye—before I could loose Betty's arms, and she screaming like a mad woman the while. Even behind my rage I could but grin to hear her: 'Oh, sir, take my purse and jewelry; 'tis hid in the pocket of my flowered petticoat in the box without; but spare a defenceless woman!' 'Madam,' he said, 'look at me—nay, look at me!' and when she left off screeching and looked,

he stepped into the moonlight without, and still twirling his pistols, made her a bow that would have done for the court. And dressed, too, he was, but for his mask, as though he was for St. James to a birthday. 'Madam,' he said, 'dost think, because I have taken this gentlemen's purse to aid his betters, that any power of earth might make me lay hands upon a woman? Heaven forbid! I do but make obeisance to beauty and I am gone'; and again he bowed, with his hat i' his hand, so low that the feather brushed the ground. 'O lud!' says my lady, in a flutter. 'Sure, thou art a gentleman if thou art a thief.' 'Madam,' he said, 'and canst thou call me thief? Sure, there is one of my profession in either eye of thine that makes me but a prentice at my trade. Methinks it takes greater sin and skill, madam, to pilfer hearts than purses;' and he sighed, beshrew me, like a gallant, for a moment, and jumped upon his horse. 'Sir,' he said to me, 'I am much indebted to you for your courtesy. Madam'—and he reined his horse beside the window—'thy hand'; and he bent above his saddle and kissed it. 'A pleasant journey to London. If thou meetest any rogue by the way, say that thou hast paid toll to Gentleman Jack and pass unscathed. Madam, again!'—and he bowed and galloped off into the moonlight, leaving us agape; and curse me! if the jade did not admire him all the way to London and cry out that she all but wished he had snatched her up to his saddle and ridden off with her, till I was almost in the spleen. Aye! But 'twas a pretty bit of courtesy!"

"That cost thee fifty guineas to witness," chuckled his friend; "but see!"

The gallows had been erected over night. Now, in the first faint light of the spring morning, they showed black and monstrous—a grim beast of prey awaiting its victim. Back of them the jail loomed—a square, gray mass of stone against the east.

Suddenly a faint sunbeam fell against the black horror in the centre of the green like a hand that summoned and threatened. The heavy doors of the jail swung open. There was a curious sound from the throng as of one great breath taken together, and they instinctively parted and made way for the constables walking abreast, their heavy faces red with importance and the dignity that befitted their office, but the crowd paid little heed to them.

Behind them, and before the sheriff and the hangman in his sombre garb that brought up the rear, walked the man that they had risen over night to see, whose name would grow into a fable long after the man himself was but blown dust.

Gentleman Jack walked through the crowd with a slow step—the walk of a gentleman who goes through his park leisurely with an air of half interest, half fatigue. There seemed even an expression of amusement in the keen eyes as they scanned the gaping people. He overtopped the tall sheriff by a head. The sunbeams gleamed on the gold lacing of his hat and the gold-sprigged vest and blue surtout he wore, still jaunty and unfaded despite his imprisonment. One would have sworn that here was a young blood from town, swaggering through the crowd for very amusement's sake, with nothing greater weighing on his mind than a missed kiss.

Beside him the four men in attendance looked like unkempt boors. A little black-eyed maid, clinging to her mother's hand, instintively dropped a courtesy as she caught sight of him. "'Tis not he that is to be hanged,

Mother," she whispered. "Surely not—the brave gentleman!" and her face grew bewildered.

Gentleman Jack turned to the sheriff as they mounted the gallows steps. "A fine day truly, sir sheriff," he said lightly, and then resumed the humming of the chansonette he had broken off to speak.

The gallow creaked in the breeze. They had mounted the topmost stair, and the hangman had moved to his place.

There was not a sound from the people. The heavy silence of expectation held them like a spell. Suddenly there was a change. The crowd parted. There were looks of wonder and amaze.

A little maid had pushed her way to the foot of the gallows and stood breathless, swaying like a flower in the wind. The loose strands of her light hair fell about her dainty face like strings of gold; her gray gown was flecked with dust, and the white kerchief at her neck was pulled awry.

The sheriff stood for a moment astounded, then hastened forward. "'Tis Minister Parrish's daughter," he said. "Ann, what dost thou here?"

The little maid faced him bravely. Her face had the pallor of a moonbeam, but her eyes were luminous.

"As thou knowest, sir," she said, "my father has lain sick of a fever this many a week, and but this morning heard of what was to chance this day, and, knowing that no minister was by to speak a godly word to this man, and fearing for his soul, was greatly troubled and bade me seek him with messages he hath charged me to say. Aye, he hath laid it upon me as his last command, to say certain words to him which I am come to do. Almost I feared,"—she choked back the sob that strangled her—"that I had come too late."

The sheriff hesitated, looking at her upturned face with puzzled eyes.

"'Tis a strange thing," he said, "thou, a maid, to speak to this man. I know not what to do."

The highwayman took a sudden step. His deep voice scarcely reached the people's anxious ears.

"Surely, sir," he said, "this seems a thing wherein thou hast no province. I charge thee let this maid have speech with me. 'Tis more than mere creature would dare to step between a man and his God at such a time. Wouldst put forth thy authority to send a soul to perdition?"

"Nay, not I," said the sheriff, "God forbid, but—"

"Send thy men back a pace," said Gentleman Jack. There was the ring of authority in his voice. "Let me speak with this maid even here on the gallows step. Thou hast my word that I go no further."

"For a moment, then," said the sheriff. "Mistress Ann, I bid thee hasten," and he turned and went with his men to the further corner of the platform, and being a good man, with proper respect for things spiritual, bade them stand back a pace when they would press forward to listen.

The little maid came slowly up the steps as one aweary. The highwayman brushed the floor with his hat in a bow that brought his dark head on a level with her own.

"Mistress Parrish," he said aloud, "those words of thy goodly father, I hunger for them." Then in a low whisper, trembling with passion, "Sweetheart, what madness brings thee here? Oh, my brave lass, 'tis like thee, but I had hoped to spare thee this."

The little maid looked into his dark eyes, her low words seemed almost to die on her lips.

"'Tis but to say good-bye," she fal-

tered, "to see thee for a poor moment. Oh, had my plan failed, methinks I would have cried out and run to thy side before them all. Would I might die with thee even now," and her pale lips quivered.

"Ann," he whispered, "thou hast made death for me almost as sweet as life. Wilt thou forgive me that I stole thy love? See, this has been the one thought that hath tormented me since I was trapped. That I, a very rogue, shouldst have won thy heart and given thee but misery with mine. Oh, sweetheart, that I shouldst have made thee love me!"

They had turned their backs to the crowd. Before them stretched the peaceful, undulating fields pink with apple bloom. In the great oak, a robin trilled a few liquid notes and was still.

"Nay," she whispered, "if there was fault in so sweet a thing, sure 'twas mine. 'Twas I that came again and again to the place where, by chance, I met thee first, and waited for thy passing. Didst thou not tell me of thy life, keeping naught back? Nay, is this time to talk of faults? Oh, my love, who hast had my life from that first sweet day, if thou givest me misery now, 'tis just, perchance, to suffer for the happiness I have had."

There came a sound from the corner of the platform. Gentleman Jack heard and whispered hastily, his voice broken with a strange, great tenderness.

"The time is short," he said. "There are a hundred things I burn to say that I may not. Sweetheart, 'twas a wild life, but thy love hast made my death a thing that better men might envy. Farewell, thou sweetest, truest lass. If thou shouldst forget the days wherein we met, the words that passed between us—nay—answer not! I charge thee remember this, that one man loved thee, heart and soul, to the very gate of death, and beyond, if that may be, and, Ann, dost thou forgive?"

"Forgive," she whispered, "Oh, beloved, and must I leave thee, and to this? Sure I have died a thousand deaths for thee every day since thou wast taken, and yet none have had the bitterness of this," and her wide eyes grew wild and frightened.

"Farewell," he whispered. "Sweet, thou wilt not forget. The one white thing hast thou been in this black life of mine. Nay, thou must not mourn long. Perchance, 'tis better as it is. Farewell."

He made a step back and raised his voice so that it rang out clear on the air. "Mistress Parrish," he said, "I thank thee for thy goodly father's words of counsel and consolation. Wilt thou permit?" He bowed and raised her hand to his lips.

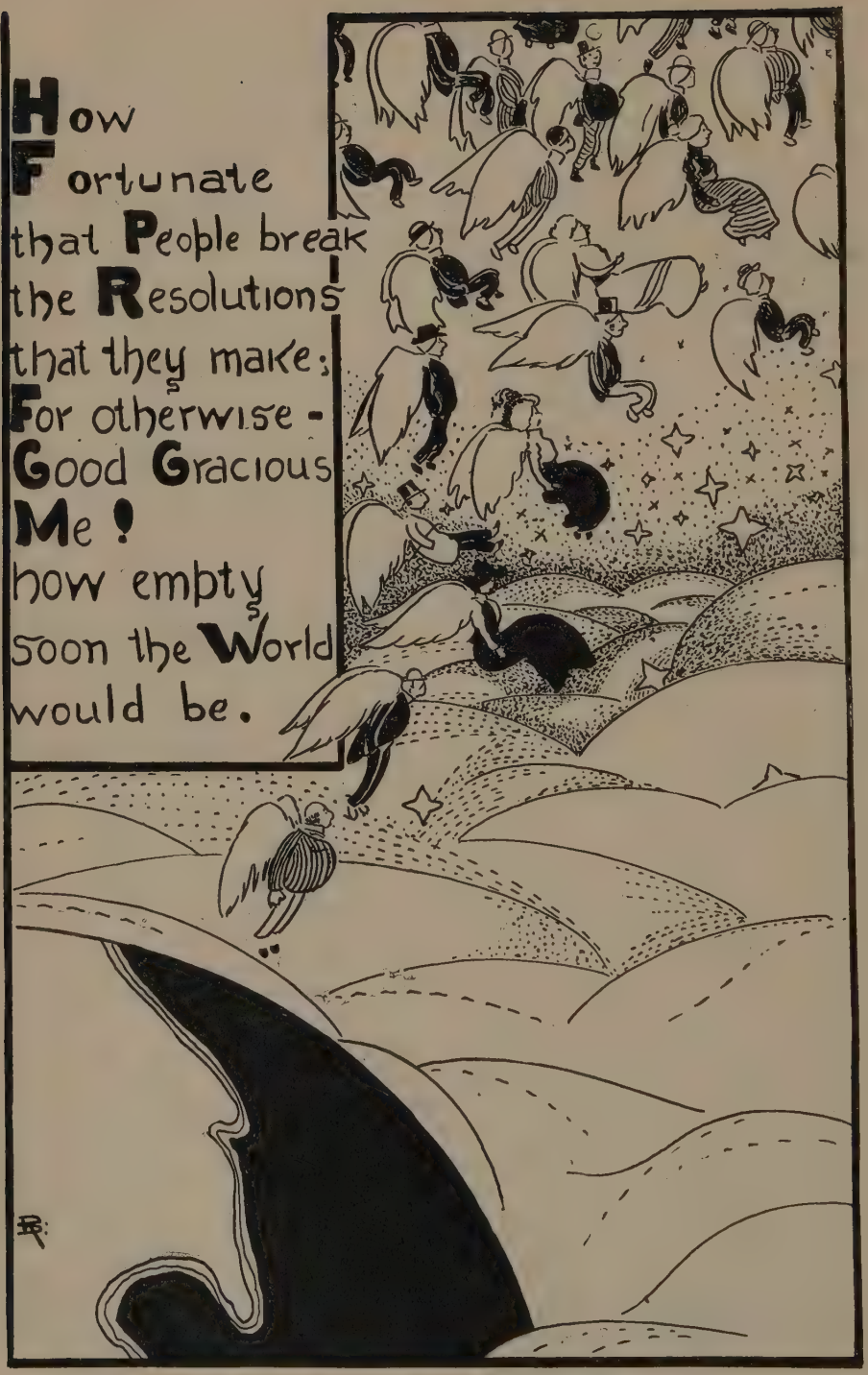
For a second his lips burned on her hand and his eyes in hers. "Nay, go quickly," he whispered.

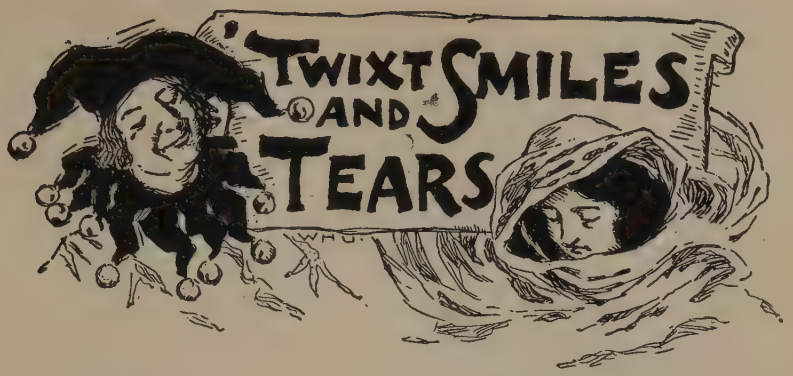
He turned his face to the crowd, and raised his gold-laced hat. "Fair dames and noble gentlemen," he cried in his ringing defiant voice, "I salute you!"

He turned to the attentive sheriff and his men with a mocking smile on his lips. "Gentlemen," he said, "at your service."

There was a noise from the crowd as of a vast body pushing forward. A murmur that grew and swelled, and suddenly a great silence, but the little maid hurried through the dew-damp fields with her trembling hands before her face.

"Said I not he would die game?" quoth My Lord of Buckley as the great coach rolled back to London.


How
Fortunate
that People break
the Resolutions
that they make;
For otherwise -
Good Gracious
Me!
how empty
soon the World
would be.



PRETTY ONE

Oh! bring thy lips and kiss the sun,
Pretty one!
It surely wooes thee, yea, as I
Would flash and die,
A tribute at thy feet, a raptured cry.

Oh! loose thy hair, and fill my hands
With the strands:
The poppy wreath; the vein of gold;
The veil I hold:
A Tyrian flutter of the queens of old.

Ah! I lift thy tangled lashes up
To the cup:
My lips, or choose the morning's blue,
If you love dew,
And love the light, as my soul loveth
you.

Oh! ivy-falling beauty fair:
Glances, hair!
The drooping, sleeping evening vine:
The eglantine,
Is not as love-flowered as this heart of
mine.

John Stuart Thomson

THE OLD MAN'S NEW YEAR'S GREETING

HE sat in the dingy railway coach, his elbow resting on the sill of the window, his snowy head drooping. Now and then he looked out at the changing landscape, and when he saw a cosy farmhouse his lips twitched, and his eyes filled with tears.

He was an old man, and the color of his face told that he was ill. A cane at his side was all the baggage he carried.

No one seemed to notice him as he sat in the corner of the seat, his head shaking as with palsy. No one asked him his destination, nor how he would reach it. It was this that troubled him—how he would reach it. What it was, was stamped firmly enough upon his memory. If he could but think of something else. But no; the place loomed before his eyes continually. Yes, he knew where he was going. But how to get there? "I can't walk," he mused; "an' there'll be no one to carry me when they find out where I'm goin'. If somebody could on'y 'a' come with me! But there wasn't nobody. I'm all alone, all alone."

He had no handkerchief to wipe away the tears, so his coat sleeve had to answer the purpose.

The train was drawing into the city now, and he became absorbed for a time in the passing panorama. The noise, the bustle, the great buildings, all held his thoughts. Then he suddenly collapsed. He was nearing his journey's end. And then?

He began to move about uneasily. He took up his cane, then stood it in the corner again. He looked about the car, but met no smile, no glance of pity. He noticed the people gather-

ing up their baggage. He took his cane again, his rough hands working nervously about the handle.

The view through the window once more claimed his attention, it was all so new, so wonderful, so absorbing. When he finally turned from the scene outside he found the car empty. A forlorn look overspread his face. He tried to rise, but could not, and fell back into his seat again. A moment later some one tapped him not over gently on the shoulder. "All out here!" cried a coarse voice. "All out here!"

The old man looked up into the face beside him.

"You'll have to get out here," the trainman said. "Where are you going?"

"Eh?" said the old man. "Eh?"

"Where are you going?" was asked again.

"Where'm I goin'?" asked the thin, rasping voice. "I'm—I'm goin' to the poorhouse."

Something in the pale, trembling figure touched the heart of the gruff attendant. A thrill passed through him.

"I can't walk, sir," the old man continued; "an' I'm awful sick besides."

"All right," said the other, "we'll get you out safe and sound."

In a short time he was lifted from the car into an invalid's chair, and rolled out through the station upon the sidewalk. At the curb there stood a cumbersome vehicle—the conveyance that was to take him to the poorhouse. At sight of it his eyes grew dim, his mouth worked convulsively.

Some one was giving instructions to the driver to back up, and the old man, looking about him, saw a policeman standing at his side. Then, feeling as if he ought to say farewell to some one, he stretched forth his hand and clasped that of the stalwart officer. "Good-by," he said, tremulously, "I'm goin' to the poorhouse. This is New Years'—but I'm an—old—old—man."

The policeman watched the vehicle, and taking out his handkerchief he drew it across his eyes.

Albert J. Klinck

Clairborn, Me an' Alexander

WHAT WE-ALL'S GWINE TER DO

When we-all's growed up big an' tall,
Rite outer pickaninnies' clo'es,
We's gwine ter do a heap uv tings,
Yas, we-all is, when we-all grows.

My bigges' brudder say dat he—
Dat's Alexander Marmeluke—
Is gwine ter be a sojer-king,
A prince, or mebbe jes' a juke.

I 'lows ter be Mis' Sally's boy,
An' wear brass buttons on my clo'es,
An' bresh de flies an' ten' de do',
I'se gwine ter do dat when I grows.

An' Claiborn Andrew Jackson James,
He's gwine ter stomp an' shout an pray,
An' hol' revibals in de chu'ch,
Lak Deacom Sims acrost de way.

Oh, when we-all's growed big an' tall,
An' outer pickaninnies clo'es,
We 'lows ter do sech heaps uv tings,
Yas, we-all does, when we-all grows.

Alice Van Leer Carrick

JACK'S AUNT

"HOLY smoke!" said Jack, as he gazed at two notes lying on his desk. Then he sank back in his chair and groaned feebly. He plunged his hands in his trousers pockets and rattled a bunch of keys and some small change—very small change indeed, as he ruefully realized—and groaned again, still more feebly.

"Holy smoke!" he said, once more, as though he derived some comfort by the remark.

The situation that confronted him with all its nerve-fraying possibilities was one that called for the strategy and finesse of an Otis. Edith—that's Jack's best girl—was coming in from Newton on the 1 o'clock train for a consultation with her milliner, and expected him to take her to lunch and later in the afternoon to Keith's. His Aunt Matilda would arrive at the Union station on the 12 o'clock train from the country village where Jack dutifully visits her for a week every summer, and wanted him to meet her and take her to dinner and the museum—which is Aunt Matilda's conception of a reckless pursuit of pleasure. It was too late to notify either that he had been suddenly called out of town, or had an imperative business engagement, or anything of that sort, so it appeared he must face the music.

To disappoint Aunt Matilda might seriously jeopardize his chances of ever owning her snug little bank account. If he failed to obey Edith's behest—cold tremors attacked him as he contemplated the probable result.

To add to his predicament, his finances were at ebb tide, and a mental calculation of the items going to make up a dinner for his aunt, lunch for Edith and himself, tickets to Keith's, car fare and incidentals, appalled him with their magnitude.

He lit a cigarette and made some figures on the back of an envelope. The result looked like this:

One dinner	$1.00
Two lunches	1.50
Two tickets to Keith's . .	2.00
Shave, car fare, etc., . .	1.00
	$5.50

Then he delved in all his pockets and brought forth a dollar bill, a quarter, three nickels and a dime. That made a dollar and a half—four dollars short. His cigarette dropped from his nerveless fingers and he groaned again.

Then he thought of Wilkins—good fellow, Wilkins. There lay his salvation. Wilkins would lend him the four dollars. He looked at the clock—11.15. Then he sprinted up Washington street to a busy office building.

"Mr. Wilkins is out," said the typewriter. "Won't be back till four o'clock."

"Oh Heavens!" said Jack.

Going out he met Mason, who usually was looking for a chance to borrow, rather than lend. Jack grabbed him with a death-like clutch.

"Say, old man," he gasped "I've got to have four dollars or I'm a lost sinner. Lend it to me till to-morrow and I'll name my bull pup for you."

Mason was tender hearted. He had a fellow-feeling and—what is more to the point—four dollars.

Jack grabbed the money and dashed for a barber shop, flinging back his thanks over his shoulder. While the tonsorial artist was decorating his face with lather, he evolved a plan of action.

When Aunt Matilda descended from the 12 o'clock train, Jack was on the platform and greeted her with his blandest smile.

"Awfully sorry," said he, as the car whirled round the corner of Portland street, "but I've got to meet a man on business—" he looked darkly mysterious—"important business, at 1 o'clock. I'll take you to the hotel, order your

dinner, and while you're eating I'll skip down town and tend to the matter. Then I'll come back and get you, and we'll have a good long afternoon in the museum."

"You're so thoughtful, Jack," said his aunt. Jack wriggled. "But you ought'nt to go without your dinner."

"Oh, that's all right," said Jack. "I'll get a sandwich somewhere and a cup of coffee. You know business matters must be attended to on time."

"I s'pose so," said his aunt. "You're so like your poor dear Uncle Henry," she added, approvingly.

Jack called up a mental picture of his poor dear Uncle Henry and shuddered.

At one o'clock Edith—a dream in a tailor-made suit—stepped from the train into Jack's outstretched arms. As they passed through the Brattle street entrance to Marston's, Jack thought of his duplicity and shivered. But Edith's bright chatter and a portion of broiled live lobster drove away his gloomy thoughts.

Lunch finished, he piloted Edith to her miliner's on Tremont street, and made double-quick time back to the Adam's House, where he found Aunt Matilda taking a peaceful nap in the ladies' parlor.

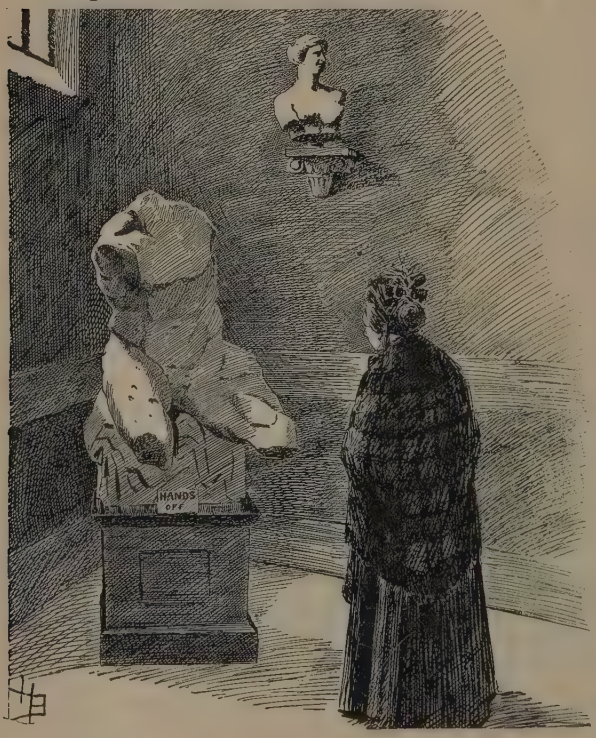
"Sorry to keep you waiting so long," he gasped, mopping his heated brow; "but there were several important—er—details to settle, and it took some time."

"That's all right, Jack," said Aunt Matilda, "business before pleasure."

Jack wondered vaguely where the pleasure came in, but said nothing. He steered his aunt in fear and trembling past the millinery establishment where Edith was, and drew a long breath of relief as they entered the sacred portals of the museum. Aunt Matilda viewed everything with the same interest she had displayed on her eighteen previous visits to the same spot, and was overjoyed when she discovered a new piece of statuary. It was an armless, headless, legless torso of a man on a pedestal. A placard beneath it was inscribed: "Hands Off." Aunt Matilda gazed at it some time with a puzzled expression, then she said, musingly, to herself:

"Hands off, eh? Guess it must have got broke in moving; but what's the use in putting that sign up? Can't we see the hands are off, and legs, too, for

"Hands off, eh? Guess it must have got broke in moving"



that matter?" Then she continued on her way, dutifully attended by her loving nephew.

At four o'clock Jack saw his aunt safely on the train for home, and wended his way to the Quincy House, where Edith was awaiting his appearance in the parlor. As they watched the biograph pictures at Keith's he told her how tired he was after working so hard all the afternoon.

"Poor boy!" said Edith, sympathetically, and snuggled up to him in a most comforting manner.

In his hall bedroom that night Jack sat with a wet towel around his head and made a fervent vow that rather than undergo such a day again he would enlist for the Philippines.

O. S. Borne

THE FAIRY'S GIFT

(A modern fairy tale)

Once upon a time there lived a man who was ugly and old and stupid and cross, and he mourned much over his shortcomings.

Now one day a fairy heard his sighs, and came and asked him if he could help him in any way.

"Yes," said the man. "Make me the handsomest, the most amiable, the wisest man in all the world, that every one may admire and envy me."

The fairy looked at him a few minutes, and then said:

"Well, after all, I'm only a fairy, and I can't do everything, you know. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll bestow upon you the gift of seeing all these qualities in yourself, and that will answer just as well."

The enchantment immediately began to work, and the man, radiantly happy and satisfied, thanked the kind fairy, and went on his way rejoicing.

Alice Van Leer Carrick

IF THE END OF THE WORLD SHOULD COME

If the end of the world should come to-night,
With a crashing of mighty spheres,
With a chaos of sound and a dazzle of light,
And a mingling of groans and tears;
If the end of the world should come, I say,
It would silence my neighbor's cat
That yowls and warbles the night away,
And I shouldn't object to that.

If the end of the world should come to-night,
With deluge of fire and flood,
With the heavens engulfed in a glitter of white,
And the earth in a gurgle of blood;
If the end of the world should come, I say,
There are three or four bills I owe
That I should not then be expected to pay,
And I'd rather like that, you know.

If the end of the world should come to-night,
With the end of all labor and life,
With an end of the warring of wrong against right,
And the end of all love and all strife;
If the end of the world should come, I say,
There's a heart I love well it would still;
So I hope it keeps jogging for many a day,
And I'll bet ten to one that it will.

Ellis Parker Butler

DOWN

(At the football game)

"The umpire called a fowl just now,
But I see no feathers," quoth she.
"Ah—um—yes, the reason is
'Tis a *picked* eleven, you see."

W. S. Peirce

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

BEGINNINGS

EVERY beginning is the root of an ending. As long as the roots of trees or flowers remain healthy no blight to leaves or blossoms suffices to entirely destroy vegetation. A man's youth is the root of his years. During that period the sap of his life is colored and characterized. If at the beginning of an existence, or a year, we walk with a faint heart our fruits will be worthless. Fruits there will be in most cases, owing to nature's ordering, but it depends upon our fundamental vitality whether these fruits be wholesome and compelling or bitter and distasteful. Circumstances *do shape* heroes we admit, but circumstances do *not* make heroes.

A man must be ready for an opportunity or the opportunity passes on to better mettle. A man may be known by his youth; by the way in which he makes himself ready for great opportunities; but the extent of his preparations can not be fairly judged by his superficial, exterior life. Down at the roots of a man's being these preparations are in progress, and no one acquainted merely with the surface of his life is properly prepared to judge the man. This has been demonstrated throughout the history of the world whenever seemingly easy-going nonentities have suddenly begun to leap with heroes. It is commonly claimed that unless a man shows himself distinctly successful by the time he is forty there is small hope for him; in which fallacy there is one grain of truth, applying more especially to the average man who has no intention of leaping with heroes, and no enthusiastic desire to break the average traces. Evidently the grain of truth to be found in this generalization lies in the fact that after the meridian of life is past both physical and mental strength begin to wane, robbing human beings in their going of courage and enterprise, factors of all successful endeavor, but especial requisites in business.

Along the line of original thought and in the field of political and warlike heroes men are still beginning at middle life, but they must have begun to begin much earlier if they are to wear elderly crowns—ornaments manufactured carefully, deliberately, thoughtfully, and by a masterly hand wielding a high purpose. In the long run, where crowns are concerned, those made of gold or laurel are frequently heavy and burdensome, whereas, the crown of the average man or woman who begins early to practise the laws of kindness and truthful living goes with him or her "softly through the days of life."

It does no harm at the beginning of each new year to remember the importance of that period as a reminder

of what youth ought to be—a time not alone of promise but a strong beginning of fulfillment.

In making this attempt to strike root wisely it is important to carefully examine the soil we select and so make certain that we are to grow where our special kind is indigenous or best cultivated. Right here the selective faculty must be exercised or we will make the mistake of trying to raise a middle-west wheat crop on a New England hillside.

Give youth congenial surroundings savored with a moderate appreciation of its own importance, if you wish to see the beginning of a desirable ending, for youth is the root of old age.

❁

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

ABSTRACTLY there appears to be only a limited objection to the proposition that women have a legal and moral right to represent themselves at the polls; concretely, any general movement of reform or change is operated in the mass as a flock of sheep once headed in a particular direction can scarcely be restrained. This statement might intimate that the suffrage cause is lustily on the march towards victory, were it not that the spirit of feminine consent is coldly negative, without much interest one way or another.

The women actively supporting the emancipation idea dwell too strenuously upon the final power of legislation in the matter they have at heart, and too lightly upon the actual importance of the attitude of the feminine majority. Battering down the walls of legislation will never bring about suffrage reform, even if the consent of the State be finally secured, provided the women will not avail themselves of the right once obtained. Reform does not mean only permission to do better; it also means doing better.

At the suffrage conventions the majority of women in the audiences are already convinced, are full-fledged sisters in the cause. What the idea needs for fulfillment is converts—more proselyting, less friction; a bit more of Loyola, a bit less of ego behind the scenes. The fresher hands into which the cause has now descended, bid fair to appeal more directly to the average feminine mind by their manner of operation; but as long as suffrage meetings show a single empty bench, and women who attend out of curiosity go away unconvinced, the hope of legislation is fruitless. Women and men must rise in concerted might, if they would gain their desires in matters of general importance; moreover, the seeds of an idea must be sown in the minds of the young, before it can sprout.

When suffrage meetings are composed at least one-half of young women, the movement will have sprung forward in the same proportion.

At present the idea is in danger of becoming elderly—a fatal outcome to any enthusiasm.

The suffragists do not combat any one united conviction among other women, but they confront what is more difficult to mould—a body of minds holding widely differing opinions, or no opinions at all.

The negative enemy is the most elusive and exasperating.

If the proposition that all persons paying taxes should be allowed to vote were set plainly before any reasonable mind, whether that of man or woman, very few would fail to see justice in the idea, but at the same time an objection to increasing instead of limiting the present poll conditions could be readily found. Said

one sensible woman, "Yes, of course I ought to vote, because I own property and know something concerning the candidates up for office and party platforms, but my cook, a few years over from Ireland, devoid of either education or patriotism, has no more right to vote than has my coachman, over a few years from England, and possessed of exactly the cook's qualifications."

When poll qualifications are limited within reason for both sexes, then more reasoning women will feel called upon to lend a personal voice in behalf of government; but even before that municipal Utopia is reached no decided stand can be taken by the feminine majority until a widespread enthusiasm is aroused, an enthusiasm at least equal to that engendered by the Salvation Army.

❀

THE ART OF SEEING

THE merits of a good picture, like those of a good book, can not be exhaustively comprehended with one casual scrutiny. It is worth years of painstaking effort to learn to look at pictures intelligently; not necessarily with the hypercritical glance of gentlemen of the painter's craft prejudiced in favor of one school, or their own individual efforts, but with the understanding of a true artist or connoisseur schooled in the use of his eyes. The majority of observers see probably about one-third of what any picture contains of either good or bad work. Naturally the subject of a picture is of more importance to the popular mind than the maker's treatment of that subject, but after the question of composition is exhausted there is such vital, pleasurable interest to be found in the possession of some intelligent knowledge of the effect of color, line and light, that the prevailing indifference to the necessity for understanding something about these matters before loudly criticizing pictures offhand is surprising.

The first step in the training of an artist is teaching his eyes to see as perfectly as possible every detail of shape and color in whatever object is presented to him. Naturally, after a lifetime spent in observing with talented eyes he sees more and different things than the average untrained observer. When he sets down aesthetic facts in color or line, it is our honest duty to be able to substantiate our objections to them—something we rarely can do.

We say "That is bad," simply because the picture under criticism does not please us personally, not because we know why it is bad. In a surprisingly short time any individual not totally bereft of an eye for the beautiful, can by contact with the conversation or daily work of those who have learned to see, grow into a theoretical intelligence, both educational and pleasurable.

Year after year our American art-schools turn out hundreds of pupils who will never paint a presentable picture, but who, at the same time have learned to see and think with sufficient intelligence to be unconscious educators in the section of our widespread country from whence they journeyed to some centre of cultivation. Their influence is more permeating than they think, as is that of the other hundreds working silently all over the country, and, in the long run, art schools are especially valuable, not for the artists made, but for the intelligent ideas spread abroad through the medium of their frequently disappointed pupils.

Every intelligent effort put forth to see the world and its beauty fairly and truthfully meets its own reward of actual joy in living.

BOOK BABBLINGS

New Year's Eve in the Library

By Helen Ray Kent

THE festivities of Christmas week were nearly over, and the Pendleton library was beginning once more to present its customary staid and sombre appearance. It was New Year's Eve; and during the absence of the entire Pendleton family the books were holding their usual reception.

"Peter Sterling," "Hugh Wynne," the "Soldiers of Fortune," "Captains Courageous" and "Sentimental Tommy" had been chosen to act as ushers; and the selection could not have been bettered. It was delightful to see the tact with which "Hugh Wynne" managed to interest Thackeray's "Virginians" in modest "Richard Carvel"; while "Captains Courageous" escorted "Jack Hamlin's Meditation" straight to "The Day's Work," which had preceded the newcomer on the shelves about a year.

"I want you to meet 'Jack Hamlin,' Mr. Bret Harte's new volume of stories. Mr. Hamlin, my brother, 'The Day's Work,'" said the Kipling usher. "People say that our authors are somewhat alike. See if you can discover the point of resemblance between you. I'm not equal to the problem, unless its solution is simple, native force," and he hurried away to his duty.

"How very busy they all are," remarked "Henry Worthington, Idealist" to "The Other Fellow" as they reached the end of the receiving line, and stood a little apart to let other newcomers pass.

"I do so want a talk with 'The Honorable Peter Sterling'; but it is out of the question for the present. There must have been a great many of us new ones: Freshmen, they'd say at college. In spite of everything books hold their own don't they? After all, there is nothing better than a good story. One that combines principle and sentiment; for those are the fundamental elements of human nature and human life; principle to live by, and sentiment to beautify.

"They tell me Mr. Sterling is a perfect combination of the two, and then as his character is political and my own economic, we should find much in common. But it would be useless to attempt to talk with him so early." Have you any relatives present, sir? I inquired anxiously of the 'Soldiers of Fortune' if my only one, 'An Experiment in Altruism,' was of this household, but they tell me not. I trust you are more fortunate," and he paused for a reply.

"Yes, my brother, 'Caleb West,' must be here somewhere; and there is my sister, 'Tom Grogan,' talking to 'Trilby.' What an incongruous pair!" And "The Other Fellow" laughed heartily.

"Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is my Creator, or First Cause; and he's a pretty hustling sort of a chap. Paints pictures and writes stories, lectures, reads, travels. I don't know of any one who covers more ground than he does in a year, unless it's *his* honored parent"—indicating "Via Crucis," nearby.

"Crawford's the most portentiously prolific writer the world has to-day in any country. I don't know much about that one; but most of his books are mighty readable and interesting.

"Ah! there is 'Her Green Gorgeousness' ' latest. Ever since Mrs. Burnett struck those crazy-looking covers for her 'Lady of Quality,' and its sequel —(not equal)—they've nicknamed her 'The Goddess of Green Gorgeousness,' Mr. John Kendrick Bangs told me.

"Isn't it interesting to watch the old standards receive in all their glory? They are the lords of the manor, and no mistake, although they don't say half so much as we new ones. There's George Eliot, perfectly unapproachable; but so courteous and kind. No one ever sounded the whole gamut of human joys and sorrows as she did, except Shakespeare. Yet watch her simplicity. And isn't Mr. Longfellow's smile simply beautiful? No matter how small and insignificant you are, you feel that he means it when he says he's glad to welcome you. Mr. Emerson looks benignant and kind, too; but it's a sort of far-away, chilly kindness, as if he were really too uplifted to be aware of your existence. Not that he means to be so. You see what I mean, don't you?" continued the speaker, addressing "The Choir Invisible," who had just joined their group.

"Yes, I understand," smiled the new-comer, making room for "The Man with the Hoe" and "Number 5 John Street," at either side, as they stood rather forlornly by themselves.

"We were just speaking of the hosts of the evening," he continued. "There is a sort of aloofness about Emerson, kind and helpful though he is. I've been here three years, and I've studied them all pretty carefully. He can't help it. Nothing ever happened to him. No great grief, no great passion, no great disappointments. His whole existence, if one may say so, sublimely commonplace. And so, in spite of his great simplicity, or simple greatness, he seems to lack human color. That's what you miss. But how wonderful he is! He will appreciate you, Mr. Markham"—turning toward "The Man with the Hoe," with a bow.

"I hope so," answered the new poet, gently. "At least what I strive to express. I don't dread the criticisms of the really great; but the scoffs of one's contemporaries are very disheartening, to say the least."

And all eyes turned involuntarily to the one gloomy corner of the bookshelves, where a number of dour looking volumes scowled or sniffed sarcastically at the animated scene below.

"Death's heads at a feast," murmured "No. 5 John Street," as he moved away; and there was a moment's silence until "The Choir Invisible" spoke again.

"Don't allow them to spoil our New Year, friends. Poor things! they look unhappy enough. Criticism and fault finding have some use, I suppose; at all events they teach us what to avoid. Let's make it our New Year's resolution—to be kept, too—that we will never adopt the practise of perpetual scolding.

Just then the orchestra, composed of "Charles Auchester," "The First Violin," and "Melody," began to tune up; and serious conversation was over for the evening. Quadrille, waltz, polka, schottische, and even the romping two-step followed one another in quick succession, until half-past eleven, when the floor was cleared for the final dance, a Virginia reel, led by "George Washington," head of the American Statesman series, and "Janice Meredith," the first of a hoped-for series of American heroines. As the clock began to strike twelve, dancing and merriment ceased suddenly; and at the final stroke every book was back in its respective place on the shelves. Fun and frolic were forgotten in the solemnity of the birth of a New Year.

A Glance at New Books

Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"THE TRAGEDY OF DREYFUS"

THIS book, by G. W. Steevens, is a brilliant narrative of the events connected with that unfortunate officer's "case" and trials. Mr. Steevens gives us a full and impartial account of the proceedings; wonderfully concise characterizations of the different personages connected with the "affair;" and his book is instructive and very interesting. So much has been said and written regarding this case, that the average reader knows scarcely where to begin, with time limited, and subjects for reading multiplied. In the writer's judgment, Mr. Dooley's report of the trial at Rennes, in a lighter vein; and, for genuine information, Mr. Steevens' valuable book, are eminently sufficient. Harper Bros.

"DIONYSIUS"

THE beauty of style, quaint humor and delicate sympathy found in "Guenn," "One Summer" and "The Open Door," are all expressed in "Dionysius, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest," the last novel of the late Blanche Willis Howard, and published since her death. The story of Vroni, the peasant girl, with her ardent, devoted and pleasure-loving nature—her adoration of her father, her frank and bewitching ways, her fall from virtue, final redemption and amended life, are vividly and feelingly described. The scene in which the girl—who has herself been ruined—saves the mistress whom she so loves from a similar fall, by a plea couched in language so simple and forcible that it brings tears to the eyes, is handled in a masterly manner. Perhaps a bit melodramatic, this climax is the sort of melodrama one finds in Faust, Camille, or in the strange occurrences of real life. The question whether a life wrecked as was Vroni's can be lived down, depends very much upon the woman individually, and the man she marries. In this case it seems eminently the natural sequence, just as in "Tess," for example, the end was of necessity entirely different. The reader's attention never flags; and it is with a sad sense of personal regret that one realizes that we shall have nothing more from this gifted pen. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

"FAMOUS ACTRESSES OF THE DAY"

BUT one criticism occurs to the reader of Lewis C. Strang's volume, "Famous Actresses of the Day in America," and that is his choice of an adjective. "Popular" or "celebrated" would seem to have been a better title for the majority of his subjects; yet it is ungrateful to quibble over the definition of a single word, when the whole in itself is so pleasing. The book contains portraits and brief sketches of most of the favorites of stage womankind; and there are bits of criticism and review from eminent dramatic writers. Mr. Strang also offers his own opinions as to this or that actress in a discreet and kindly manner. The book is very attractive in appearance, and will undoubtedly be warmly welcomed by the theatre-going public. L. C. Page & Co.

"DIFFERENCES"

THIS story is constructed on the basis of a college settlement, in the poorer districts of Chicago, is true in detail and presents a general aspect of the life lived among the poor as well as the actual everyday life of the poor themselves. But the story after a few chapters is concerned principally with one John Wade, a working man, and Genevieve Radcliffe, a college graduate who became interested, then loves and marries the man so much inferior in every way. The evident intention of the author has been to create in Wade a strong character, and an appealing one. In this it would seem that he has not wholly succeeded. The man is not only weak, but lacks pride: not seeming to comprehend that according to his own argument, Genevieve approaches him in a way which emphasizes the difference in class as nothing else could. It seem that the man should have been strong enough to withstand the declarations amounting to marriage proposals from this girl so far above him, who was so confused in her ideas of life, and who was carried beyond her strength by a passion for this rough, crude, ordinary working man. He is a disappointment instead of a tower of strength. The strength of self-denial is altogether lacking in him, and pride seems unknown. The book is, however, intensely interesting. Mr. White has produced a realistic and virile book. The subject itself is a popular one, he understands coloring to perfection, and his descriptions evince a keen and close observer. Small, Maynard & Co.

"YOUNG APRIL"

IT is with pleasure that one takes up so attractive a volume as "Young April," Egerton Castle's latest novel; and when the last page has been read one is heartily sorry. In these days of problem novels, historical novels, novels with—or without—a purpose, it is delightful to turn to a love story pure and simple, in which the freshness and buoyancy of youth, its frolic and vigor are so well portrayed. "Young April" is the tale of a brief month of Life's springtime, its dash, its follies and its irresistible attractions; with a touch of the inevitable regrets which follow in the path of impulse or impetuosity misdirected. Mr. Castle has told his story exceedingly well, and in a dramatic fashion. One involuntarily recalls the lines:

> "There are gains for all our losses,
> There are balms for all our pains,
> But when youth, the dream, departs,
> We lose something from our hearts,
> And it never comes again."

The "something" is what seems most precious in all life's memories: and this story of it, brilliant and fascinating, deserves a great meed of praise. MacMillan & Co.

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Fraqar

PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER

First Prize: Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.

Second Prize: Mr. Max Schoetz, Jr., Menasha, Wis.

Third Prize: Miss Jennie Whitney, 16 Loomis Street, Burlington, Vt.

Fourth Prize: Miss Flora Foss Abbott, North Sullivan, Maine.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NOVEMBER

Literature

1. Alfred Tennyson, the representative poet of the Victorian era in English literature, was the third son in a family of twelve children. His father was the rector of Somersby and vicar of Grimsby. His poetry is prominent for its beauty and power.

2. Shakespeare was born in the year 1564, at or near Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, England. He was married in 1582, and had three children born in the early years of his wedded life. He left Stratford suddenly and became an actor and writer of plays famous enough to be noticed in 1589, and cited amongst the foremost men of letters in England in 1592. He followed the calling of an actor in honor and eminence from early youth till about three years before his death. He made money and accumulated property both in London and Stratford. Finally, while yet in active life, he died in the quiet of Stratford, in the prime of years and fame in the year 1616, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church of the Holy Trinity. Beyond these facts all that is told of the man Shakespeare is inference.

3. Macaulay's essay on Milton appeared in the "Edinburg Review," when the author was only twenty-five years of age. Like Byron, he awoke to find himself famous: for no English magazine had published an essay so readable, so eloquent, and so entertaining, and though authorities may differ as to which is the most famous, still the one on Milton is one of the best known and most read.

4. Among the incidents of Milton's college life was his friendship with Edward King, the young poet celebrated in Lycidas. The loss of his friend by the foundering of a ship in the Irish Channel was the occasion of the poem, which is, throughout, a treasury of literary beauty.

5. Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He was educated at Bowdoin College, where he graduated as a classmate of Longfellow's in 1825. With the exception of a short romance called "Fanshawe," which he afterwards disowned, his first literary publication was "Twice Told Tales." This choice little volume, the most promising addition to American literature that had appeared for many years, made little impression on the public mind, and the publishers were many years trying to sell a small edition of it.

Art

1. Titian's method of painting was to prepare his pictures with a solid stratum of pigment which served as a bed upon which to return frequently. After laying his foundation he would turn the picture to the wall and leave it perhaps for months. If any portion appeared to be defective he would set to work to correct it, then put it aside again and return to it a third or more times. It was contrary to his habit to finish any picture at one painting. Now and then he would model the light into a half tint with a rub of his finger, or a touch of his thumb would dab a spot of dark pigment into some corner to strengthen it or throw in a reddish stroke to break the parts. In fact when finished he painted more with his fingers than with his brush.

2. In Venice on a lofty and elegant pedestal of marble rises the equestrian statue of Bartolommo Colleon, a general of the republic, modelled by da Vinci's teacher, Andrea Verrochio. Ruskin says, "I do not believe there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world." At Rome in the center of the Square of the Capitol is the admirable equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in bronze, once gilded, which stood near the Lateran in the middle ages.

3. William Holman Hunt, born in London in 1827, was an English painter and one of the pre-Raphaelite school. He first exhibited in the Academy in 1846. "The Light of the World," painted in 1854, and "Christ in the Temple," painted in 1860, are both well known and very familiar in engravings.

4. John Everett Millais, born in 1829, was a noted English painter. With Hunt, Rossetti and others, he founded the association which was afterward known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He became a Royal Academician, was created baronet and afterwards elected to the French Institute. For nearly fifty years he was before the public as an artist, and for the greater part of that time he sustained his reputation as the greatest painter of his day. One of his best known pictures, "The Huguenots," proved most attractive to visitors at the Royal Academy, containing qualities of execution easily appreciated, fidelity to known facts—like a red brick wall, and firm and elaborate detail, involving great labor and exactness of manipulation.

5. Sir Frederic Leighton in his thirteenth and fourteenth years studied in Rome with an Italian painter. In his fifteenth year he became a student of the Royal Academy in Berlin, and in the following year studied in Florence, Frankfort, Brussels and Paris. Finally, he spent several seasons in Rome, where he painted his picture called "Cimabua's Madonna Carried Through Florence." This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, 1855, when Leighton was only twenty-five, and was immediately bought by the Queen.

General

1. If this question is a misprint and should read Weltin, the family home of Prince Albert, I should answer Queen Victoria.

2. The Swiss made a second Thermopylae of the churchyard of St. Jacob at Balsle, where 1600 of them withstood 20,000 French under the Dauphin Louis, August, 1444. The monument of St. Jacob by F. Schlotti, completed in 1872, commemorates the heroism and death of the 1,300 Confederates who opposed the Armagnac invaders.

3. More than 600 years ago Stephen, a little boy, preached a crusade from village to village, and children flocked from their homes to join him. They

set sail from France to the Holy Land and for eighteen long years they were not heard from. Finally the fate of the children was learned. Many thousands perished by shipwreck or were enslaved.

4. Palmy days mean prosperous or happy days, as those were to a victorious gladiator when he went to receive the palm branch as the reward of his prowess.

5. According to common account the word caucus is a corruption of calkers machine, a term said to have been applied in derision by the Tories to meetings of citizens among whom were calkers and rope makers in 1770. But the word occurred seven years earlier in the diary of John Adams in connection with a meeting in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of a Boston regiment. This indicates the origin of the term caucus as a private meeting for political purposes in the name of a club of that nature called the Caucus Club. But the origin of the name as applied to the club is not known. Mrs. D. W. Hakes.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY

Literature

1. "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." Correct this and state who wrote it.

2. Who wrote "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"?

3. What book was publicly burned at Geneva, in front of the Hotel de Ville, and why?

4. Who formed the "Mermaid Club," and what was it?

5. Where did the poets Coleridge and Southey think of founding a colony? Why did they not do so?

Art

1. What woman, born in Dublin in the very last part of the eighteenth century, wrote most valuable works on art that are constantly used as references?

2. Rubens as a painter, has been compared with what English poet as a poet?

3. What was the tragedy of Giorgione's life?

4. From what painter did Milton get his first idea of "Paradise Lost"?

5. How did Murillo earn the money necessary to study with Velasquez?

General

1. How came Hong-Kong to be ceded to England?

2. What gift did France make to the United States fourteen years ago?

3. What is the largest building in the United States? Who laid the corner stone?

4. What is "Montstuart," near Rothesay, Scotland?

5. At what place does the sun jump a day, and why?

PRIZES FOR JANUARY

First Prize: "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford.

Second Prize: "Trooper Tales," by Will Levington Comfort.

Third Prize: "Soldier Rigdale," by Buelah Marie Dix.

Fourth Prize: "The Story of Magellan," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

THE American flag has its uses in peace as in war, to teach lessons of patriotism on every hand. It is a grand and inspiring thing to see on a battle anniversary, or an admiral's visit, the too dull city streets alive and vibrant with the colors we love so well; to see the commerce of a great metropolis bow to the spirit of the occasion, and voice its appreciation of protection afforded to its interests by sea as well as on land in flags of all sizes. Display cannot profane the flag, but exalts the one who makes a use of it, whether it be to brighten the darkest corner of a city alley, or in an advertisement. The flag is excellent brightening for earth's sombre places. The ray of sunshine falling upon the head of the murderer is unpolluted still. Nature's colors are displayed even in "waste places," so called. Let us then applaud whoever in America, whatever his race or calling, displays the flag. Such use can be no desecration of the splendid colors whose folds are ample enough to shelter all.

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The author of "Smith Brunt, U. S. N.," a story of the early days of the American navy, seems to think differently. Aside from his expressions on this point, Waldron Kintzing Post's story is a well-knit, stirring and impressive one. The book is well bound and printed, as, of course, a book issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons would be. "The Flag That the Emigrants Cheered," one of Hezekiah Butterworth's most stirring poems, will be recalled as one reads this paragraph from chapter 28: "They found the harbor of Gibraltar crowded, and, entering at eight bells, on every side they saw the stars and stripes break out. At home we patriotic people are accustomed to see our emblem in daily desecration. . . . But when you go into exile, where for many months you never glimpse those stars, until on some bright morning you come into a port where the water is sparkling and the sunlight is glancing from the topsides of a fleet of war, and you hear a bugle, and of a sudden see flash from every peak, clear in the blue sky, that flag! Then you will feel what Carman Hawkins felt." By the way, that Carman Hawkins was a "case" worth knowing, in more ways than one.

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It seems strange that in this stage of the world's advancement it would be possible to read such a sentence as the following from the columns of latest foreign news: "His Highness, Prince ——, of ——, is known to be violently in love with a beautiful peasant girl whom chance threw in his way when on the last hunting expedition in the —— Mountains. As his intentions are strictly honorable, the situation causes much anxiety." The anxiety the situation might cause were his intentions strictly dishonorable, seems left to the reader's conjecture.

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Crowds of children on their way to school; inspiring sight! "May they get wisdom, but with all their gettings get understanding." And how is it possible not to get understanding in

these days of making crooks straight, and rough places plain? What a revelation are some of the modern books for common instruction, directed by people wise enough to provide for thought-spaces between the lines. No book is too good, too subtle for the beginning mind, so to speak, to feed upon. The old idea that "Oh, it doesn't matter much what the littlest scholars have,"—ideas which gave currency to prosiest of books whose very covers, after slight acquaintance, would almost throw sensitive souls into convulsions, have happily been superseded by the healthful theories giving birth to such a book as Maynard, Merrill & Co., (Chicago), called "Graded Literature, Reader, Book First." Every word counts; every picture indelibly impresses the word; every device is used to make both attractive; every perfection known to printers and colorists is added to sink the artful lesson deeply, firmly into the mind at a time when it is in its most impressionable state. Any man or woman of to-day involuntarily says: "Oh, that I had had such a book to study when I began to learn!"

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Then for those a little older—boys as well as girls—there are such books as the bookdom of forty years ago would have deemed impossible to procure. A surprising number of them are worth grown peoples' time to enjoy. Pioneer among these was the still fresh and sparkling "Story of a Bad Boy" (bless his Portsmouth, N. H., heart!) written by the great Commoner of Cheerfulness, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Now comes another charming writer of the same school in the person of genial William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, with his delicious "Boyville" stories, in which all a genuine boy's mischievousness is given with astonishing fidelity. One laughs and cries by turns over these evidently truthful tales. Any one who ever remembers that he was a boy, or anyone who has ever known a boy, will delight in the adventures of Henry Perkins and Jimmy Sears and Abe Carpenter and Piggy Pennington and Mealy Jones. Mr. White runs a newspaper out in Kansas, and it's a lively newspaper, too. He must lie awake nights laughing over his own stories, just as other people do. If, perchance, they happened in his own experience, they would be all the funnier.

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The sad circumstances surrounding the death of brave Bill Anthony have been useful in certain quarters in pointing a rather captious moral, to the general effect that nobody was willing to do anything for brave Bill until sympathy was evoked by his death. Indeed it is a pity that one whose soldierly qualities were so much admired should consider himself driven to such extremity. There really was no necessity for it, try as hard as one may to prove the "bravery," in some cases, of suicidal escape from duty. A plain statement of his case, in his own words, however humbling such a course might seem to him, would, it is absolutely known, have resulted in giving needed work and fair remuneration therefor. The poor man's mental condition, (nothing need here be said about the causes), blinded his eyes to the truth which so exemplary a soldier as he under common circumstances should not have failed to see.

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Occasionally a book is evolved from the splendid imagination of a master (such must Bram Stoker hereafter be called), the reading of which one re-

calls with a negative satisfaction, one might almost say with an unpleasing pleasure. "Dr. Jekyll" in his Hyde role, and even the 'umble Uriah Heep, leave one with a shaky faith in human nature, sometimes, though no one can doubt them to be striking characters in fiction, adding much to the literary reputation of their makers. Bram Stoker gives fiction something more unusual than his own name—makes a canvas no man would care to hang, so to speak, in his dining-room, or leave around loose where an imaginative child could view, in the powerful story of a diabolical being known as Count "Dracula," who had the uncanny faculty of drinking other people's blood and thriving thereon. It is at once daring, gruesome, supernatural, wierdly picturesque, and inhumanly engrossing. It is in the form of successive extracts from the journals of Jonathan Harker, of Mina Murray, who became his wife, of Doctors Van Helsing and Seward, and of a woman friend of Mina's, poor Lucy Westenra, who died before heroic efforts to save her could avail. The powers of Darkness come very close to one who reads this book. Should one who prides himself on his nerve test it, that person's flesh will creep, and he will hear strange noises in the night, and he will look sharply into dark corners, and try twice to see that locks are safe before he sleeps. This terrible story of a human vampire is so fraught with strange potions, medical lore and sick-room minutia, and so tingling with dramatic action, that one's head whirls. One thing is quite safe to assume; since the day, not so long ago, when Svengali first became hated by millions, no more horribly realistic character has spread his bats-wings and flitted across the range of literary vision than Bram Stoker's cruel, fiendish, fascinating Count Dracula, whose hypnotic Nemesis found him, "un-dead" though he was, in the end. England burned midnight oil with the lights turned low, over this remarkable book, and now America, thanks to Doubleday & McClure, may become a part of the universal shudder. Will some one who can sing now kindly strike up that beautiful air which so doubled up Mephistopheles, in "Faust," every time that devilish individual heard it?

Hark! the great clock tolls 1900! Every one waits with expectancy for whatever it may bring. It is a season for good resolves. Now let the book critics, among the rest, resolve not to praise with faint damns, or damn with faint praises, any books which the gods (and the publishers) send out for review, without good and sufficient cause. And a Happy New Year to all concerned.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

THE following list of books is recommended to the consideration of such of our readers as wish to keep closely in touch with the best current literature:

"Via Crucis." Marion Crawford. The MacMillan Co.

"Betty Leicester's Christmas." Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Queen's Twin." Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Memoirs of a Revolutionist." P. Krapotkin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

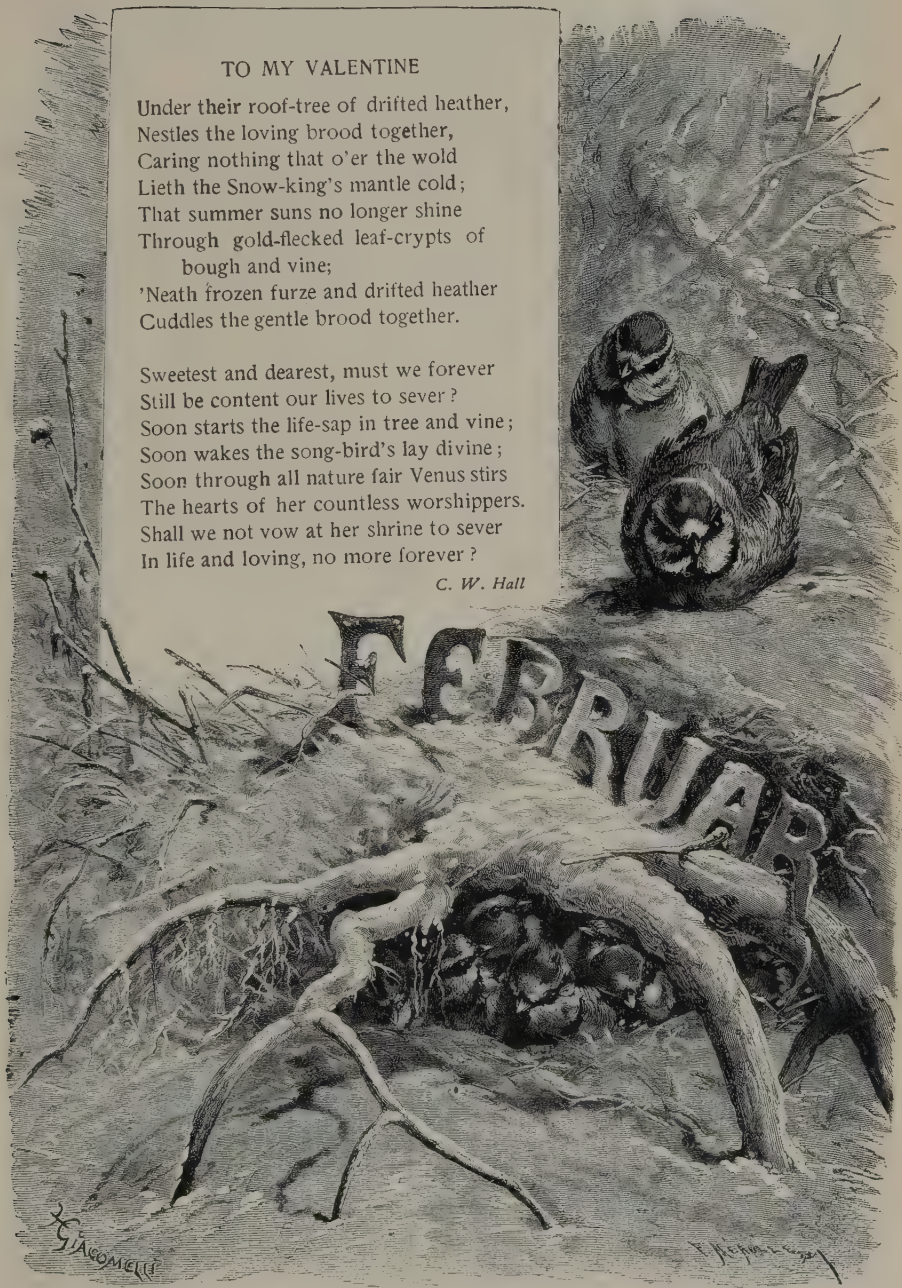
"Village Life in China." A. H. Smith, D. D. Fleming H. Rowell Co.

"The Hostess of To-day." Linda Hull Larned. Scribners.

"The Beacon Biographies."—Aaron Burr, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Frederick Douglass, John Brown—Small, Maynard & Co.

"The Unchanging East." Robert Barr. L. C. Page & Co.

"The Folly of Princes." Mark Lee Luther. The MacMillan Co.


TO MY VALENTINE
Under their roof-tree of drifted heather,
Nestles the loving brood together,
Caring nothing that o'er the wold
Lieth the Snow-king's mantle cold;
That summer suns no longer shine
Through gold-flecked leaf-crypts of
bough and vine;
'Neath frozen furze and drifted heather
Cuddles the gentle brood together.
Sweetest and dearest, must we forever
Still be content our lives to sever?
Soon starts the life-sap in tree and vine;
Soon wakes the song-bird's lay divine;
Soon through all nature fair Venus stirs
The hearts of her countless worshippers.
Shall we not vow at her shrine to sever
In life and loving, no more forever?
C. W. Hall
FEBRUAR

"If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair."
—*Old Scottish Rhyme*

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY, 1900 No. 5

A NEW voice has spoken and bestirred the cob-web conventionalities of the senate chamber. The event of the month was Senator Beveridge's speech on the Philippine question. It has done much to set the people thinking on the vexed problem of insular possessions. With the fire, spirit and enthusiasm of the orator that he is, young Senator Beveridge was certainly equal to the theme and the occasion, which has fixed him as one of the coming powers in the senate. Nor was all this the flash of a moment's inspiration; it was the result of thorough personal investigation.

* * *

Soon after his election as senator, he quickly foresaw a grave responsibility —that of setting right a great American movement of the century. He made a trip to the Philippines, and saw with his own eyes what others will have to learn by report. Although in Luzon only seven weeks, the representative of "The National Magazine" who was there at the time, found him an intrepid investigator. Attired in his fatigue uniform, he was out at sunrise seeing things, investigating peoples, places and institutions with a keen zest for facts. He was prepared for his undertaking, and no time was lost during those seven weeks.

The vigor with which he prosecuted "finding out things" quite alarmed his English friend, Capt. Hedworth Lambton, who is now in the thick of the fight in South Africa. In many pictures taken by "The National Magazine" artists, we find Senator Beveridge here, there and everywhere, in quest of the truth and the facts as bearing upon the great issue now affecting the destiny of the nations, upon which he has spoken so positively.

* * *

The speech was the result of a mature and superb effort. For weeks he was absorbed in its preparation, throwing into it all the force of original thought and reflection. He went into training as an athlete would, before the Olympian games. In his handsome suite of rooms at the Portland, I visited him when buried deep in preparation. On every hand were the trophies of his tour through the Philippines. With one side of the room bristling with spears, bolos and krisses of the Filipinos, he pleaded his cause, and saw clearly and fixedly the duties of the hour. Senator Beveridge is a young man, and his patriotic, progressive sentiments will find a heart-response from young men who have the future destinies of the nation in hand. He may not be in touch with those who

look backward fifty years and forward only ten, but he is in touch with those who, while they may have only a brief record of public service behind them, have a lifetime before them. The conditions of fifty years ago found room for expansion in our great unsettled west—that is now past, but there are other territories as clearly open to the expansive spirit of America which must be improved, or there will be an eruption of far reaching consequence. "The National Magazine" has been severely criticized for a year past because of the positive position we assumed in reference to holding the Philippines. Our judgment in the matter was formed from personal observations, and now to have similar views so ably championed by Senator Beveridge, also an eye witness, certainly ought to be a matter of congratulation.

With silk hat, cane and jaunty air, the face, form and action of a genuine young man, Senator Beveridge comes like a refreshing breeze to the senate. Of course there are always the penalties of success; some of the older senators shake their heads in a way that might suggest jealousy, while others, more wisely, have welcomed him as an ally and champion of vigorous American progress.

It would be interesting to publish portraits of all our eminent statesmen at the time they entered public life or at the time when they made their greatest impression on the pages of history. Revolutions build nests in young brains. Later years bring ripened conservatism. Senator Beveridge, although scarcely yet acclimated to the malarial atmosphere of Washington, enjoys the close personal confidence and esteem of the strongest men of the nation who have a sympathy and prophetic interest in young men and the future, and who retain an appreciation for the atmosphere of action and aggressiveness, no matter how much they may patronizingly condone the crime of youth.

MRS. GENERAL LAWTON

* * *

The debate of the financial bill suggested the reading of an annual report to a board of directors. Senator Aldrich is an earnest student and his

Albert J. Beveridge

array of figures were fascinating. The senators turned about in their chairs and were all ears and attention. Senator Allen complacently chewed a toothpick, Chauncey Depew sat benign and upright in the end of the semi-circle on the Democratic side, but there was only a listless interest in the formalities. * * *

Interest in the Roberts case has lagged during the month, or, rather, it has been overshadowed by the contest of Senator Clark, of Montana, which indicates to what extent men will go to prefix a title to their names. The senatorial "clearing house" will be kept very busy this session, and Quay comes next! * * *

The president now takes his airing and exercise in walking, and it has had the effect of reviving interest in the good old-fashioned way of getting about. He is a brisk walker and those who accompany him, to talk over matters and economize time, have to keep a lively pace to carry on the conversation, and catch their second wind.

* * *

The absorbing topic of the month is Secretary Hay's "Open Door," which has brought the nations of the world to an understanding that precludes the dismemberment of the celestial empire, and the monopolization of Chinese trade and territory. Secretary Hay's genius and career pre-eminently fitted him for the consummation of this project. Coming from the west, as the private secretary of President Lincoln, a self-reliant and self-educated young man, he has given the nation the advantage of his close association with Lincoln. No wonder that his "Open Door" is popular with European diplomats. He has a hearty, "open door," hospitable way that wins. In his appearance one is reminded of a resemblance to the late James Russell Lowell. His beard, lightly frosted with grey, and his kind dark eyes—no matter what he says or does—always interesting.

Something of a feeling of awe came over me, as I realized I was standing in the presence and the room of the American premier. Thoughts of past scenes in this room in which Blaine, Gresham, Bayard, and Day so recently figured, came to mind. Within a few years the domain under control of this country has extended seven thousand miles, and this is the workroom where all the great diplomatic complications are adjusted. Secretary Hay is one of the big men of the hour; is in touch with the problems of the times, and looks forward instead of backward.

MRS. REBER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL MILES

* * *

In the same building, standing in the corner of a dark-draped room, in which hung portraits of Stanton and other stern-visaged secretaries, was Secretary Root, holding his consultations. There is something about his very glance, from keen eyes under shaggy eyebrows, that inspires confidence. Simple, unaffected, logical and legal to a hair's

breadth, there is no time lost in formalities with him. He goes direct to the point without being brusque, his eyeglasses astride his ear, and caressing his chin with his left hand, or mowing his stubby hair, he listens and grasps a situation while most men would pass the time of day. He has the New York pace, and is a concentrated listener and a decisive disciplinarian, although I doubt if he ever bothered about the stickler part of epaulet etiquette.

* * *

The present administration is certainly one of strong men, whatever else may be said of them in a political sense. President McKinley is a public man who understands young men, consequently he is in touch with the future. His sagacity in choosing able men has resulted in positive results. The tariff question has been settled for this generation, at least; the country brought from the dregs of panic to a sure foundation of general prosperity. The currency aggravation has been soothed, and inside of four years a foreign war carried to a successful completion; and the greatest epoch-making event of our decade grappled with in the perplexities of insular possessions.

* * *

The diplomatic reception at the White House, the first of the series of receptions by the President and Mrs. McKinley, was as usual a brilliant function, gorgeous with the trap and trimmings of the court dress of the diplomats. It is by all odds the most exclusive of the President's receptions, and the number who attended was as large as usual. Mrs. McKinley's gown was white satin, heavily brocaded, with a diamond necklace encircling the high stock collar. She wore a white osprey tip and carried a bouquet of violets. Lord Pauncefote, as dean of the diplomatic corps, was the first to greet the President and receiving party, he was in full court dress, with a large number of decorations and insignia of rank, and was accompanied by Lady Pauncefote, who wore a magnificent gown.

* * *

Mrs. McKinley always receives her guests standing, whether at a reception or informal call. The pleasant greeting she always gives, however,

MRS. MERRIAM

places her guests at ease. Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children, and many are the incidents pleasantly related by the small guests at the mansion. If there are flowers near she invariably places one in the child's hand, with one of her sweetest smiles, and there is no doubt that the smile from the first lady of the land is even more appreciated than the rose she gives. Mrs. McKinley will stand out in history as the children's friend on all occasions.

* * *

The most brilliant marriage ceremony in Washington since the wedding of Miss Nellie Grant to Mr. Algernon Sartoris, was the nuptial ceremony last month uniting Miss Cecelia Sherman Miles and Captain Samuel Reber. Captain Reber served on General Miles' staff, and has taken his bride to his present post.

LADY PAUNCEFOTE

Mrs. William R. Merriam, the wife of the director of census, belongs to one of the best families of the land. She has presided over the gubernatoial mansion at St. Paul, where her husband is the most popular of the long line of governors. She has always been a liberal entertainer, and is a prominent figure at social functions.

* * *

Two of the interesting figures of the present Congress are Francis W. Cushman, the lank legislator from Washington state, and Julius Kahn, the thespian of the House. Cushman is a young man, scarcely turned thirty-three, who, it may be confidently said, is the only representative in recent Congress who can boast of having once been a section hand on a railroad. There have been waiters and sandwich venders at railroad junctions and farm laborers and others in humble pursuits who have achieved distinction in Congress, but he began as a common laborer on a small section of track on a continental line in Iowa. One of Cushman's chief claims to distinction is as the successor of the natty James Hamilton Lewis, whose rainbow ties, polka dot "weskit," spotless spats, an unruffled tile hat and closely buttoned Prince Albert, together with his flowing red whiskers and suavity of tongue, gave him fame as the best dressed man in the House, as well as a rapid-fire orator. Cushman is the wit of the House and is one of its best story tellers.

* * *

Mr. Kahn on the other hand, is a sleek and pros-

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND MAJOR-GENERALS WHEELER, LAWTON, SHAFTER AND KIEFER

perous appearing gentleman. He has achieved success along both theatrical and political lines. He is a native of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and when he first came to this country he drove a baker's wagon. He began theatrical life as Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," joined the Kiralfy Brothers in the early eighties in the production of "Michael Strogoff" and was with Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" as Hendrick Vedder. Later he played Antonio Palmieri with Clara Morris; also in "Dombey and Son" with W. J. Florence, whom he regards as the greatest character actor. Then he appeared as Brassy Gall in "A Texas Steer" and Charles Hoyt offered him an engagement as long as he was on the road. Ten years ago he abandoned the stage for the political arena. He believed the same amount of energy would bring more results in law.

Then the congressional bee buzzed!

AN UNKNOWN MAN, KNOWN TO MILLIONS

The Late Daniel Sharp Ford, the Real "Perry Mason & Co.," Publisher of "The Youth's Companion"

By Mitchell Mannering

KNOWN to very few persons personally—even by name—Daniel Sharp Ford, the late publisher of the "Youth's Companion," died, revered by millions of readers.

Many country boys in all parts of our land, famous in trade and professions and public life, can date back the inspiration of a fixed ambition to the time when they had to await their turn to hear read aloud the "Companion." Having been one of those youthful admirers I feel that every reader is interested in the personality which was so positive an influence in making the paper what it is to-day. Daniel Ford made his way in the world with the $500 loaned him by a friend who had confidence in him; and I regret that the name of the friend is not known, because he was a vital factor in a notable career.

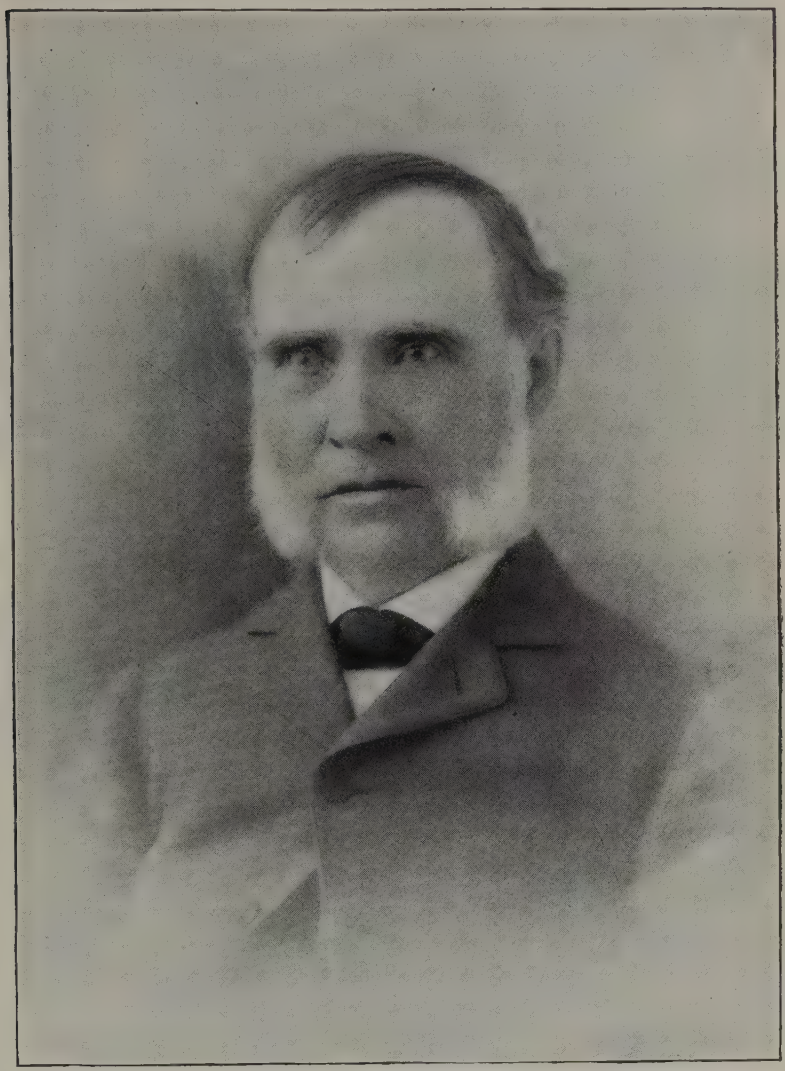
In a dissolution of partnership controlling two publications, Mr. Ford's lot fell to the "Youth's Companion." The new editor inherited less than five thousand subscribers and was disappointed in his share as his chief ambition had been to publish a religious weekly such as fell to his partner. But there was no such thing as "give-up" in Daniel Ford. The paper was published under the fictitious firm name of Perry Mason & Co., and the "hopeless chance" became the great periodical success of the century; but even in his success he still clung to his simple ways and plain desk and rarely occupied his spacious office in the "Companion" building.

How well I remember as a youth that the first letter I ever received through the post office was signed Perry Mason & Co., and I then wondered what kind of a man Mr. Mason was who wrote from 41 Temple Place.

Mr. Ford shrank from public notice in every way—just why is not given—but he consecrated his very soul-energies to his life-work as Perry Mason & Co., and the "Youth's Companion." Every line and paragraph he scrutinized week after week, to keep his fixed purpose and policy intact—entertaining, wholesome and inspiring literature. He did most of his work and business with the outside world, through very few persons. He came to and from his office almost unknown personally to hundreds in his employ; those who were always remembered. Concentrated upon the one purpose of making his paper not only better, but still better, he impressed his personality rather than his name upon the readers, and although he has given millions to religious and charitable institutions he was a greater beneficiary to the legions of subscribers who came under the wholesome influence of his paper.

At the age of 78, and within four weeks of his demise, he laid aside the pen that had so carefully guided, and so ably controlled the columns of a great and influential periodical, which makes its visit every week to the remotest parts of the country. The village postmaster and the postman on Thursday always knew that "The Youth's Companion" was one of the punctual facts of the universe. What

DANIEL SHARP FORD, THE LATE PUBLISHER OF "THE YOUTH'S COMPANION"



a treat it was to peep through the window of the village postoffice and see the whole array of glistening "Companions"—and as the "Colonel" used to remark "that paper occupies nearly every pew in my church."

This modest, quiet man was a potent force in national life. He was one man who understood and retained sympathetic understanding of youth, which continued to the man full-grown and mature. In his close analysis of human nature he clung tenaciously to the fixed ideals of making an entertaining paper which ordinary as well as extraordinary people would appreciate. The "Companion" is the converging point for all classes and all ages of readers, and is a fitting monument to the memory of Daniel Sharp Ford, the Cambridge printer boy who died on Dec. 24, 1899.

ROUND TOP, WHERE MOODY IS BURIED

MOODY'S NORTHFIELD HOME

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

NORTHFIELD lay draped in a snowy mantle. Only the sweet-toned chimes of the church bell disturbed the Sabbath stillness. By the guiding light of the stars little groups of people were making their way through the snow toward the sound of the bell.

On the way to the church I overtook a stranger. As we walked along together I spoke of the subject uppermost in my mind.

"Did you know Moody?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "He was the grandest man I ever saw."

"In what way?"

"In every way. He converted me!"

"Will you tell me how he did it?"

"Certainly. I went to hear him speak out of curiosity at first. After awhile I began to feel troubled in my mind. Then I grew irritated when I fancied that he had singled me out and was talking at me—pointing out my sins and asking me to repent. I didn't like it. I wanted him to leave me alone. I didn't dare to look up for fear that everyone in the church was looking at me with pity. If I had been near a door, I would have slipped out. I wondered how he had found out all the little mean things I had ever done. Then I began to grow ashamed of myself, and tried not to listen to what he was saying. But he kept right on talking to me. He paid no attention to anybody else there—though I knew some of them were worse than I was—and all the time I was growing more sorry and ashamed. Then all at once he stopped talking and called on everybody to sing. They sang, 'What a Friend I Have in Jesus,' and it seemed to lift me right out of my seat and carry me down the aisle; and I couldn't stop until I was on my knees in front of the platform with the tears running down my face. When Mr. Moody came along and laid his big, firm hand on my shoulder and said, 'God bless you, my brother,' I felt better. I thought if he could call me brother, there was some hope for me. But I

wanted to be sure about it, and I told him how I felt. He took my hand in his and told me that if I felt convicted of my sins and just surrendered completely to the Lord Jesus Christ I would be saved. I asked him how I could feel sure of salvation—what evidence I had. He looked at me for a moment in that gentle way—as only Moody could look. 'Your own soul tells you that,' he said, tenderly and sympathetically. It was a supreme moment of my life and he sealed the new emotion with a strong hand-grasp."

A little later I was seated in the unpretentious country sanctuary from whose unadorned pulpit the most eloquent and scholarly divines of two continents have preached. During the simple evening service, I thought how Mr. Moody had often stood upon that platform with his dearly loved choir of little children in the gallery above, and swayed the hearts and uplifted the souls of thousands by the power of his simple, sincere eloquence. I thought, too, of how at the last he lay there at rest, with his sorrowing friends about him—and how a single ray of sunshine, falling through the window, shone full upon his face till the quiet lips seemed to smile in heavenly benediction.

* * *

The boys and girls of Mt. Hermon and Northfield Seminary feel that they have lost one who was more than friend or father. One young lady who is studying to be a trained nurse said to me: "When we girls felt sad or lonely or homesick, we would go to Mr. Moody, and in a little while he would make us forget our woes, and we

THE MOODY RESIDENCE IN NORTHFIELD

MOODY'S BIRTHPLACE IN NORTHFIELD

would go away happy and contented. In the summer time, when lessons dragged and we were sighing for the air and sunshine, he would come into the class-room and say, 'I don't want to see any one studying to-day;' and then we would all flock out to Round Top or the woods or fields, or up on the hillsides, and stay there all day with him in our midst, enjoying ourselves, and after that the lessons would be so much easier. He was always so thoughtful in every way. In the fall he always kept a box of apples in the hallway, so that we might help ourselves."

The boys, also, have like stories to tell of his kindliness and thoughtful care. How he has been known to rise at four o'clock in order to call boys who had work to do at that hour. Early one morning he glanced from a window and saw a student carrying a heavy bag, starting for the depot —two miles away. Going to the stable, he hurriedly harnessed his horse, drove after the lad, overtook him and carried him to his destination. It was his custom in the summer time to gather vegetables from his garden and carry them to the poor people about the village.

At the close of the commencement exercises of the schools he would announce that refreshments were to be served, and invite every one to partake. Then leaving the platform he would help the boys and girls in passing about the food.

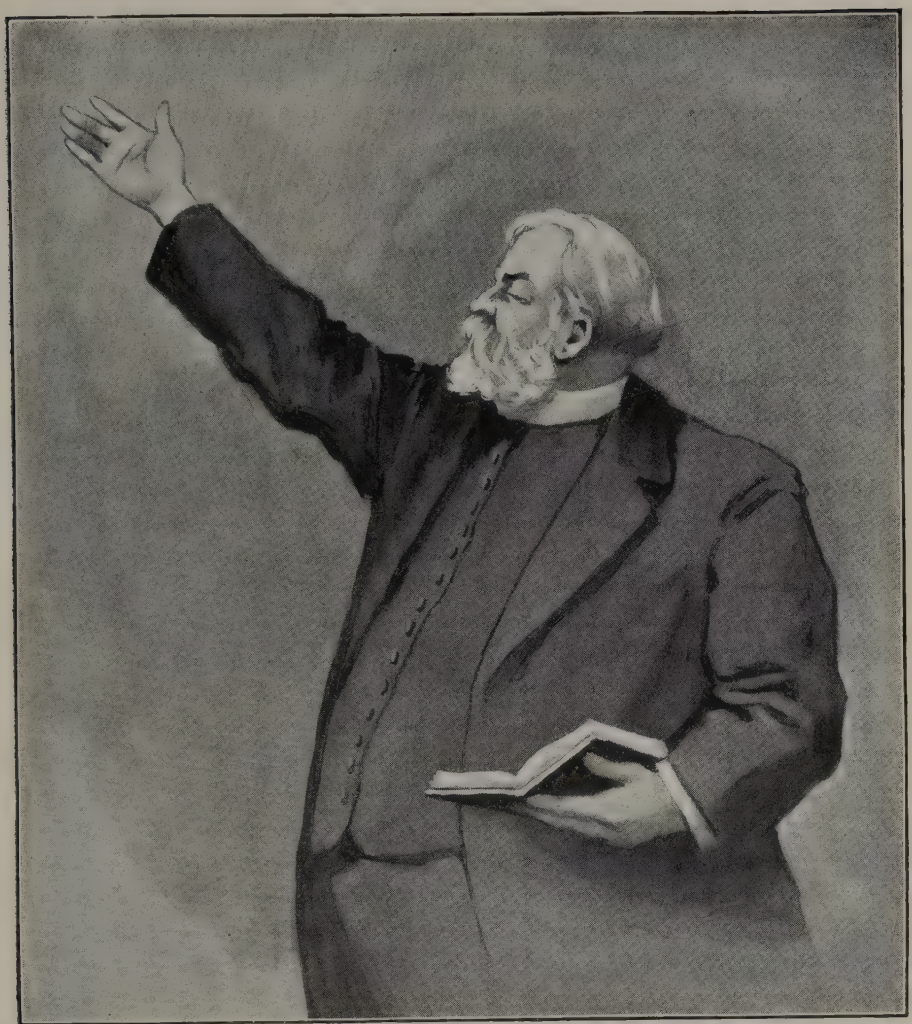
* * *

From the time of Mr. Moody's birth on a small farm near Northfield, February 5, 1837, until his eighteenth year, he gave no special promise of being a successful man. The school days were not filled with learning, as he loved the open air too much to give any great attention to his books. His only distinguishing traits were his ready wit and his intense love for his mother.

When his father died, the widow was

WHERE THE FUNERAL SERVICES WERE HELD

A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF MOODY WHILE SPEAKING



left with a mortgaged home and nine children. Dwight was then but four years old, and at an early age he went to work. He did whatever he could find to do—farm work and the like—mostly for a small return.

When seventeen years old he went to Boston and took a place in his uncle's store. He attended Sunday school and became a member of the church.

Feeling that his place was in the new fields of the West, he went to Chicago and became a salesman in a shoe store. Here was shown the first evidence of what he was to do in the future. He became a teacher in a little obscure Sunday school, and gathered his pupils from the streets, ragged, barefooted and unkempt. He paid the rent of four pews and filled them with his class every Sunday.

Next he began work in the slums. He rented a deserted building on the north side in the picturesque locality called "Little Hell." It was habited

A GROUP OF THE SEMINARY BUILDINGS AT NORTHFIELD

by bad women and worse men. Crime in every degraded guise was rampant. It was worse than Five Points in New York, or St. Giles' in London. He won the hearts of the children first, and through them the men and women.

President Lincoln made his only Sunday school address at Mr. Moody's Chicago Sunday school, and sixty of the boys were among the first to volunteer when the President issued his first call for troops.

Mr. Moody was conducting a prayer meeting in a Young Men's Christian Association convention at Indianapolis when Mr. Sankey came into the hall and took part in the singing. "I've been looking for you for eight years; you must come to Chicago with me," said Mr. Moody, when the singing was finished, grasping Mr. Sankey's hand. There were some practical objections to be disposed of, but eventually the matter was settled, and their wonderfully successful tour of Europe followed. More than $400,000 has been realized from the sale of their gospel hymn-books, all of which has been devoted to church work.

While it was Mr. Moody's evangelistic work which brought his name most prominently before the public, he did not consider this his greatest effort. The schools he has established with Christianity as the foundation will perpetuate his name.

Mr. Moody placed great stress on the power of music to arouse the soul, and much of his wonderful power over great assemblages is undoubtedly due to this fact. He was not an eloquent speaker in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but his earnestness and persuasiveness were almost unequaled. The listener never thought of Moody, but of what Moody was saying; and his pictures of the love of Christ were certainly not paralleled in rostrum or pulpit results.

Of the hundreds of thousands of dollars given to Mr. Moody outright or in trust, all has gone into the schools or religious work. When he died, December 22, 1899, he was a poor man, as far as this world's goods are concerned, but a soul-saving millionaire.

What John Wesley was to England in the eighteenth century, Dwight L. Moody has been to America in the nineteenth.

He has reached the hearts of thousands who were supremely indifferent to the teachings of the disciples of conventional rite and ritual. The English-speaking world has long since acknowledged him to be a great force, and one making for righteousness and the essentials of religion.

LIBBEY PRISON

From a photograph taken after the fall of Richmond

THE FALL OF RICHMOND

By Ina Capitola Emery

IN the latter part of March, 1865, General Grant held a conference with General Sheridan regarding the final blow to be struck the Confederacy. It had long been obvious that the fate of the Virginian army was a mere question of time, and its surrender involved the evacuation of both Petersburg and Richmond.

Richmond became the centre upon which the interest was concentrated, for it was the hub of the south around which the spokes of the Confederacy revolved. Twenty-two miles away, and separated by the James river, was Petersburg, the source of all supplies and the only direct communication with the South. Here General Lee was enclosed with a cordon of half a million men, extending around Eastern Virginia and the Carolinas, and capable of being drawn closer and closer about the remaining forces of the Confederacy.

It was General Grant's purpose to interpose between the two Confederate armies, and throwing his army against Lee, compel his surrender. He therefore sent the following message to Sheridan: "I am determined to end the whole matter. We will act as one army and see what can be done with the enemy."

While Grant spent a restless night evolving plans, events were shaping themselves, for before the sun illuminated the eastern sky on March 29, Sheridan, at the head of his magnificent command, rode out from camp bound for Dinwiddie Court House.

This is the first of a series of graphic articles on the Civil War, giving the inside of the heroic struggle of the Confederacy and illustrated from photographs taken at that time

Whoever has crossed the highways of Dinwiddie County, in the melting days of spring, remembers well the black soil, with ponds of black water fringed with green. Wearily the heavily-weighted horses waded knee deep oft-times in the mud and slush, but at sunset hoof-sore horses and weary men reached their destination. Here they encamped, establishing headquarters at Dinwiddie Hotel.

Hotel only in name, however, for it was in a rude and chaotic condition. In the early morning the officers had breakfasted in a farmhouse, where they were charged a dollar a head, but this night they were compelled to wrap their martial cloaks about them and lie down upon the floor supperless, for the commissary wagons were still toiling slowly along the road. Added to the hardly cheerful aspect was the setting in of a rainstorm. Gradually it came; first as a gentle tattoo played on the leaky roof, then unsteady showers, finally bursting in all their fury with the flash of lightning and the reverberant peals of thunder.

The morning revealed the roads veritable ponds of mud, and the storm had not yet abated. Soon after daybreak, however, General Sheridan mounted his gray pacer and hurried to the camp of the lieutenant-general to ascertain clearly the proposed plans for "ending the matter."

With water dripping from his face and clothes, General Sheridan was ushered into the presence of General Grant. The conference was brief and decisive. It ended in Sheridan's purpose to push on. Springing into his wet saddle he said "good morning" as cheerily as if the elements were smiling; but grave fears had entered his mind as he realized that the troops, just out of comfortable winter quarters, must drag through the cold and mud. His men, however, cheered and encouraged by the example of their dauntless leader, pushed on rapidly.

During the day of the 31st his cavalrymen had a spirited engagement with the grays, who had emerged from along the woods. By nightfall the Confederates were re-inforced, and slowly forced the Union cavalry back toward the Court House. Still Sheridan held on, desperately fighting. The fifth army corps reached the scene early the next morning, and with this reinforcement Sheridan promptly

RUINS OF RICHMOND

GRANT'S RAILROAD BATTERY

hurled his forces upon the enemy entrenched at Five Forks. The battle raged from right to left. The air became dense with smoke. Flying bullets whizzed through space as cinders from a burning building.

Through pools of blood, beside the ghastly dead, and in the midst of bullets everywhere, each side fought with desperation.

"It's the crisis," was the feeling that burned in every breast; and it spurred the wounded to renewed, if sometimes futile, energy; disabled comrades refilled their guns and handed them up to others, though conscious that they would not survive the end, which was close at hand.

In the midst of the heat of the battle General Sheridan came dashing in from the west of the rebel flanks, riding his favorite steed, "Rienzi," plunging wildly in the maddening roar and about the hosts of surging troops. It was over! and the jubilant cry of the victors in blue rang out, and the echoes added to the tumult. The enemy fled, and victory far more significant was in sight, for the issue of the battle was to break up Lee's army and drive him westward from Petersburg.

Worn out from excitement, General Sheridan stretched on the ground with his saddle as a pillow. At midnight he dispatched an officer to General Grant's headquarters. Three hours later the envoy emerged from the darkness of the woods into the illuminated camp. The staff officers were sitting before the snapping brush fire talking over the good news. Grant was lying on a cot, half listening to the talk. Sheridan's messenger entered immediately and Grant raised himself to hear the report, then gave a verbal order for an attack upon Lee in the morning, meantime ordering a heavy cannonade to be kept up, not knowing what forces might be brought to bear upon them.

The relic of Lee's army, the right wing of the Virginian hosts, was thrown back upon the heights at whose rear flowed the Appomattox. All along the march the railroad tracks had been destroyed. Bonfires from

the burning debris were scattered as fireflies in the night.

The Federals proceeded to entrench themselves across the Confederate lines and to make their way to the north bank of the Appomattox, thus striking Lee's army in the rear and cutting off the last line of retreat. To carry out this the Weldon railroad was cut and the Federals gradually enclosed the garrison at Petersburg.

The cutting off of communication with the South was a grave problem which confronted Lee. His men were half starved and worn out. At best their provisions could not last longer than fourteen days. With the breaking of his lines, Lee fired the bridges across the James, and retreated toward Dinwiddie.

Flushed with the confidence of victory, the Federals called for the sailors, then in harbor, to act as guard to the prisoners who must soon fall into their hands. No sooner did Ewell—who commanded the forces at Richmond—hear the dread foreboding, than he also immediately withdrew. Richmond was now without resources and stood unprotected. Meantime, all unconscious of the fate of the pride of the Confederacy, President Davis arose at the accustomed hour and prepared for church—that fateful day for Richmond, April 2, 1865. "St. Paul's Church stands next to Capital Square," says a prominent lawyer, "and I was a mere lad looking down from the gallery into the congregation when President Davis entered. He had been seated but a few moments when an orderly, besplashed with mud, came up the aisle. All eyes were turned toward him as he read the message. The President read it through, then quietly took up his hat, and passing down the aisle stopped to speak to James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, and Mr. Stephen A. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, in the Confederacy, who left the church with him. At the door President Davis handed the message to the sexton, who carried it to the clergyman. The latter read it, and with a diplomacy rare under such trying circumstancee, calmly announced: 'General Lee's son has been wounded,' and continued his sermon. Anxious faces, however, gave evidences of the fear and apprehension which had

DEVASTATION OF THE TREDEGAR IRON WORKS

RUINS IN THE BUSINESS SECTION

seized the people. Several left the church. The majority, however, remained in their pews. At the close of the service, Dr. Minnegerode announced that Richmond was to be evacuated."

A shriek wild and wailing rent the air; women fainted and were carried out on the lawn surrounding the church. Children clung to their mother's skirts with terror-stricken faces. Crowds stood on the streets, staring about them, dazed, and scarcely realizing the situation.

Such a scene the world has seldom witnessed. Throughout that Sunday heavily-laden wagons rumbled about the city, as they were urgently driven to and fro, carrying away whatever could be taken in safety.

Orders were issued, permitting citizens to take food supplies, as on the morrow everything was to be burned.

Armed citizens, seizing barrels of whiskey, emptied them into the streets, where wretched beings crouched, drinking or dipping up the liquor to carry away.

In the wild excitement, mobs unsashed windows and burglarized private property. Knocking down children, they trampled them under foot, and their plasphemous curses on "the Yankees" blended with the roar of explosion and the crackling of burning trees. Bales of cotton were set on fire with huge quantities of stored tobacco. Men had fled to escape capture. Bravely the women had strained their eyes as fathers and husbands were lost to sight.

In relating the scenes of the hour, one fair woman of Southern birth says: "I was but seventeen, with a babe in arms, when I saw my house burned to the ground, with all our earthly possessions, save bonds for several thousand dollars. These I

gave my husband, beseeching him to go to my father in the northern part of Virginia. A few hours later our

A souvenir photograph of the Confederacy, published during the later years of the war.

grocer gave me a box of crackers and a barrel of flour, which he urged me to secure, assuring me of the necessity of providing against the famine. Seeing an old colored man, I paid him fifty cents to roll it to a place of safety, but I never saw either again. As the hours wore away, I determined to seek the home of my childhood. Faint and sick at heart I reached there in the early hours of the morning. I found them all up and greatly excited. I spoke to my father softly. He caught me in his arms, gazed at my haggard face, and then, as I told him my story, his eyes grew dim as he exclaimed: 'What, a child of mine asking for bread!' He fell to his chair, stricken with paralysis, and died from the shock a few days later."

The Sabbath had been Bedlam in Richmond and at dusk a great volume of smoke arose from the south-western part of the city, like a pall over the zenith. The arsenal caught fire in the night, adding its thundering roar to the awfulness of the scene. All night the streets were crowded with citizens wringing their hands and wailing, not knowing what the morn might bring.

Long before sunrise the women had concealed themselves behind darkened shutters to await the coming of the dreaded "Yankees."

It was in the early hours of the morning that a ragged rebel was brought into the Federal camp, bringing the first news of the evacuation to General George F. Shepley of the army of the James. The enemy had suddenly disappeared early in the morning, and Wight and Parke had found Petersburg evacuated, while a division had been left under General Wilson, but all this was unknown to General Weitzel. When Shepley's mind grasped the situation he determined to notify General Weitzel. Hastening to the camp, he was with difficulty aroused.

"General, Richmond is in our power," shouted Shepley.

"You are dreaming," said General Weitzel, as he rubbed his eyes, only half awake.

But as he arose, he could plainly hear the tramp of Custis Lee's division on the way to Richmond. Still dazed, he turned his eyes to the western sky and was startled at the illumination. He quickly divined the truth —Richmond was in flames. Like wildfire the news spread through camp, for the conflagration could be seen for miles around.

In the midst of the excitement Lieutenant De Peyster accosted the General, recalling to his mind a promise made months before when the old flag floated over New Orleans. "Entrusting the flag to my care, you

promised, that when Richmond should be captured I should raise the flag over the Confederate Capitol."

"I recall the promise," said General Weitzel, "and grant your request."

As Weitzel marched towards Richmond the illuminated skies looked not unlike a huge Fourth of July celebration, for among the fired buildings was a laboratory, from which issued flames as varied as the hues of the rainbow.

All along the roadside lay canteens, knapsacks and ragged clothing which had been hastily thrown away by the retreating army. As the soldiers neared the city huge volumes of smoke overshadowed it. The earth rattled beneath their feet with the explosion of the magazines. The roaring rattles as of the discharge of musketry was caused by the ignited cartridges in the store-houses. Nearing the flames, the bridges were discovered in ruins and the troops were compelled to cross on pontoons, with hundreds of shells in the air falling as iron spray over the doomed city.

At early dawn a Confederate general in charge of an office near the corner of Seventh and Franklin streets, came with his staff from their quarters, bringing several barrels of paper, which they lighted in the streets. Then springing on their horses, they made for the lower portion of the city. Shortly afterwards a volume of smoke ascended in the southwest and the fire quickly spread to other parts of the city.

But as the bells solemnly sounded the fall of the Confederacy a hush seemed to prevail. With the knell still echoing in his ears Mayor Mayo sprang into his saddle and rode to meet the advancing Federals. His

GENERAL U. S. GRANT

The negative of this famous picture was broken and has never been published. It was taken just after the fall of Richmond, and was said by those who knew him during the Civil War to be the most characteristic likeness ever printed, and the pose is a habitual position of Grant when in camp.

was the sad duty of making the formal surrender of Richmond. A few hours later the cry resounded from corner to corner: "The Yankees! the Yankees are coming!"

About eight o'clock a mounted Confederate cavalryman in full uniform dashed down Franklin street at full speed. When opposite General Lee's residence, a daughter of that chieftain came out. Beckoning him to the curve, she beseeched him to turn back instantly. He had a message to deliver at the war department, but her entreaties prevailed. Hardly had they disappeared before a troop of Federal soldiers coming up Ninth street turned into Franklin in magnificent array.

The United States flag floated from the Capitol and the Federals at once took measures to save the city. The troops were under strict orders, and protection was given Lee's residence. The line of fire came up to the block in which the family of the fallen chieftain were closeted, crossed to the Presbyterian church, burning it to the ground, but left the block unmolested.

Great difficulties were encountered in combating the fire, as the hose had been cut in pieces and the progress in quenching the flames was necessarily slow. Most of the men had fled, but a few half invalids remained. By the side of a fence stood one gray-haired man, a typical Southerner, of fifty years of age. His look of terror gave way before the calm proceedings of the soldiers, and when they stopped to share their rations with the half-starved citizens, tears gathered in his eyes.

It was a grewsome sight over which the gods might weep, to watch the broken-hearted men and women of Richmond as the soul-stirring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" mingled with the roar of the constant explosions, while eyes were raised beseechingly toward the heavens, on which were reflected the mass of leaping flames. The streets were lined as the soldiers passed down. The darkies were jubilant and from between the heads of the rest of the crowd their faces peered, brimming with the broad grin of extreme satisfaction.

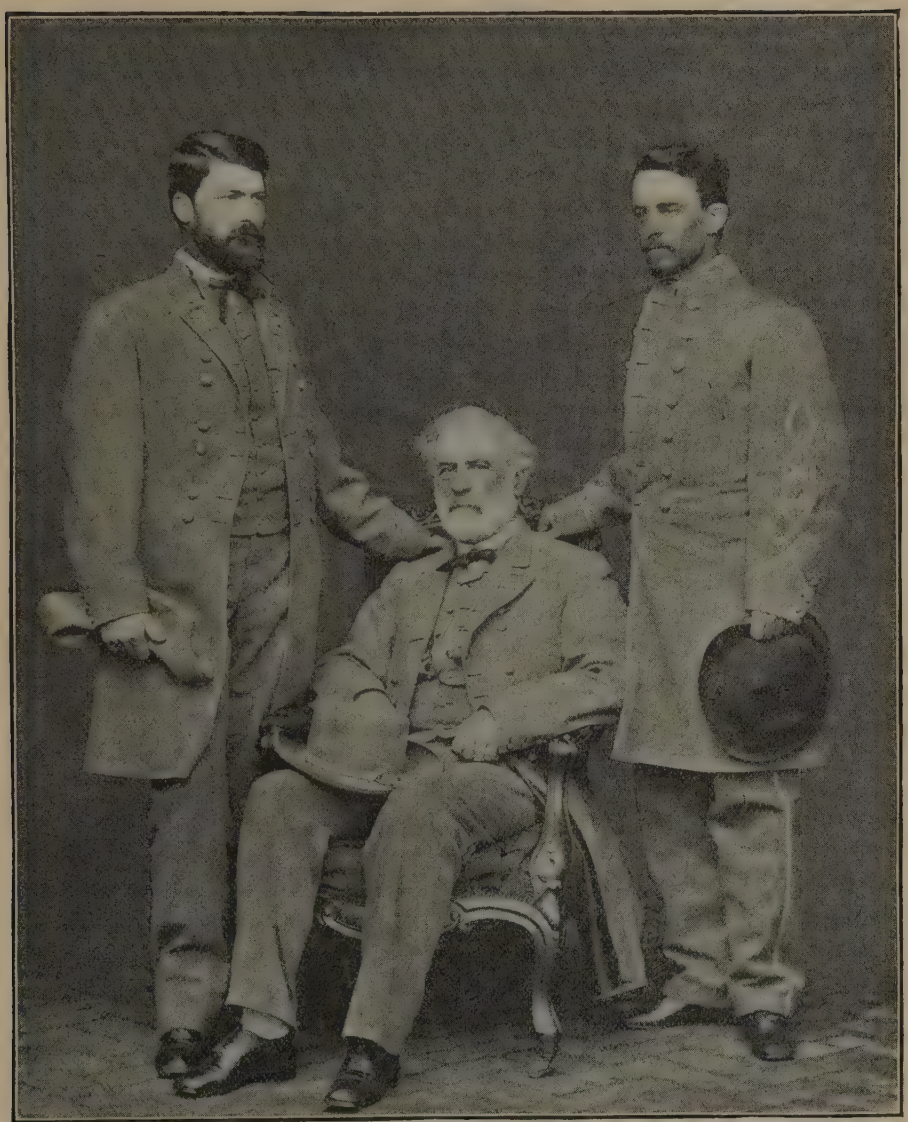
"Where are the Rebs?" asked an officer as he passed a contraband darkey.

"I reckon dey's siftin' souf, sah, sifting souf," and his reckoning proved true. The element strong in the bondaged race was revealed in this crisis. While fearful of bodily harm, they did not hesitate to steal, and to make a little something out of the affair only seemed, to their minds, fair play. Thus beside bare tables, unbacked chairs or hoop barrels the darkies arranged ginger pop, lemonade and water stands, and the famished crowd bought readily.

A squad of soldiers hurried to release the prisoners in Libbey, whose sufferings had been related in camp in tales of shuddering horror, but they had been forestalled; for as they approached, an old negro who stood near, grinned from ear to ear, and exclaimed, "Dey's done gon' fer sure. Dey fled when de keepers war scared away by de explosion, an' I reckon dey ain't don' runnin' yet."

As the day advanced fires increased, but before the day was over, were under control. The capital lay in ruins. All the business section was destroyed and the scarred buildings were in keeping with the half-starved, stricken citizens. With the backbone of the South broken, the fate of the Confederacy was assurred. General Lee, however, hurried to a place of security to plan to retrieve the fortunes of the cause. Strategist though he was, brilliant leader that he had proved himself, there was but one end. Look

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE



This remarkable photograph was taken only a few weeks prior to the fall of Richmond

which way he would, but one sign—and that inevitable defeat. Carefully he studied every conceivable idea and suggestion, but they only added to his perplexity; none were feasible; all pointed but to the one result—defeat.

Sheridan's troops had conquered, but the surrender had not taken place, and there was work yet before them. They were ordered off again, and after a zigzag march, closely following Lee's lines, arrived at Farmsville. Here everything was bustle and excitement. In the middle of the town was Farmsville Hotel, and on the porch General Grant sat composedly smoking. Gen-

eral Sheridan dismounted, and made his report. General Grant responded: "I believe General Lee will soon surrender, for I have written him."

With troubled brow General Lee, in his quarters, read the letter to which General Grant referred. It was as follows:

April 7, 1865.

General: The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. Grant,
Lieutenant-General.

(*General R. E. Lee.*)

Knowing well that the end was near, Lee realized that further resistance was useless. As he sat on a fallen tree by the campfire, reviewing developments of the week, he wrote General Grant for his terms of surrender. Grant replied: "Peace being my one great object, there is but one condition upon which I would insist; namely, that men and officers surrendered be disqualified from again taking up arms against the United States Government, until properly exchanged."

No sooner was the note sent than hope again sprang up in the Confederate general's heart, and in reply to the note sent by General Grant, Lee wrote:

"In my note of yesterday, I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen for the surrender of this army. But as the restoration of peace is the sole object of all, I desire to know if your proposal will lead to that end. I cannot meet with you for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but will meet you on the old stage road to Richmond to-morrow at ten a. m., between the picket lines of the two armies, to talk over the propo-

Interior of St. John's Church as it appeared at the time of the evacuation of Richmond, showing the pew occupied by Jefferson Davis, when the message was brought to him.

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN AND STAFF

SHERIDAN FORSYTHE GEN. WESLEY MERRITT DEVENE CUSTER

A photograph taken just before the final dash was made by Sheridan

sal effecting the Confederate States forces under my command."

As soon as the message was sent, General Lee started out for the old stage-road, expecting to meet General Grant, but instead he received a note stating: "The meeting proposed for ten a. m. to-day would lead to no good. I am anxious for peace, however, and by the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable end, save thousands of human lives, and save millions of dollars' worth of property not yet destroyed."

General Lee pondered long and anxiously, then wrote: "Not finding you at the meeting place, I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer made in your letter."

The position was a desperate one, for the net was drawn closely. Sadly anticipating his fate, the brave commander-in-chief of the Confederates changed his simple garb for a new uniform, a military hat, buckskin gloves and riding boots. Then adjusting his sword, which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia, he left Longstreet in command and rode toward the picket line of the Federals, where he received the note appointing the meeting place at Appomattox Court House. At a little past noon General Grant entered the little town of a single street. He was im-

mediately accosted by General Sheridan, who said: "Lee's over there!" pointing to the McLean House. Passing down the street he soon arrived at the comfortable house, now familiar to every reader of history. Entering the spacious grounds he dismounted, and his horse was hitched beside the large gray owned by General Lee. As he reached the porch, which covered the front of the house, General Babcock stepped out and met him. The wide doors of the parlor were swung back and the two valiant commanders stood face to face, and gravely saluted. Seating himself before a small table, Grant paused as Lee took his place near the window with an oval table beside him.

"I met you once before, General Lee; we were serving in the Mexican War. I think I should have recognized you anywhere."

"Yes!" replied General Lee. "I have often recalled that meeting, but memory has failed me in recalling your face."

They then proceeded to the business of the meeting. General Grant soon finished submitting the terms of the surrender, but glancing down at the handsome sword worn by General Lee, he added the clause not requiring the surrender of private property. He then handed it to General Lee, who, carefully adjusting his spectacles, began to read. His features did not relax, but a twinge about the mouth showed his inmost emotion. He acknowledged the terms were more lenient than he had expected. At a few moments past four o'clock he shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers in the room and left with Colonel Marshall. As he stood on the porch waiting for his horse, he turned his eyes toward the valley below, where lay his army, now Union prisoners. Forgetful of his surroundings he smote his hands together in an absent manner. "Your horse, sir!" said the orderly, arousing him, and he quickly recovered his composure and mounted. Dignified and erect, he raised his hat to General Grant, who was crossing the yard to where his orderly stood with his horse. Then starting down the little village street, he slowly rode back to the fields where his army lay, to bid his men farewell. The shout of welcome which greeted him gradually died out as the object of his visit dawned upon them.

"Men," he said, "we have fought through the war together, I have done my best for you"—and a groan escaped him as he paused. With tears coursing down his manly cheeks, Lee bade the men "return to their homes and become worthy citizens."

With the news of the victorious end of the terrible conflict, cheer after cheer arose from the Union Army, and a responsive chord echoed through the North.

Some days later, General Sheridan had reason to pass through Richmond. The shutters of the Lee residence were closed, but as platoon after platoon passed, they saluted with demonstrations of sword and colors or military evolutions. It was a fitting honor to the brave chieftain in their passage through the heart of his ruined Confederacy.

LAST ACT OF ROBESPIERRE—IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

SIR HENRY IRVING

By Flynn Wayne

"HERE'S to our enterprise," spake Sir Henry Irving to us before a recent performance of "Robespierre." These lines had the same ring as when spoken by the young actor in his first appearance on the stage, as the Duke of Orleans in "Richelieu," a third of a century ago at an English provincial theater.

"Yes, those were the lines," repeated Sir Henry, reminiscently, in an aside. That utterance is a key to the career of the greatest English speaking actor of to-day. Always hopeful, always aiming high, always sincere and genuine, and a conqueror over the obstacles and discouragements of his life, Sir Henry has indeed expressed in his career the application of the sentiment with which he had christened the new name before the footlights.

The young clerk's passion for plays and poetry had conquered. The anxious mother's entreaties were in vain. John Henry Broadrib had consecrated his life that night to the world as Henry "Irving" in honor of an American writer, and evoluting to his middle name in true literary fashion he began a notable struggle. It was at Sadler's Wells in London, that young Broadrib, the quiet boy from the barren hills of Cornwall, tasted forbidden fruits, witnessing his first play in a theatre. It was Hamlet that occupied the boy's image of stageland, and that incident gave birth to another great apostle of Shakespeare. From that time only the plays of the bard of Avon attracted him as a theatre-goer, and Hamlet remains his favorite role. His associates thought he had gone daft when a few years later he announced his determination of actually

playing Hamlet in an original way.

"Yes, I played 428 separate parts, to be quite exact, in that three years at Edinburgh, after the good old days

IRVING AS DIGBY GRANT (Act I.)
The role in which he won his first success

at Manchester, and that would be something of a task even to-day, I fancy," continued the actor, watching with a side glance in the meantime what was going on in preparation for the great play.

Sir Henry Irving seemed quite at home on an American stage, and it is not difficult to discover the reason — in his close associations with Booth, Barrett and other American actors.

"Your own Charlotte Cushman gave me an important suggestion in my early days. When playing in 'Meg Merrilies' with her, I handed out the bag of broken crockery to represent gold. She was to throw it to the ground contemptuously, but she insisted that instead of giving out bags of gold to beggars, the money should be given in separate pieces." Early in his career he dreamed of an American tour, and with it came "Meg Merrilies" and her bags of real gold. Associated with this apostle of realism on the stage; first tasting success under the management of Col. Bateman, an American; is it any wonder he seems to belong as much to us as to England?

In all great careers, there is always some man who appears at the right time to stiffen the vertabra of the discouraged young aspirant. It was Hoskins who saved Irving for us, according to the autobiographical hints that occurred during the conversation.

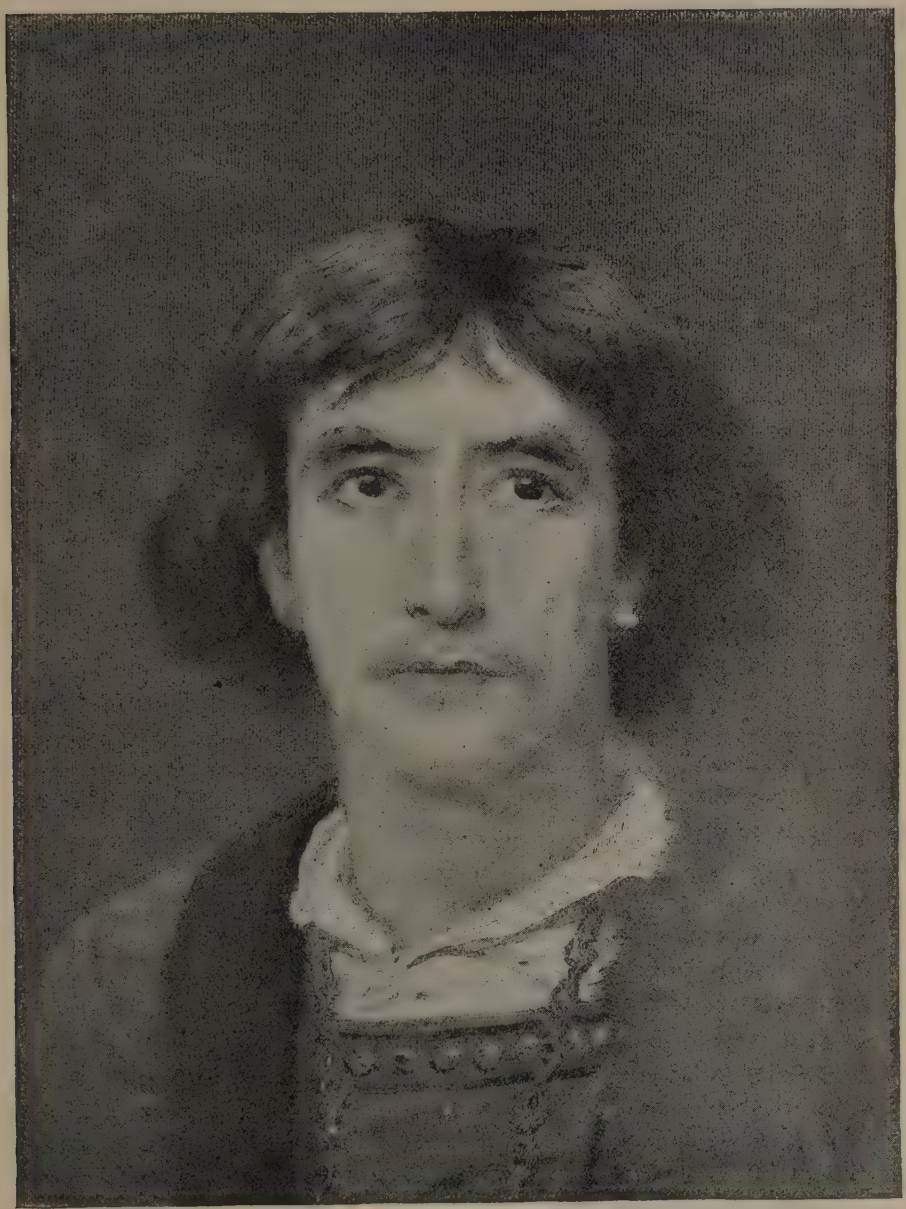
"Yes, I have known what it was to be poor and discouraged, and my old friend used to say, 'Well, old fellow, the day will come when you will have more than a sixpence in your pocket.'"

The story which Mr. Irving tells of the suit of warm underclothing given him by Joe Robbins on a cold Christmas to keep him from actual suffering,

IRVING AS MACBETH

is a gem in stage annals, and reveals something of the extent of his experiences and early struggles in winning fame.

IRVING AS HAMLET—HIS FAVORITE ROLE

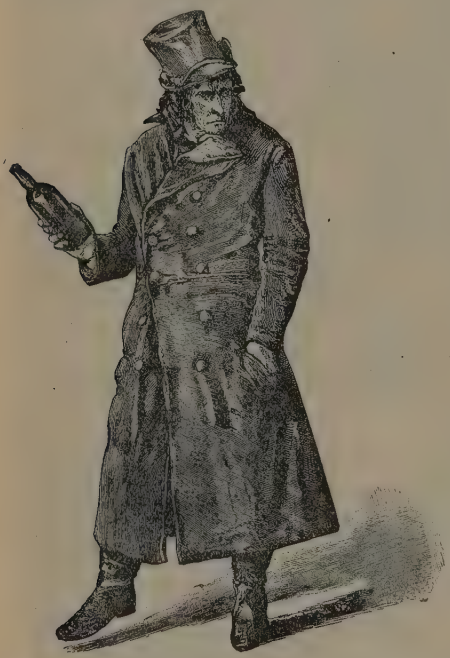


Irving's future was early predicted by Charles Dickens when he saw him as Digby Grant, and it is the close and appreciative interest taken in him by the famous literary minds of his day, that has kept Irving in such close touch with the writers of English literature.

Tennyson was not satisfied with his poetical laurels alone, and it was Irving's creation of King Philip that won the heart of the laureate, who longed

to illuminate his work in the fascinating glow of the theatre. James McNeil Whistler's painting of Irving in

IRVING AS DUBOSCQ



this part was a rare tribute from a gifted American artist, which won grateful appreciation from the English actor.

* * * *

To listen to Irving's personal reminiscences of Tennyson, Dickens, Charles Reade, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and other eminent literary folke, with whom he has associated, is indeed entertaining. To think of this quiet, undersized man as the giant of tragedy indeed empha sizes the proportions of his personality. He has wedded the stage and literature in his career, as no other actor has done, and the ideals of his youth remain to glorify the fame and achievement of the successful actor. The gentle, sincere manliness of the man is what impressed me most in Sir Henry Irving. In the "Vicar of Wakefield," he is loveable beyond compare, and in the characters of Shylock and Robespierre he awakes sympathetic human interest, even if all edicts of history must be defied.

In an adaptation from Dickens' "Little Dorrit" he gained favor with the novelist, and first found his great success in comedy parts. He does not often refer to this, but through a comedy role, and as a comedian, Irving won popular favor and his opportunity for triumphs in tragedy. Just past the milestone of three-score years, he is in the zenith of a career as notable as any of the closing century.

* * * *

The centre of interest in the realm of dramatic production for the past year has been Sir Henry Irving's "Robespierre." It is more than a theatrical production; it is a creation in literature, and a pictorial biography

IRVING AS EUGENE ARAM

which, while far from accurate in detail, has the action and the atmosphere of those dark days in France. After all, it is not the mere accuracy of inci-

dent, but the passion and the subtle emotions of the times which chiefly fascinate us in reviewing an historical

IRVING AS BENEDICK

epoch. It requires human blood, as a rule, to create human interest.

It was Robespierre, the crafty ruler of France, that I saw during the play, but when the curtain had closed on the final act, the genius of the actor was emphasized with accumulative force.

* * * *

What a treat it was to see Irving in the shadow of the wings behind the scenes, in the full tide of his fame, and absorbed in his art. That serious, earnest face never lost its look of concentration in the lines and action which held the audience captive before the footlights. As well expect the Sphinx to speak as Irving to talk behind the scenes during one of his plays. He is always an actor, off or on the stage. He acts, and in very part, whether it be Sir Henry Irving or Robespierre, there is a distinct individuality; and when he forgets to drag his leg in the Irving walk, and ha! ha! in those familiar nasal passages—in fact, when Irving's mannerisms are banished, the actor masters the situation.

Two hours of "Robespierre" were a vivid, albeit unconventional picture of the period covered. This play is considered the crowning production of his life, and he refers to it as the consummation of a great purpose.

In a way, Irving suggests a great theatrical editor. His selection of plays, alternating classic and romantic, always elevating and ennobling, indicate that it is the intelligence of the man rather than the genius of the actor, that has given him undisputed and world-wide prominence in stage-craft.

"I had a young boy friend take tea with me to study him (as he ate bread and jam) for a juvenile part." And this is indeed a key to the thoroughness with which he masters details of costume, expression and gesture.

IRVING AS SHYLOCK

There is something of a suggestion of Irving's famous revival of Henry VIII. in "Robespierre." He defies the

historian's data, and wins a sympathetic interest for Cardinal Wolsey, as for Robespierre, and charms the eye

IRVING AS LOUIS XI.

with impressive glimpses of history, as well as the ear with Shakespeare's diction, emphasizing that Shakespeare must be acted as well as read, to be fully appreciated and comprehended. This is the chief reason why many of the orthodox clergy found themselves in hot water with church regulators for attending a theatre to see a Shakespeare play, and Irving is largely responsible for it. There is always a popular interest in a new Irving production or revival that fills the newspapers. A man sent to Rome to study a cardinal's coat; archives searched for detail of scene or costume. All the gorgeous array and picturesque massing of lavish enterprise finds a response from the people of to-day in almost any business or artistic venture if backed by definite, intelligent and persistent conception.

The boy who won laurels in reading in Dr. Pinch's school of elocution, has retained the sincerity which evoked the prediction of his future success as an actor. He has developed that sagacity which enters very largely into every business success, and his strong executive ability, which is especially noticeable behind the scenes, between the acts, when every movement has the precision of clock work, as if Irving held a stop watch in his hand to see that every detail had moved in its proper place on the dot.

"Another six years, and I will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of my appearance on the stage, and have nearly reached the three-score and ten. When I first saw my name on the

IRVING AS DIGBY GRANT (Act II.)

playbill in small, but very pointed and positive black type, what a thrill came over me. Yes, then it was, I read that name—"Irving" over and over to make

quite sure that I was not dreaming. The first prejudices against the stage I had to conquer were those of my own family, but mother's heart was won."

The career of Henry Irving is an inspiration to a young man in any trade or profession. Early failures and struggles enter largely into the success in all life undertakings. His story of a "reading" which he gave with a friend during "preaching week" or vacation time, at Linlithgow, Scotland, which, although widely advertised, did not attract even a single auditor, has the flavor of vitalizing experience. That gorgeous failure in youth gave ambition a deeper root than any ephemeral success could possibly have stimulated. His brave and courageous fight in exposing the Davenport brothers' seances, is as conspicuous a part in real life as he ever carried in a play.

Born near Glastonbury, where the staff of Joseph of Armathea blooms, the sturdy spirit of Cornwall has served him well. The ghost stories on which he was nourished by the old dame who had seen a century of summers, appear to have had an influence upon his life, for there is scarcely a favorite play of Irving's without ghosts.

When he spoke of the lonely days of his early childhood in bleak and barren Cornwall, the picture was so vivid that one could see the scenic background. Born plain John Henry Broadrib, he has been an influence in his art that gives particular distinction to the name which he truly "made" for himself and which is more illustrious than any titled baronetcy can illuminate. And when I ventured to address him as "Sir Henry," there was an outspoken protest which indicated that "Mr. Irving" was more to his liking, And with a "good night, Mr. Irving" we left the English Knight of the stage.

EVENINGS WITH BOOTH AS HAMLET, LEAR AND BERTUCCIO

With thobbing hearts and bated breath we heard
Booth's wondrous voice interpret Shakespeare's word;
With Lear we shivered in the rain and hail,
With tearful eyes and cheeks grown ashen pale,
We listened to the tale of bitter woe
Or viewed his grief's oppressive, wordless show,
While, "sharper than a serpent's tooth," indeed,
Was felt ingratitude in hour of need.
Saw the poor mad one with the straws at play,
Still "every inch a king," as on the day
When on his throne he sat in regal state,
Ere children false and sharp, relentless fate
Had robbed of all save dear Cordelia's love,
Fond, gentle, pure and true, all guile above.
Transcendent power was his to touch the heart
With genius high in histrionic art;
Now as Prince Hamlet striding o'er the stage,
Filled with a son's embosomed scorn and rage;
Or, musing on life, death and future state,
For which we all with earnest questions wait;
Then, in "The Fool's Revenge," with equal power,
Moving to smiles or tears, as was the hour;
Depicting father-love or jester's pranks,—
A very Yorick there, with quips and cranks;
With rhythmic movement, supple, weird and strange,
From flippant talk so deftly did he change
To passion deep and strong of bitter hate,
'Gainst the base man who wrought him evil fate;
The tender, soft caress, the father-kiss,
The sad remembrance of departed bliss—
All, all we felt; with him we suffered wrong,
With him we trembled for the daughter strong,
With him we died; ah, who can tell the power
Of our great actor in that last sad hour?
So filled his genius our dull evening sky
And turned life's gloaming to its noontide high.

Maria S. Porter

By Octave Thanet

"OF course I may be meeting trouble half way," said Mrs. Merwin, "but I didn't think I ought to let things go on without telling you."

"Certainly not," said young Ralph Endicott, with emphasis. Mrs. Merwin sighed a gentle, almost imperceptible sigh. Having warned Ralph, the only son and man of the family (Mrs. Endicott, his mother, was a widow) she felt the responsibility of the situation slip from her shoulders, and her sympathies veered to the other side, as a see-saw board springs back when a weight is removed. It was almost as if the matter were happily concluded; only she was sorry for Cecil Endicott, who was so much nicer than Ralph. She lifted her pretty pink and white face from the beautiful old Spode teacups and smiled at the young man; but he did not smile back. His was a serious nature; they had called him "the bishop" at Harvard (thereby doing injustice to many genial gentlemen); and it had been a wonderful occasion when he was initiated into the Dickey. Moreover, he appreciated the solemn responsibility of being an Endicott. And his perplexities were just beginning.

"I can't comprehend it," he muttered, nervously, stroking his smoothly-shaven cheeks, "Cecil is the last girl in the world to forget herself; and this fellow is such a blatant sort."

"I shouldn't call him that," said Mrs. Merwin, "he is very likeable, generous, public spirited; of course he hasn't any frills; but he knows how to talk in rather an amusing way. And it does take talent to make three million dollars in a perfectly honest way, before a man's forty. Will says all the men respect him—"

"They must take him on his own estimate," interrupted Endicott; "I met him once, he was bragging and blustering. He had some fellows in his private car, some of our fellows; it was when I was on the glee club. He gave them luncheon on the car, and they were making a great fuss over him. It was nauseous!"

Mrs. Merwin had her own little vein of shrewdness; and it did occur to her that possibly Endicott had resented the Westerner's lack of notice of him, and had criticised him the more because the other boys had admired his state and lavishness.

"He has vanity," said she, reflectively, but it is rather innocent, you might almost call it touching. And I ought to be fair with you. While his ancestry and antecedents are not a bit picturesque, they are perfectly respectable. They are both dead. So they can't bother you. He has been fairly well educated; he's fond of pictures—"

"Yes; he was telling us about a French fellow called Carrot," interrupted Endicott, grimly.

"Then you know your sister has had glimpses of him in the best light. The first time she met him she was on a coach with Johnny Reed's four-in-hand; Johnny is a dear fellow, but he can't drive, and the four-in-hand weren't in hand at all. I rather think they all would have been tipped out on a horrid curve of a hill, if Hull hadn't run along the kind of hanging board there is, you know, and climbed up and taken the reins."

"Pretty cheeky thing to take the reins out of another fellow's hands, don't you think?"

"I don't think anybody, even Johnny, thought anything except that they were going to be killed, and maybe he could save them. Well, he did!"

"And Cecil thought he was doing something immense, I presume."

"She thought he was brave and strong. Then he took her to see his factories—that would likely give her a good impression of him. There are so many men, and they like him—he has done a lot for his workingmen."

Young Endicott grunted, "I always supposed Cecil had sense."

"So she has, plenty. Ralph, Silas Hull is a man any woman could be proud of. I'm sure I don't know what Will" (Will was Mr. Merwin) "will say to me, if he ever finds out I've done anything to interfere; he thinks Mr. Hull is a credit to the century." She laughed, but Endicott frowned.

"Has anything really definite passed between them?" he asked.

"I think not. I half fancy that he said something yesterday; but I am sure she didn't accept him. Probably she didn't reject him, either. Maybe there isn't anything in it at all. Have another cup, Ralph?"

"My mother could not bear it," young Endicott pursued his own gloomy way, heedless of comfort; "he is the type of man that she detests—rich, purse-proud, vulgar."

"He is n't vulgar, I assure you. He is — nice!"

"A boor among women can't be nice."

Mrs. Merwin almost knocked off a cup in her energetic motion, forgetting all the repose of manner which she had been at vast pains during the last five years, to acquire. "That is just what he is n't, Ralph, nor Westerners generally; they have twenty times the real respect for women, the real delicate thoughts of them that your elegant club men who make fine bows and say pretty things and then go off and tell perfectly horrid stories —"

"You don't mean that he is a prig, too."

"Not nearly so much as most of the Harvard men I know," snapped Mrs. Merwin.

"Do you mean to desert us and let Cecil disgrace us by such a mesalliance?" demanded Endicott, awakening from his reverie. "I did n't think that of you, cousin Margaret."

The title softened Mrs. Merwin, she

thought of the grandmother who had been an Endicott, she thought of Ralph's mother who was going to propose her, Margaret Merwin, as a Colonial dame, she thought of the social prestige that she might thus acquire and of how Mrs. Torran, the rival leader of the society of the little Western city, would be abandoned, and she began to pity the Endicotts. "Of course I'm not," said she indignantly, "why should I tell you anything about it if I did n't sympathise with you?"

"Thank you," said Ralph, seriously, then he added, "I've been thinking, while we talked, of a way out. Yes, I think I see how we can awaken Cecil."

"How?"

"What we need to do is to give her our point of view, is n't it?"

Ralph felt that this was a clever man of the world's handling of the question. He was barely twenty-three, and it was his ambition to be man-of-the-worldly.

"I daresay," Mrs. Merwin acquiesced, vaguely.

"My notion is to have her see him the way he will appear in society — have her mortified by his gaucheries precisely as she would be were she engaged to him — I — I can't think of her married to him!" cried the boy, flushing. "I want her to hear people laughing at him. Cecil could n't be fond of anybody who was ridiculous."

"But he is n't ridiculous."

"Then we must make him ridiculous. See? He is a bumptious, loathsome cad, and we must show him up. Now, cousin Margaret, listen; how would this work?" He lowered his voice and Mrs. Merwin listened, but under a kind of protest.

"Well, if she is willing to give up her young man for such a trifle as that," she commented indignantly, "I think she is not worthy of him!"

"It is not a trifle; it is — a — a — an index of his social culture," retorted Ralph. "It will show pretense as well as ignorance. Show he is not a gentleman, in fact. And whether this is a trifle or not, it is n't a trifle to me to have my sister thinking of marrying a man who is n't a gentleman."

"I suppose you would n't call him a gentleman, and yet, frankly, I don't want to do it. How can I, anyhow? We must just take our chances—"

"Not at all, not at all," interrupted the young man with an approach to eagerness; "don't you see he is so anxious to please Cecil he will be willing to wear anything, all you need to do is to talk about the importance of full dress at evening functions, and he will tumble into the snare—"

"But this is n't an evening function—"

"That does n't matter, he 'll think it is — this is awfully good tea, Mrs. Merwin, where do you get it, it's a mixture, is n't it? Have a nice drive, Cissy?"

Mrs. Merwin composed her features to smile upon the young girl who had just entered the room. She was rather tall, rather fair, rather slim and extremely pretty. Her acquiline nose and short upper lip pleased the Endicotts because they repeated the features of an ancestress important enough to have Copley image her proud and tranquil beauty.

"What are Ralph and you plotting?" said the girl gaily.

"We are not plotting, we are being philosophical and — critical. Ralph is criticising the West."

"The West can bear it, I fancy," said Cecil. With this little feminine scratch, she passed out; and Ralph looked fondly after her stiff skirts.

About this same hour, the object of Endicott's scheme sat in his private office and smiled, very well pleased, as the door creaked behind a retreating

visitor. The man who had pleased the fastidious Miss Endicott was not handsome; but he had a fine muscular figure, not shown to the best advantage by his position, the heels being level with his eyes. He wore a pink silk shirt and a grey suit, which fitted him perfectly. He was only forty years old but already his thick hair had worn away at the temples and was sprinkled with gray. His eyes were keen and had the glint of blue steel, and the smiling mouth could close like a trap. He wore no hair on his face which was round and of an incongruous youthfulness, the cause for which possibly lay in the very fair skin and the abundant freckles.

"Clear game of bluff," he muttered; "really, I could not have persuaded that young duffer that the land wasn't worth half what he was offering, and that he was simply being led aronnd by the nose by the land agent. He would have told me I didn't know the value of land in my own town, and that though there were no writings, he was bound in honor to pay; so it was just as well to tackle Harmer and squeeze him—Lord! won't he think Harmer amazingly decent! How the fellow did squirm! but he didn't know how many kinds of a fool a young fellow who thinks he knows it all can be, and he thought I could scare Endicott off his bargain in time. Well, I've saved his money this time. Wonder what hole he'll pitch it into next? Is his mother like that? *She* isn't!"

His firm lips curved into a tender smile, the keen eyes grew gentle. Then he sighed: "If I let myself go I shall want that girl more than I ever wanted anything in my life," he muttered, fiercely, "and she doesn't want me! Well, why should she? I ain't her kind! But if I go on, I shall be thinking that I've got to make her like me; and then I'll be giving myself up to nobody knows what kind of misery and foolishness. No, she's a lady, God bless her! and she gave me a hint that was plain enough that she didn't feel anything more than friendly to me—she did it the nicest way, too. No, better give it up now, Si, before you're hit harder; it isn't a mortal wound now, though it hurts like fury." He jumped up and began to walk restlessly up and down the narrow room. "I wouldn't take them driving to-morrow if I hadn't promised. Well, I have promised and that ends it." He flung out both his clenched fists, snarling at himself: "Oh, you chump! You are glad you promised; you are hankering to see her just once again. You are for all the world like a fellow that has sworn off and takes one last drink. I'd like to pull you out of my skin and lick you!"

Nevertheless, he took the ladies to drive, looking at his beach wagon with a critical eye and wondering what they were using East, and if he ought to have had yellow wheels. And because he had promised he came to Mrs. Merwin's tea.

In the morning he sent a great box of American Beauties to each of the ladies. Ralph, making himself useful everywhere, as a critic, fished the card out of the first box. It was evidently a florist's card, on the back of which Hull had simply written his name, Silas F. Hull. Ralph held it up between his thumb and forefinger; his face was unusually animated. "Who's your friend?" said he.

Cecil flushed. "A gentleman who lives here," said she.

> "He spends his money free,
> He's awful good to me!
> Better'n you ever tried to be!
> All coons look alike to me,"

Ralph hummed, very much out of tune. Cecil's countenance changed; but not a word did she say.

"The poison begins to work," thought Mrs. Merwin. And somehow she was not pleased with her own share in the plot.

She was less pleased that afternoon when Silas appeared. Half-a-dozen faultlessly clad men, in long frock coats, were hovering near MissEndicott, and Ralph's glance gave them the cue to look up; but they had, most of them, either too good an opinion of Hull, or they had too much worldly wisdom to show any amusement. Hull was in full evening dress (a suit which must have been freshly ironed), immaculately correct linen and diamond studs: he had even pushed his hands into a pair of light gloves, and he looked as unhappy as a man can look. But at Mrs. Merwin's smile he brightened. "You see I obeyed orders," he murmured. "I said I would, if it took a leg."

"Ah, you misunderstood me," stammered Mrs. Merwin, in dread lest Cecil should overhear. Cecil, however, seemed to be busy with another man. She merely smiled in answer to Hull's greeting, and added a word of thanks for the flowers; but later she went in search of him. He stood alone, in a quiet corner, peeling off his gloves. He looked so stern, so unlike the bashful and smiling admirer that she knew, that her resolution was dashed. She hesitated, half in mind to glide away, half afraid of this new side of a character that she had deemed herself to understand. While she stood parleying with her own intentions, she was aware of two girls passing who exchanged glances out of the tails of their eyes, each glance including the picture of Hull; and one whispered to the other a sentence of which Cecil caught only the words, "trying to be a swell." Her eyes flashed. Instantly she crossed over to Hull, who turned. Apparently his ears were as keen as hers, for he was red up to the roots of his hair. "You know I didn't do it for that," said he, speaking quietly and quite firmly.

"Of course I know it," said Cecil; somehow she couldn't think of anything else.

"I wanted to show your friend and you all the—the respect I could. I ought to have known better; but you must have discovered that I don't know anything about these things; I appear like a fool when I try to be a society man."

"No you don't!" cried she.

"You never appear like—that, you couldn't."

"Thank you," he answered, gratefully, in spite of himself there was a quick tremor of mortification in his deep voice, "but I can see how it looks. I will go. Ought I to say good-by to Mrs. Merwin?"

"It was she made you come here," cried Cecil; "of course you will not complain of her! Oh, I think it was a cruel thing—"

"No," said Hull, "she didn't tell me to wear this; I misunderstood what she said, it was my own blunderheaded—"

"You are not blunderheaded! You are—"

"I am?" said Hull in quite a different tone, looking at her with a sparkle in his eye.

"You are a brave gentleman," said Cecil demurely, "and you will stay here and let these foolish people see that you don't mind."

There was a little space about them and by sinking their voices no one could hear their words. Hull turned his face away towards the window, only she could see those commonplace features transfigured by intense emotion.

"I am the man who loves you — awfully; and maybe I'm not a gentle-

man; but I am a man," said he quietly.

She did not answer; she looked out of the window, too.

"I — I tried to say something to you the other day; and I understood your answer. I did not intend to — to presume on your kindness. But I couldn't help wanting to see you once more. And — maybe I'm a fool; but I did want to — to look as well as I could, so you 'd have a sort of pleasant memory of me; and it has cut me to the heart, I confess it, to have made a fool of myself the last time" — he choked a little, and she, still looking out of the window, said "Why should it be the last time?"

Mrs. Merwin did not enjoy her afternoon. It was a brilliant function, the toilets were beautiful, the din of conversation was even louder than usual; she was overwhelmed with compliments; but she was not in the least happy.

She saw Hull's coat tails flitting here and there and Hull himself seeking out all the plainest girls in the room. She perceived that his expression had quite changed; but what the change meant she could not understand. More than once she overheard some man rallying Hull on his "splendor"; and once she caught Hull's reply.

"Well, yes, I rather did miss it; but a fellow always has to play a while, before he learns the rules of the game, you know."

She grew very cross with her ally, who was more than ordinarily attentive to Hull; she suspected that he was trying to "draw" him; if so the attempt was not a shining success, Hull being quite good natured but more than ordinarily subdued.

The last guest had vanished, and Mrs. Merwin had sunk into a chair when Cecil approached her with Ralph. Merwin could be heard in the dining room, laughing with Hull.

"Mr. Hull seems to be enjoying himself," said Mrs. Merwin. She looked from Ralph, who was scowling, to Cecil, who was smiling. It was a smile with humor, but without geniality. She spoke in answer, not Ralph.

"I trust that he is having a pleasant time," said Cecil; "I have just told Ralph that I have promised to marry h m. It was really a fortunate circumstance for me that he came in this absurd toilet to-day. I nearly made a great mistake. A few days ago Mr. Hull said something to me which made me understand that he—he cared a great deal for me. I knew"—her handsome head lifted itself a little higher, and her grey eyes opened more widely—"I knew that he was a noble man. I was proud, proud of his friendship; but he is not exactly like the men whom I have known and I was afraid that we might not be happy together with such different views of life and such a different education. I feared that my mother — and my brother might be shocked by wretched little surface blemishes of speech and manners; and I was so weak, so cowardly, so idiotically ignorant that I answered him in such a way he believed that it was useless to say anything more. Then I was miserable; but I wouldn't change my mind. I hadn't the courage. I didn't understand my own feelings. But to-day I saw him exposed to the ridicule of silly people who aren't fit to black his boots; when I saw him in this false and humiliating position, and saw how he carried himself, I knew that I didn't care a row of pins about his clothes, or his wearing his hat on the back of his head, or his being so friendly with every one, or anything except him, himself; and he saw that I knew it. So—we are both very happy!"

AN AMERICAN IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL

By Barbara Galpin

ONE of the most interesting experiences in all of my wanderings in many countries came through serious and sudden trouble in London. Strangers in a strange land, one of my friends became ill, and after hours of anxious watching, help had to be summoned, but where from and how? "Telegraph to the matron of the London hospital; she will send you just the right person," said the dignified young physician.

In an hour a light knock on my door was heard. I opened it, and saw a quiet, reserved young woman, whose very way of stepping into the room inspired confidence.

"I am the nurse you sent for, madam," and again I heard the fresh, charming English voice, which is ever my admiration and my despair.

NURSE SMYTHE

Without any noise or hesitation she proceeded to remove her wraps, and I saw that she wore a gray and white striped cotton gown, a long, white apron, half sleeves of white, over which fell the full elbow sleeves of gray, a pretty white Normandy cap, and she was ready for work. Never shall I forget her, as she stood before me and said: "I am ready, madam."

She was so self-reliant, so cool-headed, so composed, that I trusted her implicitly; and afterward, when weary days were followed by hopeless nights, she was always the same strong helper and quiet, restful woman.

I had occasion to meet several of her fellow-workers within a short time, and was invited by them to visit the hospital and go through its many wards, its special departments, and its gardens.

I was anxious to see the woman who could manage such an institution and stand in such loving relation with her subordinates. "Matron is the best woman in London," said one nurse.

When one realizes what an army of women are connected with the institution, it is wonderful that the matron can keep in touch with them all.

When the time arrived for my visit to the London hospital—the largest in Great Britain, and probably the largest in the world—we took a hansom, Nurse Smythe and I, down through Cheapside, and into that section of London which has become known the world over as Whitechapel. Down here, in the poorest part of the city, where poverty and crime jostle each other, and where life is not worth the toss of a ha'penny after the evening

THE MATRON OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL

shadows fall upon the crime-stained streets, is the great charitable institution—the London hospital.

"You will like to see the children's ward, I am sure," said Nurse Hemming. And after leaving cards at Matron Luckes' office we went through the long corridor, passing several patients so ill that they could scarcely raise their hands, yet they were being taken out into the gardens in rolling couches to get a breath of air in the open sunshine. You can hardly understand how much I wanted to see the matron, but when I was told of her busy life, how every minute of the day and far into the night was full of urgent business, and only those connected with the institution were fortunate enough to meet her except on rare occasions, I tried to pocket my disappointment gracefully and be content. Dame Circumstance was kind to me, however, for soon a sister came to me and said, "Pardon me, but Matron would be pleased to see you, if you would like to meet her. She has an engagement in ten minutes, but she would like to see you for the little time that she has."

IN THE "MELLISH" WARD

A green baize door opens into the entrance office, as the matron touches a spring in her apartment. No bell is heard, no sound is made, but when this door quietly opens, apparently without touch from anyone, a sister in attendance hastens into the office.

How can I describe justly this noble woman, who for nineteen years has presided over this great establishment in the slums of London? One of her nurses said to me, "She is the one woman in London that all the poor love, and she deserves it," and as I felt her warm, strong hand-clasp, looked into her bright, earnest face, caught the expression of her keen, quick-seeing eyes, I felt sure that the little Yorkshire nurse was a good judge of human nature.

A touching thing is the way in which the nurses speak of Miss Luckes. They rarely say "the matron"; it is "matron says" so and so, and as they speak it "matron" seems only another word for "mother."

One would not believe to look into her face that the shadow of care or trouble had ever rested upon her, but when she told me of the pitiful cases coming under her direction every hour, of the hundreds of poverty-stricken patients in the hospital, of the great need of funds to relieve all the distress and wretchedness, such a look of solemnity, of tenderness, of responsibility flashed into her face that I felt that for once, at least, the right woman was in the right place. Her command of the most minute details of the

institution, and of the inner lives of those connected with it, is wonderful.

Matron Luckes is a short, stout woman, with the kindliest eyes and sweetest voice imaginable. Not for a second do you doubt her ability, her rare good judgment, her tender womanly nature.

As we chatted about hospitals and their work in England and in America, she said, "We had 756 patients in the waiting room yesterday, and 863 to-day. You see we are busy."

Since the hospital was founded in 1740, 4,307,373 patients have been treated.

This hospital is the only large general one for the whole east end of London, and it is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions. Last year it received five thousand pounds from the Prince of Wales hospital fund, an outgrowth of the Jubilee year.

This Prince of Wales hospital fund is interesting. During the Jubilee year many things were considered as fitting memorials to commemorate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, and it was at last decided to refer the matter to the Prince of Wales, who carefully considered the plans submitted—a solid gold statue of the good Queen, a memorial building, arches, and the like—and finally gave as his opinion that a permanent fund for assisting in the maintenance of the hospitals in London would be a fitting memorial. Annual subscriptions of one shilling

EXERCISE IN THE GARDENS

and upwards were solicited from all classes, and now the fund is in a flourishing condition. The Prince of Wales is the president of the organization.

The Queen's ward in the London hospital, named by Her Majesty in March, 1876, is the surgical ward for children. Here is one of the brightest, sunniest children's rooms in all of London; here, also, the greatest agony is endured by little ones, who are most tenderly cared for by patient, well-trained nurses. All about the walls are pictures which help to entertain the convalescent ones, while through the aisles and in the corners are all sorts of attractions — birds in cages that sing when wound up, cats that mew, and dogs that bark when manipulated by the attendant, rocking-horses, carts, and toys by the score, several glass jars placed near the little iron beds which contain gold fish, their glittering scales as they swim in the water attracting and holding the attention of the tiny sufferers. In this ward we came to understand what wonders may be accomplished for children often injured by careless or irresponsible mothers.

Some of the children had just been operated upon; some were ready for the operating theatre. A sunny-haired girl clasped a doll in one arm while the other was closely bandaged; a baby boy was never so happy as now, examining the toy engine, while his little pinched face was white and drawn with suffering. The children all wear white gowns and bright scarlet jackets, and across the foot of each bed is spread a scarlet blanket.

From the Queen's ward to the Princess Beatrice's ward, through the men's and women's wards was the same story of poverty, of accident, of illness, and the blessing of careful medical attendance and tender nursing. Men were walking about waiting for their number to be called to go to the operating theatre, apparently indifferent to the outcome. Life does not offer to them much of brightness to look forward to or much of regret to leave.

In no other hospital in London is the religion of any sect especially considered; but here are men's and women's wards reserved for the Jews, where their religious observances are carefully respected and carried out. They have their own kitchen, were food is prepared according to their belief, and from which every Jew in the hospital is served. A rabbi conducts service every Saturday, and I saw on the frames of the doors the places where the commandments are fastened. There are accommodations for eighteen men and fourteen women, but the Jewish wards are not large enough to accommodate all the Jews who seek admittance. There is but one Jewish nurse in the institution, and she is not among her own people, but is in one of the children's wards.

Ward after ward I passed through, everywhere despair and agony and hopelessness catching after hope and comfort and rest; everywhere sunshine and flowers, yet the dark shadow of Azrael's wing was on the faces of scores of sunny-haired children and time-wrinkled men and women.

There are more than four hundred nurses in the London hospital, the sisters being promoted on merit from the ranks of the graduate nurses. The nurses on the staff who are sent out in private cases return to the hospital after finishing their work and go into the wards for regular service for a time.

In the London hospital each nurse has a bedroom to herself, and these are prettily furnished and most comfortable while the nurses' sitting room, furnished and arranged through the kindness of the house committee, un-

der the personal supervision of the chairman, is a most attractive apartment. Beautiful rugs cover the polished floor, a fine piano is always open, great easy chairs are placed invitingly about, a fine collection of books is at hand, exquisite bric-a-brac and fine pictures are everywhere, and a great fireplace promises cheerful firelight and confidential cheer in the winter evenings.

THE NURSES' SITTING ROOM

"Will you come with me into the Garden of Eden?" I looked at the nurse askance. "Wait, please, until I get my key." So even in London the Garden of Eden has to be kept under lock and key to prevent the intrusion of the serpent.

Out through the hospital grounds, into the street, and up to a close board fence, — a hidden key-hole, a moving of a section of the fence, and behold — I was in an earthly paradise. A great garden, shaded by splendid old trees, throwing shadows over the velvety lawn; flower-wreathed walks winding all about; hammocks, swings, inviting easy chairs and happy occupants. No wonder the nurses call it the Garden of Eden; no wonder that they spend their "off hours" in the summer here. Out in nature's garden for a time they may forget that just over the way life is teeming with a thousand tragedies; out here in the sunshine, with the perfume of the flowers and the hum of the bee soothing them to quiet rest they know that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

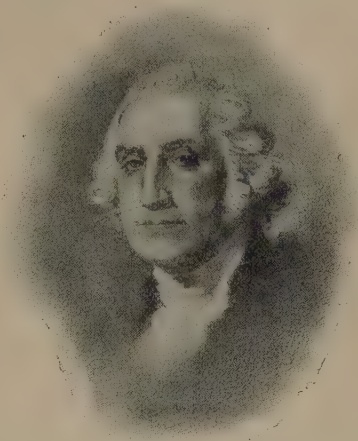
ON March 4, 1797, Washington took his leave of public life. Those present at the inauguration of his successor in the Presidency noted his cheerfulness at the thought of release from official cares, and before a week ended he was once more traveling the road that led from Philadelphia to his beloved Virginia home. 'Twas with reluctant and heavy heart that he had left Mount Vernon eight years before. Then to misgivings as to his capacity for civic duties had been added keen anxiety as to his personal fortunes. When he became President he had lately been compelled to borrow a round sum of money to meet pressing obligations, knew that his estate would become profitless under hired overseers, and feared that his strength would be spent ere it came again to his own wise and careful keeping. These forebodings had proved too well founded; with the master absent his affairs had fallen into sad disorder, and he had been obliged to sell a goodly portion of his forest lands to again bring them into solvent shape, and to defray the expenses he was put to in the Presidency.

Now, however, public and private anxieties were both things of the past, and gladsome must have been the home-coming to Mount Vernon in the early days of the budding spring. Once there Washington hastened to gather up the scattered threads of the old life, but he found himself too far gone in years to begin life anew. So he set them in order and kept his days serene. "I begin my diurnal course with the sun," he wrote to a friend. "If my hirelings are not in their places by that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; having thus put these wheels in motion, I examine things further; the more they are probed, the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; by the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast, a little after seven o'clock, . . . is ready; this being over, I mount my horse and ride around my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner . . . The usual time of sitting at the table, a walk and tea bring me within the dawn of candle-light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table and acknowledge the letters I have received; when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded that you will not require a second edition of it."

Washington, when he left the Presidency, had a little less than three years to live. The serenity and calm content that come only to the worker whose life task, now finished, has been a noble one, were his in full and rounded measure, yet there was an element of sadness in the aging man's

daily rides about Mount Vernon in the spring of 1797, for every rock and tree was eloquent of old pleasures with old friends, neither to be recalled. Of the constant comrades of Washington's earlier days, George Mason, master of near-by Gunston Hall and a patriot of the finest type, was no longer numbered among the living; stalwart old Lord Fairfax, of Greenaway Court, in whose veins ran the blood of the hero of Marston Moor, had been sleeping for a dozen years or more under a great stone in the chancel of Winchester church, while Colonel George William Fairfax, who had taught Washington his first lessons of how a soldier should serve his country, had died ten years back, in England, whither he had gone before the opening of the Revolution. The ruin of Belvoir House, the old mansion built by the sturdy colonel, faced the vision of the master of Mount Vernon whenever he gazed southward across Dogue Creek, and, in lieu of the joyous meetings of other days, Washington could only send to the widow of his friend, his old love, Sally Fairfax, now resident at Bath, in England, a

long and affectionate letter, in which he dwells upon the principal events of his career since their parting, twenty-five years before, and ends with the words: "None of these events, or all of them put together, have been able



to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company at Belvoir."

Thus, the occasional presence at Mount Vernon of stout Bryan Fairfax, now well on in life and long since a priest in orders, only served to recall the loss or absence of other dear, familiar faces. Mount Vernon, however, was never long without numerous, and, in most cases, welcome visitors. The fame of Washington had gone to the ends of the world, and no stranger visited America but thought first of Mount Vernon in planning where he should go and what he should see. New friends and old sat daily at Washington's table, but most of his callers came, of course, from the neighboring town of Alexandria, where dwelt a goodly number of the general's officers, who, with chairs atilt in the Mount Vernon portico, delighted with their great leader to fight again and again the battles of the Revolution. Colonel Charles Simms, now the leading lawyer of the place, had served with credit as an officer of the Sixth

Regiment of the Virginia line; Colonel William Payne, "a cub in size, but a lion at heart," had held command in the Virginia forces from the time Dunmore was driven from Norfolk until the Continental army disbanded, and Major Henry Piercy, late aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, had kept Washington company in every battle but the final assault at Yorktown, having been, the day before, carried wounded from the field.

These, and many more besides, were often at Mount Vernon in the last days of its master's life, but none of them had from the younger members of the household so noisy a welcome as awaited the Rev. Mason Weems, whose meteoric appearances never failed to set house and plantation in a grin. An odd one was this same Parson Weems, whose claim to style himself "rector of Mount Vernon parish," set forth upon the title page of his "Life of Washington," has been gently but firmly demolished by later historians. First seen in the neighborhood of Alexandria as a book-peddler for a Philadelphia firm, driving his own chaise and fiddling at every stopping, by nothing was he so much pleased as when he could set roadside groups to capering. He was the ideal of a strolling preacher of the period,—he had been actually ordained to be a preacher,—and, while the black people fairly reveled at sight of him wagging his bow, in pulpit or out of it, by the soberer-minded he was recognized to be a good and self-denying man. Madam Washington, who in an adapted epitaph is by him extolled to the skies as his benefactress, was especially kind to the queer gentleman, and always contrived to give him a double spoonful of egg sauce if it fell to her to carve the chicken.

It was Washington's home that chiefly held his thought now, but he could not, had he willed it, lose touch with public affairs. He took an active and delighted interest in the building of the capital which was to bear his name, made ready to command the army when a spark of war was kindled by the new administration's dealings with France, and was prompt, whenever occasion offered, to voice his deep, abiding affection for the institutions he had labored to set up and protect. Now and then, in moments of opposition to his desires, the imperious will, the passionate nature of the man flashed up as of old. One of Washington's most trusted friends was John Marshall, an officer in the Continental army, whom Washington had offered a place in his cabinet, and who later became the greatest of our chief justices. In 1798, when the outcry against the alien and sedition laws, warmly approved of by Washington, had grown so loud as to arouse his fears for the future of the republic, he sent a letter to Marshall, then a member of the Richmond bar, asking him to come to Mount Vernon for a week's visit. Marshall at once got ready and in a few days reached Mount Vernon, where he was received with great cordiality. After dinner, when the rest of the company had retired to the sitting room, Washington detained Marshall and soon told him why he had sent for him.

"I am uneasy, Major Marshall," said he, "at the rapid growth of these democratic societies, and anxious for the safety of our present system. We need our strongest and most patriotic men in Congress, and I want you to return to Richmond and announce yourself as a candidate."

Marshall made answer that it was impossible. He was a poor man, dependent on his practice for support and the pecuniary sacrifice would be more than he could bear. Washington

argued with him, and soon got wrought into a violent passion. No patriot, he declared, would refuse to serve his country in such an emergency. He had been making personal sacrifices for the public all his life, and no true man would refuse such a call. Marshall, in describing the incident, said he had never received such a torrent of abuse in his life. He thought at one time that Washington would jump on him from across the table. He retired that night but could not sleep. After rolling and tossing for a time, he concluded he would get up early in the morning, slip out, get his horse and start for home. Morning at last came and as soon as he could see well he dressed. Then, taking his boots in his hand, he started down the stairway in his stocking feet—only to meet Washington in the hall.

"Where are you going, Major Marshall?" asked the old general. "I was going out, sir," was the reply. "It is too early for you to rise," said Washington. "Return to your room, and I will have you called when breakast is ready."

Marshall went back to his room. At breakfast Washington was very polite to him, and when it was finished asked Marshall to ride over the plantation with him. They rode, returning in mid-afternoon to dinner. No allusion had been made to the differences of the previous night. Marshall, as the result of it all, and having stayed the week out, returned to Richmond, ran for Congress and was elected.

But his home, as I have said, was Washington's chief thought. He was happiest in the society of old friends and near kindred, and, as most often the case with the aged, lived again in the interest and hopes of the young. The orphaned daughter of General Greene cherished until ripe old age the recollection of the gentle, thoughtful kindnesses Washington had shown her when a child, and the, to him, happiest event of his last year of life was the marriage of his adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, to his favorite nephew, Lawrence Lewis.

Sweet Nelly, whom he had adopted at her father's deathbed, took strong hold upon his heart and grew to an intimacy with him such as few ever ventured to claim. He was always the confidant of her girlish troubles, and in the midst of his Presidency found time to write her a letter of advice upon love affairs, half grave, half playful, yet practical enough, in the matter of how "Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster," having caught her "hare," shall serve him. "When the fire is beginning to kindle," says he, "and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of character—a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me

WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON

in the manner I have been accustomed to live?" and more of the same order.

All of these questions were wisely answered by the young beauty when she gave her hand to Major Lewis, son of Washington's sister, Elizabeth. They were married February 22, 1799, and on the morning of that day Nelly pleaded with her foster father to grace the occasion by wearing the "grand embroidered uniform," which had been made for use in the threatened war with France. But, smilingly shaking his head, he donned, instead, the worn blue and buff that had seen real campaigns, and Nelly, clinging to his neck, said that she loved him better so. Thus equipped, he stood behind the bride and at the appointed moment gave her into the keeping of his trusted nephew. To assure this nephew of his devise to him by will of 2000 acres of land, on which he might at once begin to build, was one of the last acts of business in Washington's life.

Washington passed his last Christmas at Mount Vernon, in the company of several well loved friends, and conversed upon political subjects without reserve. Judge Cushing and lady reached Mount Vernon the evening before, and on Christmas day, while the family and friends were at dinner, General and Mrs. Pinckney arrived. The season was especially gay, because of the presence of Nelly Custis, and General Washington, entering into the spirit of the hour, led a stately minuet with her, and under the waxen blossoms of the mistletoe exacted tribute, to the envy of the younger swains.

After that the quiet days went by without incident. He served upon a petty jury of the county when summoned, and was more than content to be again the simple citizen, the considerate master, the helpful neighbor and friend. A strolling actor, riding Mount Vernon way on a day in July, stopped to help a man and woman who had been thrown from their chaise, and did not recognize the stalwart man who galloped up to his assistance, until the overturned vehicle had been set up again, they had dusted the other's coat, and the stately stranger, saying he had had the pleasure of seeing him play in Philadelphia, had bidden him come to the house yonder and be refreshed. "Have I the honor of addressing General Washington?" exclaimed the astonished player. "An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard," smiled the heated soldier; "but I am pleased to find you can play so active a part in private, and without a prompter."

Now and then, when duty or pleasure prompted, Washington rode or drove to Alexandria, the Bellhaven of his youth, now grown to be a prosperous commercial center. His last visit there was on an election day. The polls were reached by a flight of steps outside, which in 1799 had become old and shaky. When the general reached the steps, he placed one foot upon them, and shook the crazy ascent, as if to try its strength. Instantly twenty brawny arms, one above the other, grasped the stairway, and a dozen men's shoulders braced it. Nor did a man move until the venerable chief deposited his vote and returned. "I saw his last bow," said one of them, half a century afterward; "it was more than kingly."

When stricken with serious illness during his first term as President, Washington had said to the attending physician: "I am not afraid to die. Whether to-night or twenty years hence makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." And so the end, when it came, found him ready. On the 12th of December, 1799, he was chilled through by the keen winds and the

cold rain and sleet that beat upon him as he went his round about the farms. He kept within doors the next day, and spent the evening cheerfully, listening to his secretary read the newspapers just come from the post office, but went to bed with a gathering hoarseness and cold, and woke in the night sharply stricken in his throat. Doctors came almost at dawn, but the disease was already beyond their control. Nothing that they tried could stay it, and by evening the end had come. He was calm the day through, as in a time of battle, knowing what betided, but not fearing it; steady, noble, a warrior figure to the end.

In truth, no action of Washington's life was more characteristic than the one which marked its close. It was late in the afternoon of the gray December day. He felt that he could not long retain his consciousness, and that he must do quickly whatever remained to be done by him. He had sent for his two wills; he had seen his wife burn the one which had been superseded, and put the other in a closet; he had given Tobias Lear, his secretary, his last instructions concerning his accounts, letters and papers. He then thought his work was done; but he was not quite sure of it. There might be something that he had forgotten, the omission of which would cause inconvenience. "He then asked me," says Lear; "if I recollected anything it was essential for him to do, as he had but a short time to continue with us." It was the ruling spirit strong in death; it was the habit of a lifetime asserting itself when soul and body were parting; it was Washington dying. Five hours later he said: "I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put in the vault in less than three days after I am dead. 'Tis well," he added, as Lear bowed his head in silent token that he understood. Then, of a sudden, his breathing became easier, and he felt his own pulse, as if to learn the cause of the change. As he gently exhaled his last breath, the hand fell slowly from the wrist. Washington had become the noblest, mightiest memory in our history.

ILLUMINATION

I heard the music throb against the sky—
A soul articulate that strove to reach
Those wondrous heights beyond the touch of speech—
And men stood hushed as though a god passed by;
And grief was for a moment glorified,
And peace fell gently over heart and brain,
And for a second's time you had not died,
Nor love been broken on the rack of pain.
Only a little moment. Then the gloom.
But Oh, the comfort! It was like the ray
Of sudden sun that pierced the darkened room
Wherein with folded eyes, beloved, you lay,
So touched with light that for a blessed space
I thought you lived and smiled into my face.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Francis Lynde

II

THE fruit steamer "Adelantado," outward bound, fell away from her moorings; forged slowly ahead, until the current caught and swung her prow riverward; and circling majestically in mid-stream began to pass the lights of the city as she steamed at half speed down the river.

Bainbridge was on deck when the steamer left her berth, and remembering the stuffy little stateroom he had inspected earlier in the day, was minded to go aft and finish his cigar in the open air. Accordingly, he found a settee on the port quarter and sat down to watch the lights wheel past in orderly procession as the "Adelantado" swept around the great crescent which gives the city its unofficial name.

While the comfortable feeling of elation, born of his unexpected bit of good fortune, was still uppermost to lend complacency to his reflections, he yet found time to be honestly sorry for the man from whom he had just parted. Sorry, but not greatly apprehensive. He had known Griswold in New York, and was not unused to his socialistic vagaries. To be sure, his theories were incendiary and subversive of all civilized dogma; but at bottom, Griswold the man was nothing worse than an impressionable enthusiast who had tormented himself into a fancied condition of utter ruthlessness by dwelling overmuch upon the wrongs of others.

So Bainbridge thought; and he knew his opinion was shared with frank unanimity by all of Griswold's friends, who agreed in calling him Utopian, altruistic, visionary. What milder epithets could be applied to a man who, with sufficient literary talent—not to say genius—to make himself a working name in the ordinary way, must needs run amuck and write a novel with a purpose!—a novel, moreover, in which the purpose so overshadowed the story as to make the book a mere preachment.

As a matter of course, the publishers would have nothing to do with the book. Bainbridge remembered with considerable satisfaction that he had prophesied its failure, and had given Griswold no little good advice while it was in the process of writing. But Griswold, being to the full as obstinate as he was impressionable, had refused to be counselled, and now the consequences of his stubbornness were upon him. He had said truly that his literary gift was novelistic and nothing else; and here he was, penniless and desperate, with a dead book on his hands, and with no chance to write another, even if he were so minded, since one cannot write fasting.

Thus Bainbridge reflected, and was sorry that Griswold's invincible pride had kept him from accepting a friendly stop-gap in his extremity. Yet he smiled in spite of his sympathy. It was amusing to think of Griswold, who, as long as his slender patrimony had lasted, had been emphatically a man not of the people, posing as an anarchist, and up in arms against the

Copyright, 1900, by Francis Lynde

"Penniless and desperate, with a dead book on his hands, and with no chance to write another, since one cannot write fasting"

world. None the less, he was to be pitied.

"Poor devil! he is in the doldrums now, and isn't quite responsible for what he says or thinks—or for what he thinks he thinks," said the journalist to himself. "Just the same, I wish I had made him take that—Why, how are you, Griffin? Where in the mischief did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the exceeding narrowness of the world, and Bainbridge made room for him on the settee.

"I didn't drop, I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way down from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"Confound you!" said Bainbridge, laughing. "Can't you ever forget that you're in the shadowing business?"

"Yes; just as often and just as long as you can forget that you are a newshunter."

The shadowed one laughed again, and they smoked in silence until the "Adelantado" doubled the bend in the river and the last outposts of the city's lights disappeared in the blackness. Then Griffin said:

"Who was the fellow you were talking to in front of Chaudiere's? His face is familiar enough, but I can't place him."

The question fell in with the reporter's train of thought, and he answered it rather more fully and freely than he might have at another time and under different conditions. From telling who Griswold was, he slipped by easy degrees into the story of his ups and downs, ending with a vivid little word-painting of the scene in Chaudiere's.

"To hear him talk you would think he was a bloody-minded anarchist of the thirty-third degree, ready to sweep the existing order of things off the face of the earth," he added: "but in reality he is one of the best fellows in the world gone a bit morbid over the social problem. He has a heart of gold, as I happen to know. He used to spend a good deal of his time in the backwater, and you know what the backwater in a big city is."

"Yes."

"Well, one night he stumbled into a cellar somewhere down in the lower levels on the East Side. He was looking for a fellow that he had been trying to find work for—a crippled 'longshoreman, I believe he was. When he got into the place he found the man stiff, the woman with the death-rattle in her throat, and a two-year-old baby creeping back and forth between the dead father and the dying mother—starvation, you know, pure and simple. Griswold jumped into the breach like a man and tried to save the woman. It was too late; but when the mother died he took the child to his own eight-by-ten attic and nursed and fed it till the missionary people took it off his hands. He did that, mind you, when he was living on two meals a day, himself; and I fancy he skipped one of them to buy milk for that kid."

"Humph! And he calls himself an anarchist, does he? It's a howling pity there ain't a lot more just like him," said the detective, sententiousiy.

"That is what I say," Bainbridge agreed. Then with a sudden twinge of remorse for having told Griswold's story to a stranger, he changed the subject with an abrupt question.

"Where are you headed for, Griffin?"

The detective chuckled. "You don't expect me to give it away, do you—a newspaper man—do you? But I will, seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

Griffin nodded. "It takes a good while, sometimes, but I don't fall down very often when there's enough money in it to make the game worth the candle. I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate that fellow; and now I've found him he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one, he goes back with me on the next steamer. Have a fresh smoke? No? Then let's turn in; it's getting late."

III

Two days after the "Adelantado" cleared for the banana coast; or, to be more accurate, in the forenoon of the second day, the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Bank, entered his private office in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. Punctually at ten-five, the stenographer, whose desk was in the anteroom, brought in the mail; five minutes later the cashier entered for his morning conference with his superior; and at half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Mr. Galbraith was a serious-minded man whose hobby was method; and it was his custom to give himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion each morning in which to read and consider his letters. During this interval the stenographer, acting as usher, was instructed to deny his chief to callers of whatsoever degree. Wherefore, when the door of the private office opened at twenty minutes of eleven to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir?" he said, with the accent irritant, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The visitor was a young man not over thirty, of prepossessing appearance, with a figure ra her slight for his stature; fair, with blue eyes, and a curling brown beard and moustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to remark at a glance, and to remember afterward.

"Well, sir!" he repeated, when the stranger stopped to carefully close the door, "if you have business with me, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a few minutes. Be good enough to take a seat in the anteroom till I ring. M'Farland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had not heard it. Now Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was ordinarily the temper of an elderly gentleman with a long upper lip, worn clean shaven, but such a deliberate infraction of his rules was not to be borne patiently, and he got up to ring for the janitor. But when his hand sought the bell-push, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver in the hands of the intruder, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping.

"Wha—what do you mean, sir! Who are you, and what do you want?" he stammered.

The reply was most succinct and to the point.

"I am a poor man, and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you."

"You would murder me?" The president's hands were clutching the arms of the chair, and he was fighting desperately for courage and presence of mind in his extremity.

"Not willingly, I assure you; but

most certainly, if you attempt to give the alarm. But there is no occasion for needless anxiety. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason your life is not in danger."

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons, sir!" exclaimed the president, recovering somewhat from the first shock of terrified bewilderment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away."

The young man smiled in a way to show his teeth.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he said, coolly. "I say you shall listen first, and obey afterward. Otherwise you die. Which is it to be? Choose quickly—time is precious."

The president yielded the first point, but ungraciously, as one under strict compulsion.

"Well, well, then; out with it. What have you to say for yourself?"

"This. You are rich: you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity, which is above any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you know what to do with: I have not enough to buy the next meal, which is already twenty-four hours over-due. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours only by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good: if not, you die. Do I make myself sufficiently clear?"

The president glanced furtively at the clock. It was nearly eleven, and M'Farland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only gain a little time. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coin.

"You say you are hungry: well, I'm no that well off that I canna remember the time when I knew what it was to be on short commons mysel'," he said; and the relapse into the mother idiom was a measure of his perturbation. "Take this now, and be off with you."

The younger man glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head.

"You are merely trying to gain time, and it won't do. My stake in this game is more than a handful of silver; and I don't do you the injustice to suppose that you hold your life so cheaply—you who have so much silver and gold and so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay.

"What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who is willing to compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in money."

"But, man! you're clean daft! Do ye think I have—"

"I am not here to argue the possibilities,"—the interruption was sharp and incisive. "Take your pen and write out a check payable to your own order for one hundred thousand dollars, and do it now! If that door opens before we have concluded, you are a dead man!"

Then Andrew Galbraith saw that the end was nigh and gathered himself for a final effort at time-killing. It was absurd; he had no such balance to his credit; such a check would not be honored; it would ruin him irretrievably. In the midst of his vehement protest the stranger stepped back a pace and raised the weapon.

"I tell you you are trifling with your life! Do it while there is yet time!"

The sound of subdued voices came from the anteroom, and the beleagured old man stole an upward glance at the face of his persecutor. There

was no mercy in the fierce blue eyes glaring down upon him, but rather madness and fell murder. The summons came once again.

"Do it quickly, I say, before we are interrupted. Do you hear?"

Truly, the president both heard and understood, but he hesitated yet one other second.

"You will not? Then may God have mercy—"

The hammer of the levelled pistol clicked twice. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and check-book. His hands were shaking as with a palsy, but the fear of death steadied them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased in the anteroom, and the silence was broken only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the anteroom.

"Now come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember that if he hesitates, you die."

They left the private office together, side by side; the young man with his right hand under his coat. The president breathed a little freer when they reached the lobby of the main apartment, and was not without the hope that chance might still intervene to save him.

It did not. There were but few customers in the bank at that hour, and the president tried in vain to catch a responsive eye.

At the paying teller's window there was only one person instead of the group which Andrew Galbraith had hoped to find there; a young woman who was getting a draft cashed. She saw them and would have stood aside, but the robber forbade it with a gesture, and they waited for a few trying moments until she was served.

When the young woman went her way, the president stepped to the window and presented the check. Up to that instant he had clung desperately to the hope that some fortunate happening would forestall the catastrophe; now he was determined to give the teller a warning signal, come what might. But on the pinnacle of resolution the robber came closer, and Andrew Galbraith felt the pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side—nay, more; he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

"Give me currency for that, Johnson," he said, with what composure there was in him.

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior, not too inquisitively, since it was not his duty to question the president's order.

"How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the younger man who answered.

"Three hundred in fives, tens and twenties, loose, if you please; the remainder in the largest denominationsm put up in a passage."

It was done as he directed, and he followed the teller's count as methodically as if it had been the most commonplace of business transactions. When the money was handed him he stuffed the smaller bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand odd dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed away to the door and vanished.

Then it was that Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his mouth and pouring forth a torrent of frenzied incoherence which presently got itself translated into a hue and cry; and New Orleans the unimpetuous had its sensation ready made.

(To be continued)

SHOP GIRLS AS THEY ARE

By Alice Van Leer Carrick

THAT shop girls are often misunderstood, that they are over-rated and depreciated by turns, is a fact as true as it is little known. To read any of the authors of the Laura Jean Libbey school one might fancy that the little Rosebuds and charming Leonies represent the only class to be seen in shops, while occasional agitations and letters to the press indicate an astonishing lack of morals among the girls that serve us every day. Miss Libbey's views, though erroneous in the main, are far more encouraging and truthful than the last statements, although misleading, for every shop girl cannot hope to be a little Rosebud, surrounded with lovers, or a beautiful Leonie for whom so many young and eligible millionaires are sighing. They are, on the whole, average, every-day girls; and yet, if one is at all discerning, one is as apt to find as pretty faces and as gentle manners as one does in much higher walks of life.

A bundle girl on the embroidery counter of one of the big stores

People so often say, turning away from a counter where a saleswoman has particularly pleased them, "What a pity such a girl has to work in a shop! She seems really quite like a lady." But to work in a store takes much patience, forbearance and an obliging disposition, three things certainly essential to an admirable womanly character. To answer all questions considerately and politely, to show goods untiringly and to give samples ungrudgingly, all these things are expected of a girl employed in one of the stores. So many people can be inconsiderate, never stopping to think that the girl, tired out with rush and overworked time of Christmas shopping and "bargain sale" days, may find standing on her feet and answering questions with the necessary civility, two things almost incompatible. "We must be on the alert for everything," said one girl. "We are apt to be called on to tell how many yards will be necessary for a child's dress, to choose for a fat old lady the more becoming of two shades, either of which will make her look like a fright, and every day I have to insist that crockery or veils cannot be bought at the small-wares counter."

There are truly "all sorts and conditions," all kinds of types to be found in shops, and while many of them av-

"Can you direct me to the bias counter?"

erage only fairly, there are also some very attractive girls. On the whole, they dress well; they live in the atmosphere of adornment and they receive a large education by being directly in the store. In the millinery department, for example, a shop girl has the chance of seeing the latest styles, of assimilating colors, and, at last, of educating her taste to a very good level. These girls are the criterion of a fashion, they are the first to adopt a style, the first to discard it. And as their salaries average seven or eight dollars a week, going higher in the more complicated departments, they are able to dress as well, if not better, than the average girl who stays at home.

A contemporary claims that the day of pretty girls at shop counters is past, that the times are for use, not beauty. but prettiness never interfered with a good saleswoman's work. Of course there are all methods of selling goods and one of the most effectual is the confidential and interested tone. The Jewish and Irish girls are better at this than the Americans, despite the so-called Yankee shrewdness, for they have color, imagination and "blarney" and the cleverest way of pressing an article upon one. "My dear, I should think that was just your style," or "That color just suits a delicate complexion, Madame," until one is fairly "my deared" and "Madamed" into buying the article in question, because she is afraid of hurting the feelings of one who takes so personal an interest in her. Other girls whose figures are within that golden mean that is neither too stout nor too slender, have a

"I think this shade is very becoming to you"

way of saying to a customer verging perceptably on the lines of solidity or thinness: "Yes, Madame, that is the size I always take, and I am sure that

The cloak model

it would just about suit you. We are nearly of a figure." And the customer swallows the bait and goes out after purchasing whatever it is, feeling that she has been waited upon by an exceptionally intelligent and discriminating girl. But perhaps the most eloquent appeal to a shopper's fancy is to see a hat or a coat tried on by one of the very pretty models kept for this purpose. She imagines that it is the hat or the coat, not the girl that is so irresistible, and is tempted to purchase something that may not in the least be becoming to her. So it is the writer's opinion, based on careful observation, that pretty girls are apt to make much better sales than plain girls; they are more in love with the world, and consequently, more obliging than the unfortunate ugly sisterhood.

In two things it would be a pleasure to see most of these girls improve, and these two things are their mental and physical digestions. At lunch-counters one may often see girls hurriedly disposing of a chocolate ice-cream soda and a ham sandwich. Or possibly this atrocious combination may be changed for one equally bad, strawberry soda with doughnuts and cheese. It is a fact well known to lunch-room owners that working girls are almost stingy in their outlay for food, and it is a pity that something cannot be done to make them understand the unhealthfulness of such rubbish. It may be every-day heroism that makes her buy this cheaper food, for in many cases this is done to save the money which is one of the links that binds

"One often sees the shop girl hurriedly disposing of ice cream soda and doughnuts or ice cream soda and a ham sandwich"

the family together, and while the actual choice is bad, the spirit of the sacrifice is to be commended. Yet despite the trash they eat and the close confinement that they are kept in, prettier complexions than some of these girls possess cannot be found: roses and cream—they rival the most charming coloring that any country girl's cheeks could wear. The Noon Day Rests also offer chances for girls to obtain nourishing lunches at small cost, but their whole system of diet needs much reformation yet. Their

mental indigestion also is a matter for vigorous crusading. Too few good books are read, and a frequent answer to the question, "What is your favorite book?" is that they have read so many and remembered so few that they can hardly tell. But a more appalling state still, exists, for one girl said that she never remembered reading a novel in her life, adding the unnecessary statement that she "didn't care for books." A list of twenty favorite novels read by these shop girls will easily show in what direction the need of improvement lies: "Dora Thorne," "Marguerite's Heritage," "The Duke's Secret," "The Duke's Secret," "The Romance of Two Worlds," "The Christian," "The Christian," "Dora

"I am always just played out and exhausted after a holiday"

Thorne," "St. Elmo," "Dora Thorne," "The Christian," "Dora Thorne," "Quo Vadis," "David Harum," "A Queen Amongst Women," "Soldiers Three," "Thelma," "The Romance of Two Worlds," "Airy, Fairy Lillian," "Thelma." The predominance of Bertha M. Clay and Marie Corelli is almost saddening, and David Harum lost its charm when a girl declared that she liked it the best of all Kipling's works.

But if these girls have ideas of books and food that send a wave of shivers over one, the instinctive refinement that many of them possess is a sufficient atonement for those shortcomings. The search for photographic illustrations brought out this quality in an especially strong light. Most of the requests were met by refusals, expressed in such funny ways, but quite decided: "I guess I'd just as soon not, thank you," or "I'd never dare to. I don't know as my mother would like me to," while none were given unurged, and many were promised only on the condition that "the folks at home" or "my people" gave their consent. Where the family influence is so strongly felt there cannot be half the danger that temptation usually brings. "I suppose that temptations of some sort come to every girl who has to make her living," said a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman. "But I know that it is possible to lay them aside, because I came to this city poor and

"What a pity such a girl has to work for a living"

friendless, and I have honestly earned each step of my way."

One girl answered the question, "Don't you ever envy the girls who come in here to shop, girls that have plenty of leisure and money and all that makes life pleasant?" The girl who was plainly above her position smiled a little before she answered, slowly: "I used to at first, but it has always been hardest to have the girls that I used to know come in and not speak to me. At the time of our trouble I was thought rather quixotic because I took the only thing I could do, and one of my schoolmates chose to deliver a public lecture to me, because, as she expressed it, 'I had disgraced myself forever.' But I'm used to it," she added, turning to wait on another customer. "It's all in the day's work." Another girl confessed her desire to have enough money to buy some luxury and then not have to "walk home to pay for it;" while a third waxed very bitter over girls who only worked for spending money, coming in to "take the bread out of our mouths. I work because I have to —because it's my living, and I'd starve if I didn't, and they work, not because they haven't got a comfortable home, but because they want 'pin money,' and to get it they'll take lower wages than a girl that is working for her living can."

However, in many ways a shop-girl's life has its compensations, and that more and more girls are entering this field is shown by the increasing difficulty of obtaining servants. Girls prefer tending counters to being maid of all work, for after the store closes a shop-girl's time is practically her own, and there is no mistress to object to "followers," or, as the ordinary shop-girl would phrase it, "gentlemen friends." These same "gentlemen friends" are the subject of much counter discussion; many of the girls wear very pretty engagement rings, and their opinions concerning presents are of no small dimensions. "I wouldn't have a young gentleman that couldn't give me a handsomer ring than Sadie's got," sniffed a scornful "sales-lady," looking across to where the happy "Sadie" was displaying her turquoise ring to her admiring friends, while a knot of little cash-girls peeped over the counter. "Say, Nellie," said one of them, visibly impressed by the dignity of fianceship, "I'd rather marry an ashman than not get married, wouldn't you?" and the other "cashes" seemed to agree with her.

These girls are all as fond of fun as any natural, genuine girl is apt to be. They like Nantasket excursions and Riverside canoeing parties, and some of them take wicked delight in teasing poor, confused men sent in on errands by their wives and sisters. But who could help laughing at a man, who, with pathetic stupidity, asked to be directed to the "Bias counter." One kind girl always makes it a point to gently enlighten these poor victims of a woman's necessity. "It must be so very hard for a man to do such errands. I am always so sorry for them," she said, when a bewildered man explained that he wanted "a black straw hat woven like matting, and something like the outside of a tea-chest." But these girls all declare that they prefer to wait on a man.

But this article might be continued indefinitely, for what has already been written is only a small part of what might be said upon the shop-girl question. Its lighter side alone has been touched, and the whole case admits of far deeper discussion and thought; but what has been written has been from actual and careful observation, and is a fairly natural and accurate view of the shop-girl as she really is.

THE BIXLEY TOWER EPISODE

By Charles W. Reamer

FOR more years than I had ever seen, "Buddy" Kerlin had patrolled a sketch of track between Bixley tower and the point of the mountain, two miles and a half east. Five years before, when I had been sent to Bixley tower as night operator, he had evinced a disposition to be sociable. The first night that he saw me he called me "Buddy." This, in fact, was the name by which he addressed everybody, young or old, stranger or acquaintance; and it was also the name that everybody applied to him. Even the paymaster, who went out with the pay car when it made its monthly round and handed to each employe a check for the amount of his month's salary, always greeted him as "Buddy," although he called every other man on the line by his last name. Whether "Buddy" was the originator of the name, or whether he used it in self defense only, I never learned.

The town of Bixley was nothing to speak of, being made up of half a hundred scattered houses with the railroad running through its center. Nearly a mile east of the station stood the tower where I first met "Buddy." This tower was the Western terminus of his route. A four by six watch box sitting on the edge of the bank at the point of the mountain marked the eastern end. This box, or rather its predecessor, had a history. One stormy night in March, prior to my advent at Bixley, the wind had picked it up bodily and tossed it over the forty foot embankment to the river's edge. "Buddy" was in it at the time, taking (as he admitted to me) a nap between trips. He was having a hand to hand struggle with a red hot stove when he awoke.

"Sometimes I was on top and sometimes the stove was on top, but the stove seemed to have the best of it either way," was "Buddy's" way of putting it. After that ride, "Buddy's" left arm served to fill his coat sleeve merely; otherwise it was a useless member.

The track between Bixley tower and the mountain, "Buddy" walked over at least twice every night in the year. Sometimes, when the Spring freshets were on, he did it much oftener, for the soft clay banks of the roadway dwindled away, inch by inch, before the onslaught of the flood, and the overhanging cliffs covered the rails with an avalanche of stones and dirt. But there never was a night when conditions were so bad that "Buddy" did not find time to stop in at least once for a chat and a smoke of my "Mail Pouch." These visits of the old man were the only pleasant incidents in a series of nights that were otherwise long and monotonous. I don't think I ever could have endured the solitude of Bixley tower without them. I know that I never tried, for both of us ended our sojourn there on the same night, though not in the same way.

"Buddy" was always at the lower end of his route for No. 6's, which ran in two sections, passing Bixley a little after two o'clock, and Lipton Junction, the next block office east, about seven minutes later. On the night with which this tale has to do, the first section of No. 6 has passed Bixley

on time. As usual, I marked the time on the train sheet and, having called up the office on either side of me, reported the train to both.

In the ordinary course of events the train, as above stated, should have passed Lipton in about seven minutes. So, when, some fifteen minutes later, the second section surprised me by slipping up unheralded, I made a quick grab for the signal and pulled it to white without even glancing at my train sheet. I think this was the first time, and I know it was the last time I ever did such a thing.

When I took up my pen to record the passing time of 2nd No. 6, I was startled by the fact that my sheet failed to show a clear block. Apparently, the first section had not yet passed Lipton. This gave me a sharp turn, for the moment. But the lapse of time since the train had passed Bixley speedily reassured me. Lipton had, perhaps, failed to report it; or, having reported it, I had neglected to make the entry on my sheet and had forgotten the circumstance. The mechanical way in which operators, after a time, come to do their work made either theory plausible. All this was passing through my mind during the time I was calling Lipton. When he answered, I said:

"Go ahead, 1st No. 6."

"Here," came the answer, "fixing a hot box."

Something came into my throat, and I caught my breath sharply. The eastern window was open, and I walked across to it and looked out into the darkness in the direction of Lipton. From the foot of the hills more than a mile below came the sharp whistle of the engine of 2nd No. 6. Then I walked back to the table and called Lipton. My head was whirling.

"Is 1st 6 leaving?" I asked.

"No," replied the man at Lipton.

During several precious minutes I sat there in a kind of stupor. Then I called Lipton again, having first grounded the wire west that none but him might hear.

"For God's sake," I ticked, "go down and get them started. I let 2nd go."

I might as well have done nothing, and I knew it. Five minutes had passed since the red "tail lights" of 2nd No. 6 had disappeared to the eastward. In two minutes more the flagman, standing on the rear end of his train, as I knew he would be, would see a headlight burst into view almost on top of him; would feel the shock of the collision; would hear the cries of the injured and dying.

On the wall over the sink hung a small mirror. I walked over and peered into it, but that face staring out at me surely was not mine; it was a face that made me laugh and cry in the same breath. Again I looked at the clock. One minute more! My eyes followed the second hand on its journey; but they saw more than the small bit of steel jumping over the circle; they looked through space to where a heavy train of sleepers was drawing, with each jump of the hand, nearer and nearer to its journey's end.

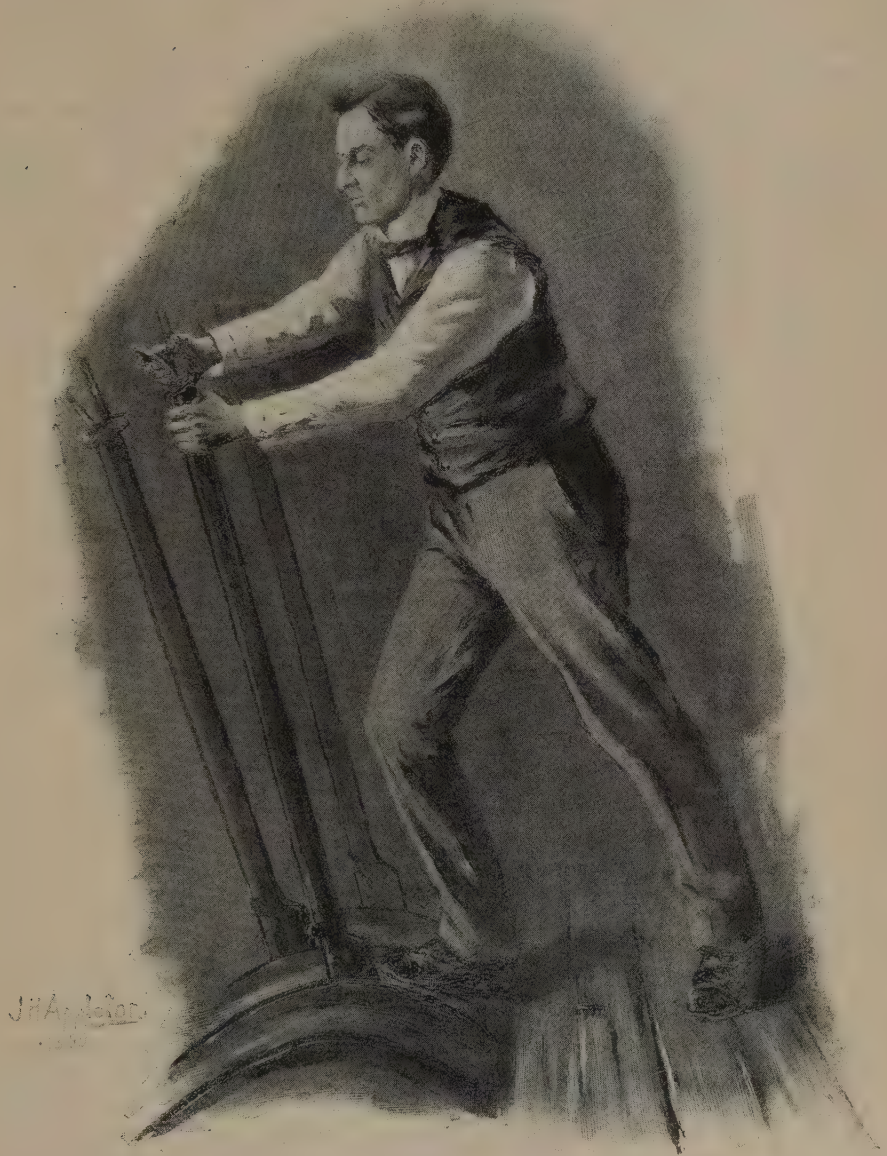
As calmly as I could I waited. At the end of eight minutes no word, good or bad, had come from Lipton. I dared not ask. Indeed, to ask seemed useless. So I filled my pipe and struck a match to light it. At that instant the block wire began sounding my call, but the match had burned up to my fingers before I realized the fact. Then I answered.

"All right," said the man at Lipton. "They started to pull out just as I got down the stairs."

"And the 2nd?" I asked.

"No sine."

Then my nerves, which had been



"I made a quick grab for the signal and pulled it to white without even glancing at my train sheet"

braced for the shock, gave way, and I broke down utterly. The tears dropped down on the train sheet and made big blots, but I cared nothing for that; they were tears of joy. After a bit, with the connivance of the operator at Lipton, I marked and reported 2nd No. 6 as leaving Bixley (where it ought to have been held) one minute after the first section had passed Lipton. This would effectually cover my blunder. Not one man on either of the two trains need ever know from what a fearful catastrophe he had, by fate or chance, been preserved that night. Not even the omniscient despatcher need ever be any the wiser. No one had knowledge of the facts except the man at Lipton and myself. He said that he would never tell; I knew that I should not. And so we patched the matter up between us.

And now there arose a new subject for speculation. 2nd No. 6 was, from some cause unknown, being delayed between Bixley and Lipton. Under the circumstances I was somewhat curious to learn what this cause was. The thing had, I thought, happened most opportunely; so much so, in fact, that I could not but believe that that unseen force which sometimes guides our footsteps when we are about to stumble, had been at the bottom of the matter. If it were mere chance, then chance had been most clever to me. I felt that I would like to talk it over with "Buddy," whose philosophy, while sometimes inconsistent, was comforting. My nerves were still badly shaken, and I needed, more than anything else, a sight of his weather-beaten face to steady them.

It was about time for his lantern to come bobbing into sight, so I walked to the window and looked down the track. He was not in sight, but something else was; and that something else, as it gradually drew nearer, I knew to be the rear end of 2nd No. 6. Some presentiment of what had happened must have come to me then, for my heart began to beat loud and fast, and my legs trembled under me. The train backed up to the office and stopped. Without waiting for any one to come up, I ran down the steps and threw open the door. Four men were coming toward me carrying something between them. I saw that it was the form of a man, and I knew, just as if I had looked into the still face, that it was "Buddy." Before they quite reached me I turned away and staggered back up the stairs to the office. There, having deposited my burden in the room below, they followed me.

"We hit him right in front of the watch-box at the point of the mountain," said the engineer. "He was standing on North track when I first saw him; but when we were almost on top of him he stepped over in front of the engine. When we got stopped we run back to the spot, but had to hunt for fifteen minutes before we found the body—found it at last down over the bank at the edge of the water. You'd better notify Joplin that the body's here." Then he pointed downward. "Has he anybody—any family, I mean?"

I shook my head. Then they filed down the stairs and left me alone. When I had seen the red lights of 2nd No. 6 fade away for the second time that night I dropped my arms on the table, and, burying my face in them, cried for sorrow, as only a few minutes before I had cried for joy. Never more would I see "Buddy's" lantern come bobbing up the track. Never more would I hear his footsteps on the stairs. Never more would we two hug the old coal stove in Bixley tower and smoke to the tune of the wires. Those times

could never come again; for all that was now left of my old comrade lay still and quiet in the room below.

This was my last night at Bixley tower. On the following morning I wired my resignation to my chief. When I had followed "Buddy's" body to its last resting-place I pulled up stakes and went West. That was ten years ago. The other day I met my old chief quite by accident, and we had a talk over old times.

"I suppose you don't know," I said to him, "why I resigned so suddenly at Bixley tower."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I know; at least, I formed a pretty good idea as to the cause. It all came out in the investigation that followed the death of old "Buddy" Kerlin. Your train sheet and the conductor's report didn't jibe. Besides, the engineer said he got the white signal at Bixley that night. You resigned to avoid a discharge."

"No," I said, "I didn't. I never expected you to discover the mistake I had made. The fact is, I never could get rid of the idea that if I had held the train as I should have done, 'Buddy' would not have been killed."

The chief pulled at his lower lip reflectively.

"Oh, nonsense," he said, at last.

THE ICE-BOAT

As swift and as light as a bird our flight,
With white wings spread to the breeze,
Through the frosty air on a voyage rare
We glide o'er the glittering seas,
While the icy mist by the sunshine kissed
Springs up from the cutting steel,
And lies like a fleece, as the miles increase,
In the track of our flying keel.
O'er the ice-bound seas to the freshening breeze
O merry the wind may blow!
For Neptune is found by the frost-king bound,
And chained to the depths below;
And the boats may come and the boats may go,
But the tides that ebb and the tides that flow
Can neither work weal nor woe.

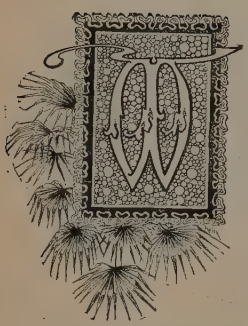
Then away, away o'er the shining bay,
While the brisk wind fills the sail,
As swift as the deer when the hunter's near,
Or a foot on a well-worn trail;
But swifter than these when the friendly breeze
Creeps into our wide lateen,
Then even the wind must tarry behind
The speed of our runners keen.
Then ho! for the chase and the glorious race
When the ice is smooth and clear;
For a wind that's fair and a skipper's care
That each dainty craft shall steer;
And it's ho! for the gallant white-winged fleet!
For the prize that's won and the cheers that greet,
When the victors goal we near.

Beatrice Harlowe

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON

"So true, so brave,
A lamb at home,--a lion in the chase."

By Peter McQueen



ITH the death of General Lawton the Filipinos lost their best friend. Lawton was the best fighter and the wisest administrator that we have sent to the Philippine Islands. He was as kind as he was brave, for the bravest are evermore the tenderest. I remember one day in our expedition to San Isidro; we were lost in the hills between Novalisches and San Jose. We hired a native guide and he led us off the track among the swamps and in the wildernesses of cane-brakes. From an old priest in the mountains we learned that the guide was leading us in the wrong path. The guide, when confronted by General Lawton, broke down and admitted that he was a Filipino spy. He knew it was a capital offense, and knelt down beside the old priest to make his last confession. While he was thus engaged I snapped my camera upon him, and he got up and started to run away. I apologized to the General for interfering with his prisoner and Lawton replied, "He thought you were going to shoot him, and he deserved to be shot." I asked the general why he did not execute the culprit and he answered, "Well, I hate to take away life, let him go." The next day we captured the recreant armed in a rebel uniform.

Though Lawton was a fearless and determined commander, he was very kind and gentle in private life. He often brought his little boy out to the firing lines and amused the lad by showing him how they handled rapid-fire guns. With his wife and family he could often be seen driving down the Luneta in a plain American carriage—the true type of a simple American gentleman. I noticed that he was always very gallant and chivalrous to his wife. Mrs. Lawton is one of the most charming women in Manila. She was the leader among the American ladies in the Philippines. In all good, kind, true and tender ways she is the best friend the soldiers have. She organized a corps of women to do volunteer Red Cross work in the hospitals of Manila. Many a soldier boy will mourn with this devoted woman in her bereavement. She is the ideal wife and mother. It was the glory of the Lawtons to exhibit in their domestic life those honest traits which make the republic great.

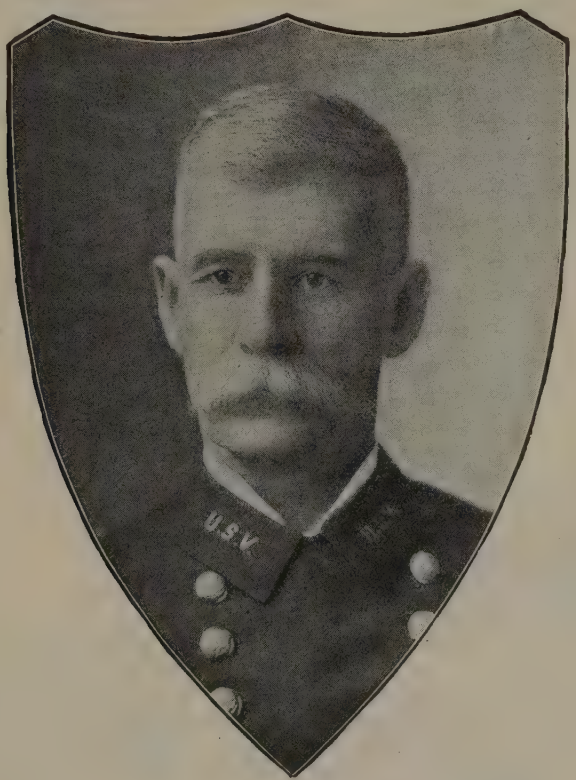
I feel in the death of Gen. Lawton, the loss of a personal friend. Full many a cheering word of his I keep among my treasures. His modesty and manliness shall live with me like sweet forget-me-nots in Memory's garden. In the fierce tide of battle, in the wild bivouac of life, I shall esteem it an honor to the end of my days that I have known this truly American family. Their courage, constancy and love were shining traits in Manila society. Even in the chaos of martial law, the tender home of Lawton grew like a root of roses blooming undefiled amid the riot of a battlefield.

The clerks at Lawton's headquarters

were always enthusiastic about their chief. In the trenches and around the camp fires at night I often heard the soldiers say: "Lawton is coming; the old 'un knows how to fight; now we'll end them insurrectos—ah, Aggie, I see your finish." Most generals have their headquarters behind the firing lines; this one had his nearly always in front of the skirmishers. On the Northern Campaign I became tired of being constantly plugged at by sharpshooters as Lawton's staff always was. Accordingly I retired and went a week with the artillery. When I joined the staff ten days later, the general asked me where I had been. "Back with the guns, writing memoirs," I replied. He laughed, and said: "I notice you literary fellows have always very interesting history to write when it comes to hard work up here." The general was so dry with his wit that his jokes were quoted all over the army.

Major Edwards, his adjutant, besought him to lay aside his white helmet which was a regular conductor for bullets. At the fight for Paranaque three of the staff had their horses shot and several were wounded. Edwards is responsible for the story of Lawton's grim humor up in this wilderness of Nueva Ecija. The major says that he and Lawton had not a scrap to eat for three days but a chicken. Lawton bore it for two days, then he said in his dry way: "Well, major, this is a mighty hard campaign; nothing to eat but spring chicken."

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON



We had to pay for all the chickens

we took from the captured towns—this was Lawton's order. I bought a couple of pullets one day and sent them to the General by a Filipino guide. But the wily Malay knew how just the American commander was, and charged him a second price.

The reporters always had lots of chickens. Major Edwards called me up one day and asked me how many chickens we had in the house of the newspaper men. I told him nine. "Where are your receipts?" asked the major with a darkening frown. "The people have left their homes and we can't get them to receipt for the birds," I answered. Whereupon the major threatened me with the wrath of Lawton. He told Lawton the story in a joking way; and the General rallied me about it. But he was always careful, even when joking to make it evident that all men in the expedition were to be extremely cautious never to wound the feelings or hurt the interests of the peaceful natives. He would rather have suffered wrong himself than do a wrong to the humblest man, woman or child in Luzon.

There are no words with heart enough and soul enough to praise this brave and generous man. He was as valiant as Achilles and as modest as a girl. Of all our generals in the Philippines Lawton has done the most to quell the insurrection. He was the man who dealt the heaviest blows to the enemy and yet he was the most considerate of non-combatants—the women and the children. He was the first American who established civil government in the Philippines. At Beliuag he established the first city government under American protection in Luzon. Then he went to the towns of Paranaque, Imus, Bacoor, San Pedro Macati and showed the people there that he came as a friend.

A GROUP OF AMIGOS

MORONG LAKE, NEAR MORONG

They rallied around him as around no other American. He told me that at Paranaque, he almost had to bring the people by force to the town hall to elect a mayor. But when the people saw that they were to have their own government, levy their own taxes and spend these taxes in the improvement of the town, they threw up their hats and shouted "vivas" in favor of American rule.

Like Schurman and Dewey, Lawton believed in the immense resources of the islands and in the high quality of the Filipino people. Among his last words to me were these: "When peace comes and we have established such a government as the United States can and will give to these islands, I believe that the Filipino people will be one of the most happy, thrifty and prosperous races on the globe."

Lawton could have done much for the Filipinos had he been spared. In killing him these misguided men have taken the life of their best advocate. He, more than any other American, understood the needs of the Filipino people and the mischances which have fallen on those unhappy islands. In his larger heart, there was no room for hate. In the wide region of his life there was the free air where the eagle soars, but never the poisoned swamp where the snake hisses and the serpent stings. This made him a rare man for us in our crucial position in the East. A great name he leaves behind—unstained by meanness—or any petty strife. Lawton has gone to God, a gentleman unafraid. No name in all this war will shine with the lustre of so many virtues. We have lost many good men and true since we began the war with Spain. From the surf-beaten

beach and the white terror of ambushed reefs; from battlefields where life was flung away as if it had been no use; from fever cot and fetid swamp and phantom ship, their unconquered souls ascended. And none of these did go alone, shorn or unattended, but girt around with principalities and powers. They took their hopes, their love of country, their ideals hence, and made their dwelling place beside the eternal stars.

So did this valiant general die, not weak with age, not forgotten on the far frosty verge of eighty, but in the very heyday of a glorious manhood; not shrivelled by a long descent adown the declivity of lingering disease, but flushed with health and triumphant with victory, at the head of his untamable soldiers, with his face to the foe, and his manly heart opened to the deadly bullet, beating joyously in the vigor of the fight, he fell.

Honor and gratitude are the guerdon of such a name. Better than a new El Dorado every year are such examples to a nation that would be noble. Let his fame forever live in the glorious annals of the republic. It is out of such men that the hope of the world is built. They have, indeed, lain down in death; but their powers will never know decay. Their bodies shall know corruption and the changes of the elements. They shall take new forms, and feel the heat of summer and the touch of frost, but they themselves shall never change, save with the change of growth. That which makes their individuality, dust never made and dust can never claim. This which gives them rank in the parliament of highest life shall never lie down in death, but shall remain erect, imperishable, like the old statue, which, with lofty mien, faced the east, and from whose lips music issued with the rising of every sun. Years came and went, and centuries grew apace; tribes perished, cities rose and fell. Even empires, whose boast was their duration, faded; but still the statue stood, the same look of chiselled majesty upon its brow; the same serenity of gaze; the same audible sweetness greeting each dawn through its untouched, unshrivelled, everlasting lips.

Thus does this unvanquished hero live. He touched the lowest ebb among the evening lights of San Mateo, and from that hour his life knows only an eternal flood. It is so sweet to die thus for the fatherland. So may the young men of the next century long to fall in the floodtide of of the soul. So be my hour of meeting God.

THE OUTCASTS AMONG BOOKS

By Hayden Carruth

MANY authors have written of the charms of the old book shop, with its musty flavors and dusty shelves, where they have loved to linger, turning over the ancient volumes, touching some of them reverently, as they deserved, meeting many old friends, some new ones, rare, odd, forgotten tomes, the products of the brains of brother authors of the past. And our author delights to tell of the treasures he has found in these dusty though highly respectable gatherings—all with some relish of the saltness of time; and not infrequently he runs on lovingly, giving the full particulars of the happy discovery of a rare and precious volume—it was found at So-and-so's little shop—in a cellar, perhaps—and here he digresses and tells us of So-and-so, of his spectacles, his gray hairs, his kindly smile—usually he makes him out a most remarkable old gentleman. Surely the old bookstore has ever had its full share of attention from author folk, but there is one thing about its wares that, so far as my reading goes, seems to have escaped them, though who can say what I might not find should I continue my search through these same long-shelved ranks of orphaned books? I mean the names—the inscriptions—the sentiments—on the fly-leaves of these wandering volumes.

"For my dear nephew, Will Arnold. From your loving Uncle James." Stand up, William Arnold! How comes it we find this battered "Heart of Mid-Lothian" from thy loving Uncle James here in this musty row? "For my dear nephew!" Ha! what does it, then, wedged in here between Prof. Marigold's "Every Man his own Horse and Cattle Doctor," and the late Lindley Murray's great but unexciting work? "For my dear nephew, Will Arnold!" How happens it, dear Will, that I buy it now from this man for half a dollar? Answer promptly, why are these things? Thy uncle dead? The more reason you should keep his book. Forgot you in his will? Very likely—he had found you out—he knew you ought to be forgotten.

"Ellen Jarvis—From your brother Jack—Christmas, 1896." But three years—nay, not so much, not three—and it is here marked "eighty cents." Is brother Jack so soon forgot? Do you not remember how you smiled when big, good-natured brother Jack brought you the very book you wanted—Tennyson? How you reached up and patted his cheek and told him he was a good boy? But what would Jack say should he see me walking away with it now—for eighty cents? Neither the memory of dear Jack nor the poet's verse could save it; it went—for eighty cents. How soon are we forgotten, truly!

Ah! that we could find Shakespeare here, and flanked by Tupper and a treatise on the tides! But he came with the rest—perhaps under even more disreputable circumstances. "George H. Doughty: From Kittie C. 'The Elms,' June." And this in a little, timid hand, frightened at the great blank page, which trembled a little on the "George," but grew braver with "Kittie," "The Elms" and "June,"

and within these covers the story of Romeo and Juliet; yet it came to this. George, I would that I had the gift of eloquence, for I have much that I would say to you. But—mortal men, mortal men, all.

Tossed over to the back of the shelf, behind the row of tall, crowding volumes, deserted, trodden under foot of the great books, is a little black, leather-covered volume with flaps to protect the edges—a small pocket testament. "Frank—from Mother." That is all there is on the little thin fly leaf—there need be no more. Surely now, we can tell what brought this here. There is no date, but the giver could not have been forgotten this time—not with that word "Mother." We may forget our loving uncle, our dear brother, even Kittie—in June—but the fond memory of mother goes with us undimmed to the grave. Surely it must have been poverty—hunger—want keenly felt, that brought this little volume here bearing these words—"From Mother."

After all, it is entertaining, looking over the fly-leaves of old books. "From your loving father"—sold for one dollar five years afterwards. "With the best wishes of your teacher,"—brought forty cents. "With the hope that you may not forget your Aunt Martha." He didn't—he bethought himself of her six years later; next he remembered her book, then it occurred to him that books were bringing cash this year and he used his Aunt Martha's volume, which dear relative he had not forgotten even as she hoped, to bring him the sum of one dollar and a quarter.

What commentaries are these fly-leaves on friendship. The pleased smile which lights up my face when a dear friend gives me a favorite author—'tis only equalled by the glad expression which plays about my countenance when the second-hand man puts a dollar in my hand for it! 'Twere a little better, perhaps, to tear out the fly-leaf before we exchanged it at the second-hand book-stall for the latest paper novel. But though we smile and perhaps attempt to be sarcastic, we know not how often stern necessity, brought on by sad reverses of fortune, instead of forgetfulness, may make strange bed-fellows of these old books.

I love to become possessed of these ancient volumes with names and inscriptions on their fly-leaves. Half my books—little company of good spirits at the head of my household gods—have other names than my own on the fly-leaves. Nor are they the names of my friends. I will not borrow a book of a friend who has placed his name on the fly-leaf. It argues a lack of confidence in me.

John R. Marmaduke once owned my "Keats." He wrote one of these savage hands, large and haughty, in cold, black ink. His is not a name writ in water. Every stroke of the autograph seems to tell of the divinity that doth hedge about this Marmeduke. I read character in handwriting but indifferent well, but sometimes it seems to me that it is not strange that John R. Marmeduke parted with his "Keats." I fancy on occasion that perhaps John R. Marmeduke and the author of the "Eve of St. Agnes" were far apart. Understand me, I wish to do no injustice to John R. Marmeduke, but sometimes of an evening when I take down this volume of "Keats" and realize that I have it safe I cannot help feeling much as I suppose does the hero in the novel after he has rescued the fair, fragile, wild-rose heroine from the clutches of the Monster.

Time was when T. S. Hopkins owned my "Sketch Book." It was given to him on the occasion of his eighteenth

birthday, April 4, 1856, by his brother Albert. 'Twas but a foolish move in you, T. S., to let go so good a book, and one by which you could remember your brother Albert so pleasantly.

I blush for Donald McKinnon. There is no evidence in connection with his name, written in a round hand in my "Burns," that he did not buy the volume himself and have a right to dispose of it if he wished, but it was far from becoming in him thus to treat his countryman, that most sweet poet. Had I you here, Donald, I am sure I wad be far from "laith to rin and chase thee wi' murd'ring prattle." You would deserve it; it was but an ill deed to do, Donald.

"Jabez Herrick's book. From his father Jonathan Herrick, Jan'y the 20th., 1785, A. D." This in "Pope's Essay on Man." And you kept your father's gift well, Jabez, though the boards are a little cracked by the tooth of time, and the leaves are yellow. And you never took it to a second-hand book store, and, with head over shoulder to see that no one heard your unholy proposition, offered to sell it for a paltry sum. Not you, Jabez; but your descendants, without respect for essay, age, or ancestor, have done the deed. Thus the race degenerates, and the proof is borne in upon us that we live in but fallen times.

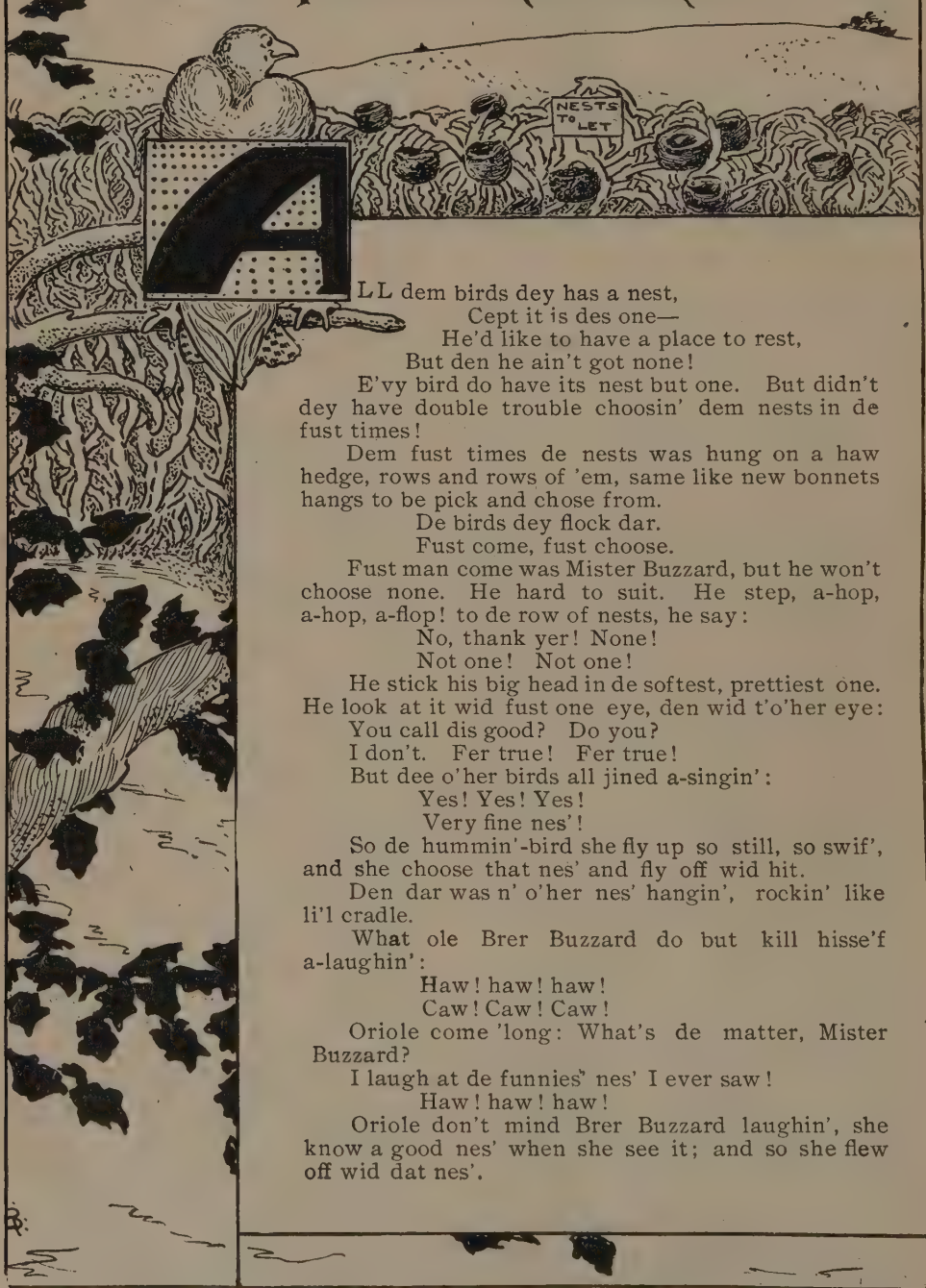
On the half-torn leaf of "Great Expectations" is this: "Lizzie Mathews: Your true friend Mate." Subsequently she caused the volume to be raised to the top shelf of a second-hand dealer as a monument to her true friend. Couldst find no enjoyment in little Pip, Mistress Mathews? Didst not care to go out with him on the marshes when the morning mists were rising and meet the terrible convict from the Hulks, and watch him kneel behind the gravestones in the grass and file, file, file, at the great iron on his leg? Carest thou not to be brought up by hand? 'Twere better then, perhaps, that you disposed of the book as you did.

"For my nephew Bert, on his thirteenth birthday." Ah, you little thought, Bert, I will warrant, when you read these wonderful "Arabian Nights Entertainments" for the first time, that you would some day sell them for next to nothing. You kept not true to the dreams of thy youth, as the sage advised, or you would never have done it. True Mussulman were you then, and sworn to the faith, for you lived

> "In the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Then were you a true follower of the good Caliph, but the tide of time—that forward flowing tide of time—flowed not back with you any more and never again did you so much as stand in the presence of that mighty but just ruler. Ah, why can I not ever read Scheherezade's enchanting tales and do naught but float away adown the Tigris? I should have lived then by "Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold," and that "sweetest lady of her time" should have told me of the Valley of Diamonds and of the Black Isles; of the Barmecide's Feast and of the Wonderful Lamp; of Ali Baba and of Sindbad; of the Genii, the Roc's Egg, the Open Sesame! I should have listened ever, no thought of time, to her low, sweet voice like evening music floating from far across one of her own enchanted lakes, from unseen musicians, while the moonbeams just rested on the placid water with a fairy touch; and there should have been no fear of Giafar and Mesrour to make that voice tremble ever so little; but, perhaps had there been no Giafar and Mesrour there never had been any Thousand and One Nights.

WHY THE BUZZARD BOARDS.



ALL dem birds dey has a nest,
Cept it is des one—
He'd like to have a place to rest,
But den he ain't got none!

E'vy bird do have its nest but one. But didn't dey have double trouble choosin' dem nests in de fust times!

Dem fust times de nests was hung on a haw hedge, rows and rows of 'em, same like new bonnets hangs to be pick and chose from.

De birds dey flock dar.
Fust come, fust choose.

Fust man come was Mister Buzzard, but he won't choose none. He hard to suit. He step, a-hop, a-hop, a-flop! to de row of nests, he say:

No, thank yer! None!
Not one! Not one!

He stick his big head in de softest, prettiest one. He look at it wid fust one eye, den wid t'o'her eye:

You call dis good? Do you?
I don't. Fer true! Fer true!

But dee o'her birds all jined a-singin':

Yes! Yes! Yes!
Very fine nes'!

So de hummin'-bird she fly up so still, so swif', and she choose that nes' and fly off wid hit.

Den dar was n' o'her nes' hangin', rockin' like li'l cradle.

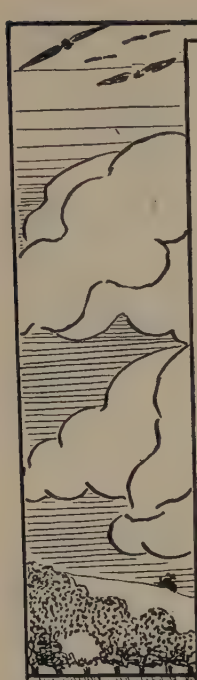
What ole Brer Buzzard do but kill hisse'f a-laughin':

Haw! haw! haw!
Caw! Caw! Caw!

Oriole come 'long: What's de matter, Mister Buzzard?

I laugh at de funnies' nes' I ever saw!
Haw! haw! haw!

Oriole don't mind Brer Buzzard laughin', she know a good nes' when she see it; and so she flew off wid dat nes'.



Den thrush come to de haw-tree, and dar on de topmos' limb thrush see a nes' big at de top and slopin' to mos' nothin' at de bottom. She set to singin':

A pretty nes'!
De very bes'!

Buzzard croak:

Pretty house? Pretty house?
'Tain't fitten fer a mouse!

Thrush des content herse'f and sing on:

Maybe! Maybe!
Yit hit suit me! Suit me!

So thrush flew off wid dat nes' and twel yit hit suit her and her folks.

So in and through 'mong de birds hit went, pick and choose twel all was fit and suit. Den heah pretty late come de mockin'-bird. She find des a rough lookin' nes' left hangin' on de haw-tree, des like mos' only a bunch of sticks.

Buzzard laugh when he see mockin'-bird lookin' at dat, he croak:

Dat's des a bundle er sticks!
Dat's in a mighty bad fix!
I could knock dat to pieces in des two licks.

Mockin'-bird sing:

How come you laugh so! Laugh so! Laugh so!

Buzzard croak:

I laugh at dat home!
I ruther had roam
Dan live in sech home!

But mockin'-bird sing sweetly still:

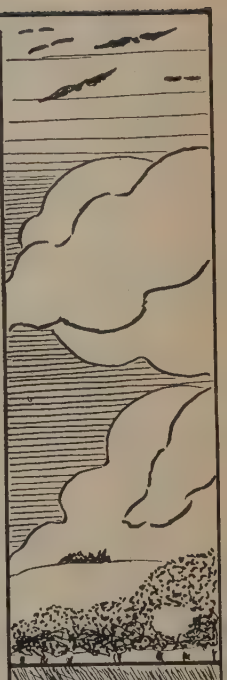
O no! O no!
Please don't say so!

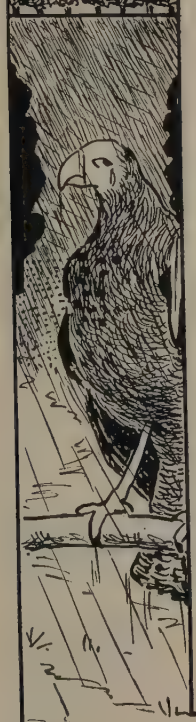
Den off she flew wid dat nes', and dough hit was las' of de lot and mighty rough, she made hit de sweetest home of all wid her sweet singin'.

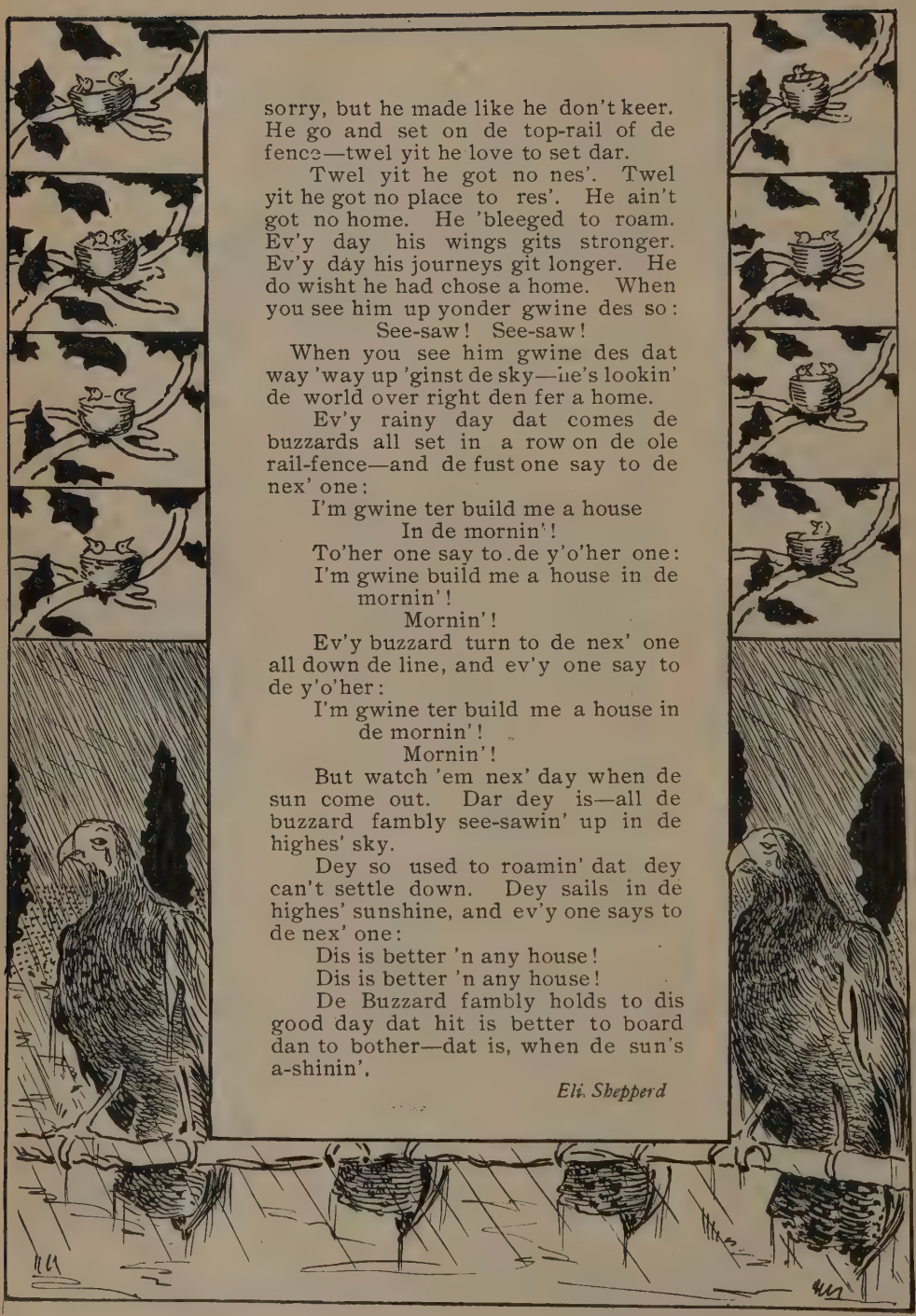
Den caze Mister Buzzard done los' all caze er bein' so hard to suit, all de birds took up de same chune fer onct, —des' so:

O! O! O!
You let de time pass,
Fer dat was de las'!

Brer Buzzard he was de moes'







sorry, but he made like he don't keer. He go and set on de top-rail of de fence—twel yit he love to set dar.

Twel yit he got no nes'. Twel yit he got no place to res'. He ain't got no home. He 'bleeged to roam. Ev'y day his wings gits stronger. Ev'y day his journeys git longer. He do wisht he had chose a home. When you see him up yonder gwine des so:

See-saw! See-saw!

When you see him gwine des dat way 'way up 'ginst de sky—he's lookin' de world over right den fer a home.

Ev'y rainy day dat comes de buzzards all set in a row on de ole rail-fence—and de fust one say to de nex' one:

I'm gwine ter build me a house
In de mornin'!

To'her one say to de y'o'her one:

I'm gwine build me a house in de mornin'!
Mornin'!

Ev'y buzzard turn to de nex' one all down de line, and ev'y one say to de y'o'her:

I'm gwine ter build me a house in de mornin'!
Mornin'!

But watch 'em nex' day when de sun come out. Dar dey is—all de buzzard fambly see-sawin' up in de highes' sky.

Dey so used to roamin' dat dey can't settle down. Dey sails in de highes' sunshine, and ev'y one says to de nex' one:

Dis is better 'n any house!
Dis is better 'n any house!

De Buzzard fambly holds to dis good day dat hit is better to board dan to bother—dat is, when de sun's a-shinin'.

Eli Shepperd

AN OLD VALENTINE

By Elizabeth Arthur

MISS RUTH STEWART'S house was closed, and the owner spending the winter in the South, when Philip Raymond, with his only son Claude, came back to the village, where, years ago, he and she had been playmates and good comrades in their youth.

Life had not prospered Philip Raymond; his wife had died in her youth, his business and health had failed. Claude, his gifted and brilliant boy, was the one ray of light in a sombre picture; Claude, with his love and talent for music, that was not far short of genius, was studying at a famous German conservatory, when his father became seriously ill, and the young fellow returned to America just in time to be with his father for the last few weeks of his life. When Miss Stewart came back and heard of her old friend's death, and of the son, now alone in the world—he was still staying in the village.

"It is very sad for Claude," the rector's wife had said. "They were everything to each other, and, besides, Claude has had to give up thoughts of going back to Germany—a great disappointment, I know. Mr. Raymond left nothing, and Claude feels that he must set to work at once. He is to try teaching, if he can secure any scholars. He is brave about it all, and does not show as much disappointment as he feels, I fancy. I think him quite a genius, don't you? And he composes charming little things."

"He has a most beautiful touch," Miss Ruth said, warmly. The two ladies were walking home from church, where Claude had played the organ.

It was towards the middle of February; all the world was white, and the air was so sharp that Miss Ruth was glad to turn up the bordered avenue to her fine old house. She had been rather preoccupied after the conversation.

Old times came vividly back to her mind, pleasant memories of her girlhood, of Philip, and the games and parties they had enjoyed together. Philip!—she saw his face again in the refined, handsome features and earnest eyes of the young musician.

She was a rich woman, and of generous impulses—one whose many charities even the rector only half suspected. If her left hand knew what her right hand did, the knowledge seldom went further. Now she was planning to help Claude, to send him to Germany, as he wished, but how should she offer such assistance?

"I remember how proud Philip used to be," she thought. "If Claude is like him, he will hardly accept a favor. However, it must be managed somehow," she decided.

She went up to her room, and from a high shelf in her closet took down an inlaid writing desk, in which girlish treasures had been stored for over twenty years. She took from among the motley collection gathered there a square envelope addressed in a large, boyish hand to Miss Ruth Stewart, and drew from it an old-fashioned valentine, whose white lace paper ornamentation and wreath of forget-me-nots, tied with a true-lover's knot,

were yellowing a little with age. On the inside page were these lines:

"Take the little gift I send,
Offering from a true, dear friend;
Flow'rets blue I intertwine,
And send you for a valentine."

Just such a sentimental verse as might be found in any old valentine, but somehow it had been very dear to her.

The valentine had been from Philip the last year he was at home—left at the door in the evening, according to an old custom in the town. As she looked at it thirty years slipped away, and she was seventeen again.

"Valentines have gone out of fashion since my day," she sighed. "Well, never mind. One more shall be sent." The next day was the 14th—St. Valentine's Day.

After a trip to town, to the bank, that morning, Miss Ruth found the winter day all too long. That evening, hastily slipping into her warm fur jacket, she stole out, with a queer feeling, as of one bound upon some dark and mysterious errand.

The stars were watching in a clear, cold sky—the same old stars that had looked upon her with Philip—with eyes that twinkled as she hurried down the avenue to the cottage where Claude lived.

The sweet, dreamy tones of a Chopin nocturne reached her as she approached the house. The window-shades were partly up, but the light within was dim, just a candle on the piano relieving the darkness of the room. Miss Ruth stole quietly to the door, slipped a square envelope over the threshold, rang, and ran away fleet and shy as a young girl. Near the road was a great chestnut tree, and behind its protecting trunk Miss Ruth, with a beating heart, watched.

The music ceased abrubtly, and the young musician came to the door, looked out rather blankly into the darkness, and turned to go in again, when his eyes fell on the white square at his feet. He picked it up, with a surprised ejaculation of "Well, I declare! What's this?

The door closed. Miss Ruth hurried from her hiding place home, reaching it breathless, and with a queer mixture of feeling, between victorious elation and an embarrassed sense of having done something absurdly foolish and sentimental.

As for the young musician's emotions when he saw the contents of the envelope, so surprisingly left for him, they were beyond description. He had seated himself at the piano again and was looking at an old-fashioned valentine of lace paper and forget-me-nots. Between its leaves was a thick layer of new bills, whose size fairly startled him as he turned them over mechanically. A small slip of paper, with "To complete your musical education" written on it, explained their purpose.

The last few months had been hard ones—how hard, Claude began to realize, as he looked at this gift from an unknown hand, which had opened again the way into the beautiful, glorious future of which he had dreamed. How comforting, too, in his loneliness, this assurance of some one's interest, sent so delicately in the old valentine. Who was the friend? He could not even guess, but he determined to know some day and to express the gratitude that was in his heart.

"The money shall be a loan," he said. "In the future—oh, I shall work so hard, I will repay that—but the old valentine—" tears came into his eyes; then, until far into the night, the old piano resounded with joyous notes and songs of triumph.

It was strange that Claude should

"An old-fashioned valentine, with white lace paper ornamentations and wreath of forget-me-nots tied with a true lover's knot."

have guessed so soon who was the sender of the valentine, but the problem was solved in a very simple way. It looking over his father's belongings a few days afterward he came across an old volume of poems. On the fly-leaf was an inscription, "From his friend, Ruth Stewart." The fine, delicate handwriting was the same as that on the slip of paper in the valentine.

Miss Stewart was not a stranger to him in name. He had often heard of her from his father and lately had seen her in the village.

"Miss Stewart, father's playmate when he was just a little fellow!" he exclaimed. "I must go to see her at once."

He went that evening. Miss Stewart was sitting in the library reading when he was ushered in.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Raymond," was her quiet greeting. Claude took her offered hand, wondering if he could ever summon up courage to say what he desired to say to the reserved, middle-aged lady before him. Suppose he should have made a mistake!

"I have come to see you, Miss Stewart," he said rather awkwardly, as he took the seat she offered him, "for I have often heard my father speak of you after he came here. He recalled many good old days at this house. I I hope you will not consider it an intrusion."

"I am extremely glad to meet my old friend's son," Miss Ruth assured him cordially. "You are very like him," she added. "Has he found out that I sent him the valentine?" she wondered.

Claude spoke of his plans and future, yet the question trembling on his lips remained unasked until just as he rose to go.

"Miss Stewart," he said impulsively, as he took her hand to bid her good night, "I received the most delightful surprise of all my life on Valentine's eve." She looked away, and he continued impetuously. "Miss Stewart, have you ever seen a sweet old valentine, or read the lines:

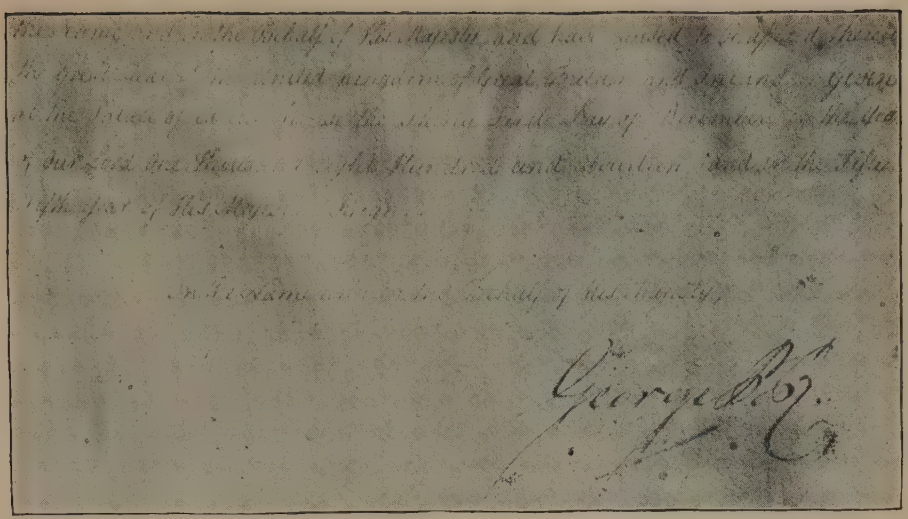
'Take this little gift I send;
Offering of a true, dear friend.
Flow'rets blue I intertwine,
And send you for a valentine.'"

"Yes," she answered simply, "I hope you won't reject an old friend's valentine, now that the secret is out" she added more lightly.

"I will treasure it always," Claude exclaimed warmly. "You are the kindest person in the world, Miss Stewart. But I must tell you that the money is to be a loan—you will allow that, I am sure. Your goodness to me I can never repay."

Later, Miss Ruth noticed some lovely forget-me-nots that had been left in a blue and white jar on the hall table.

Claude went back to Germany very soon, but not before he and Miss Ruth had become warm friends, and she felt more interest in his plans and future than she would have thought possible. Letters came often from Germany after his departure, enthusiastic ove, his work and progress. On the following St. Valentine's day, Miss Stewart received a roll of music. It was the first published composition of the young musician—a fascinating little piece with a quaint and pleasing melody and an atmosphere of dreamy tenderness over it all. It was inscribed to Miss Ruth Stewart, and was entitled, "An Old Valentine."



Signature on the Treaty of Ghent, concluding the War of 1812 with Great Britain. Here published for the first time

JEFFERSON AND THE DARK DAYS OF '14

By O. S. Borne

This is the Second of a Remarkable Series of Articles on the Twelve Epoch-Making Events of the Century in our National History, that are of Special and Timely Interest in Relation to Public Affairs of To-day

ON a dark and stormy night in the latter part of December, 1814, Thomas Jefferson sat alone in his library at Monticello. The rest of the household had long since retired. In the strains of his beloved violin, now wild, now tender, he had sought to drown the memory of the past and forebodings for the future. Now he had put the instrument aside, the bow had fallen unheeded to the floor, and with his head bowed upon his hand he meditated. The contemplation of private and public disaster was appalling. After a nearly continuous public service of forty-four years, he had retired to private life, so seriously impoverished that he was not sure of being allowed to leave Washington without arrest by his creditors. His salary as president of the United States had not nearly sufficed to meet his expenses. He had left the office so heavily in debt that only by the kindness of friends was he protected from the baneful anxieties that followed him to his death. The dark shadow of the most threatening period of our national existence lay like a funeral pall upon the country. Look which way he would, there seemed no gleam of hope. The national capital lay in ashes. The

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The culminating crisis centered about the dark days of 1814, when Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, was almost ready to give up in despair. The Barbary Treaty, the Louisiana Purchase and the War of 1812, in which the seeds of secession were sown, was the supreme test of our national institutions, and out of this grew the Monroe Doctrine, which established our national prestige beyond the precariousness that followed our independence, when America threw off the alluring temptations of the bloody French revolution. The first of this series, "Napoleon and the Louisiana Purchase," appeared in the January issue.

towns on the New England coast were ravaged and despoiled. From the south and west came news of British victories. The country was groaning under the burden of excessive taxation. Values had depreciated to the vanishing point. Perry's victory on Lake Erie was the only gleam of brightness to be discerned.

And now the Hartford convention was in progress. What the outcome of their deliberations might be no man could know; but the perpetuity of American institutions trembled in the balance. In New England, the birthplace of our national liberties, the first insidious seeds of states sovereignty were sown.

* * * *

The towns along the New England coast had been exposed to hostile invasion by the British naval forces. Several towns had been captured. In some places millions of dollars worth of property had been destroyed. The whole extent of the coast had been essentially abandoned by the United States troops, and its entire defense thrown upon the individual states, who had large bodies of men in the field guarding the towns, defending the ports, and protecting the inhabitants, at a sacrifice that was never paralleled in the darkest days of the revolution.

The Federal government had withdrawn all supplies for the militia, and forced the states to support their own men in the national service, in addition to providing for their own defense.

When the Hartford convention had been in session a few weeks the packet despatches from the commissioners at Ghent were published, showing that such extravagant demands were made by the British, as the basis of negotiations, that there was scarcely a ray of hope that peace would be obtained, but on February 18, 1815, the President transmitted a message to both houses of Congress, laying before them copies of the treaty of peace and amity between the United States and Great Britain, which had been signed by the commissioners of both parties at Ghent on the 24th of December, 1814. The treaty did not contain even a remote mention of the cause of contention. While the letter of the treaty failed, the moral force of our naval achievements accomplished what our armies and our diplomats had failed to secure.

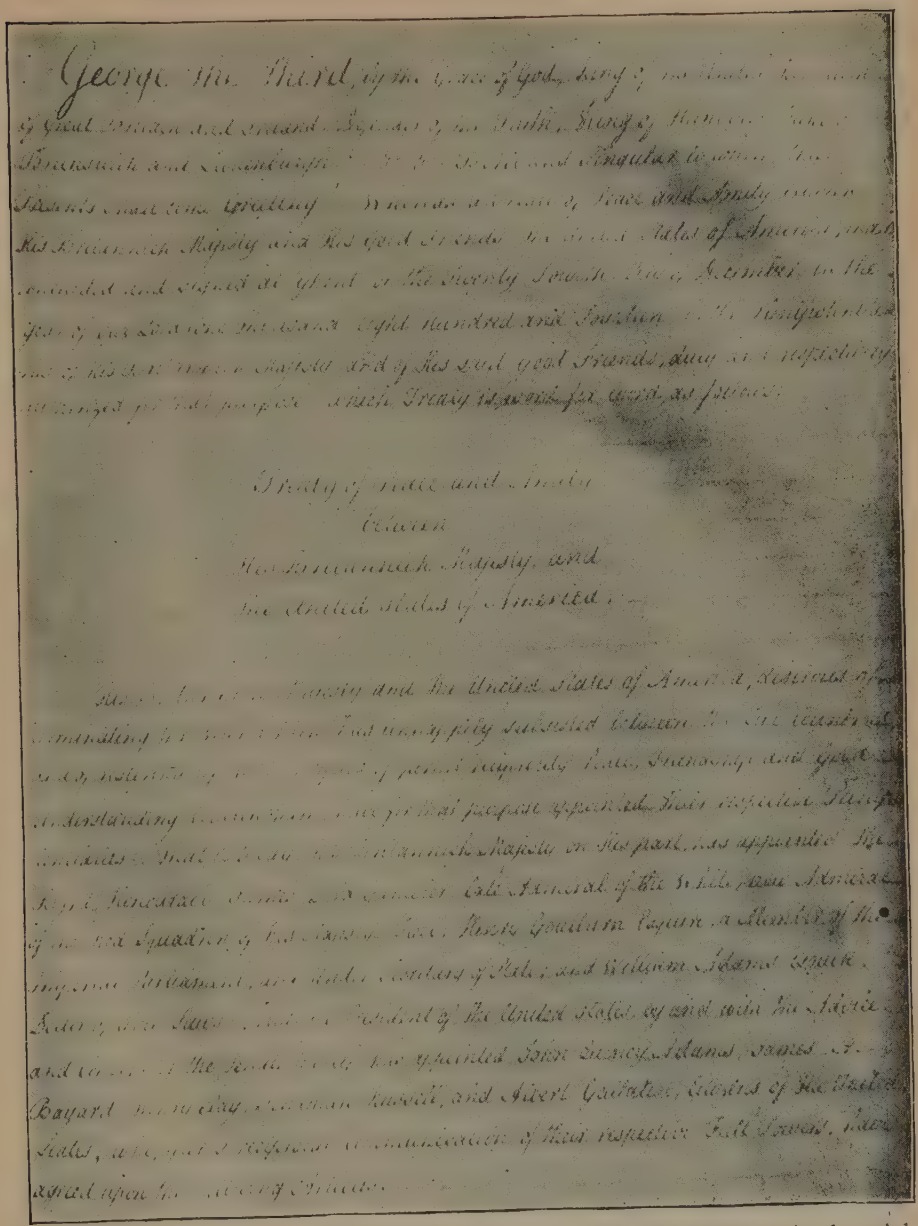
* * * *

After the formation of the Constitution of the United States by the convention of 1787, and before its adoption by the several states, the country became divided into two political parties—the friends and the opponents of the Constitution.

In these days there are Imperialists and anti-Imperialists. Then, there were Federalists and anti-Federalists. One party, in favor of the establishment of a Federal government, took the name of Federalists, while those who were opposed to the form of government set forth in the Constitution, took the name of anti-Federalists. Under these titles, when the Constitution had been adopted, and was about to commence its operations, these parties arrayed themselves in Congress.

For the first eight years the Federalists, with the illustrious Washington at their head, were in the majority. They were able to pursue the policy which in their judgment was best for the great interests of the Union. No party of statesmen were ever placed in a more responsible situation. On their wisdom and integrity depended the prosperity and happiness of the unnumbered millions who might thereafter inhabit this portion of the Western continent.

The head of the anti-Federal party



George the Third, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, King of Hanover, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, &c. &c. &c. and Arch Treasurer and Prince Elector of the Holy Roman Empire &c. &c. &c.

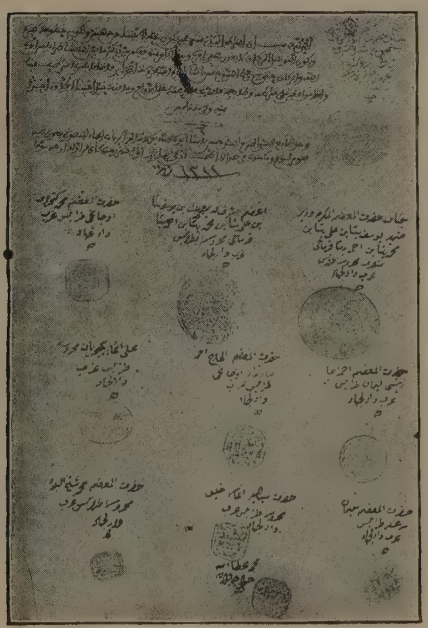
Treaty of Peace and Amity between His Britannick Majesty and the United States of America.

First page of the Treaty of Ghent, ending the War of 1812, notable as the last document ever signed, concluding hostilities between Great Britain and the United States

was Thomas Jefferson. At the time when the convention which formulated the Constitution was in session, he had been in France for a number of years as the ambassador of the United States. When the Constitution was published, he early declared himself dissatisfied with the system of government which it contained. Nevertheless, he returned to the

United States and entered upon the office of secretary of state, expressing in his letter of acceptance the highest regard for Washington, and the utmost loyalty to his purposes. After three years' service he resigned, having previously submitted to Congress a report which laid the foundations of resolutions which were avowedly designed to detach the United States from their commercial relations with Great Britain, and transfer their foreign trade to France.

It would appear that it was a part of Mr. Jefferson's policy to promote and nurture a feeling of antagonism against the mother country. When the treaty of 1794 was negotiated, he opposed its ratification. When the term of years covered by the treaty expired, soon after he became president, though the British government repeatedly offered to renew it, he instructed his minister at that court to decline the offer. Thus he left the important subject of the trade to the British colonies exposed to the bickerings which must naturally grow out of such an unsettled state of affairs.



Signatures and seals of the rulers of the various Barbary States in the treaty with the United States. Here published for the first time.

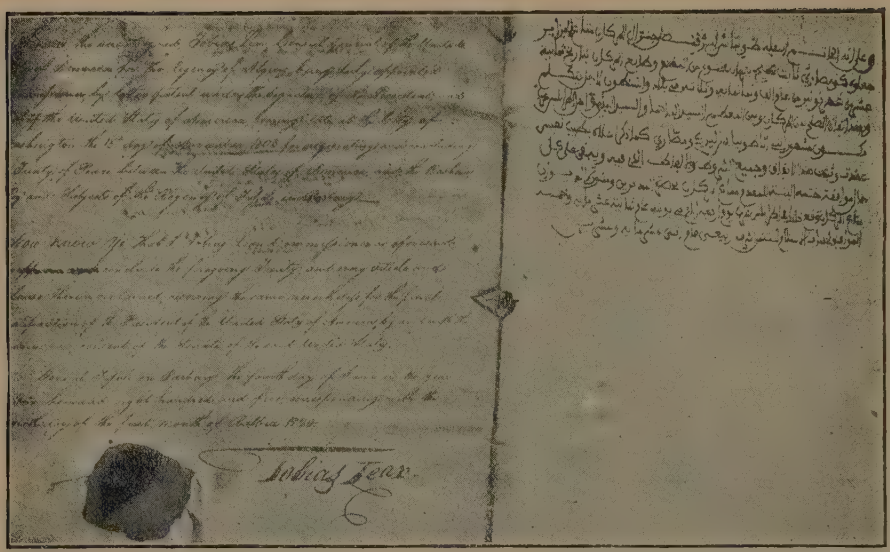
The treaty agreed upon with Great Britain in 1806 was rejected by Mr. Jefferson without even submitting it to Congress, professedly on the ground that it contained no stipulation against impressment. The impressment of American seamen by the British had been the basis of just complaint almost from the beginning of the French revolutionary wars. This rejection left open the abuses of impressment, until the matter became the only existing grounds of open war with Great Britain. That war, in the course of two years and a-half, cost the United States from thirty to fifty thousand lives, and more than a hundred millions of dollars.

* * * *

Leading up to this epoch was the naval war with the pirate Barbary States, in which the Americans were first fired with ambition to demonstrate their prowess on the high seas. While other European nations paid tribute in ransoms to the Mediterranean Moors, America stood for a fight, and was the chief factor in driving piracy from the highways of commerce. This experience served the country well in the naval achievements of 1812.

On September 10, 1804, Commodore Banon arrived at Tripoli with the "President" and "Constellation," and Commodore Preble, who had reduced the fortress and disabled the fleet of the Tripolitans, returned in the "John Adams" to America. With his depar-

The naval conflict at Tripoli, where American ships attacked the Moorish pirates, when all European nations hesitated in taking a decided stand against piracy. The old "Constitution," now in Boston Harbor, shown in the foreground.



The signature and seal of the famous Barbary treaty signed in 1805 by Tobias Lear, formerly private secretary to Washington. The writing on the right is inscribed in Arabic. This is the first time this has ever appeared outside the State Department at Washington.

ture ended the active operations of the war.

Meanwhile, General Eaton, who had returned from America empowered to treat with the exiled Hamet Bashaw, the rightful ruler of Tripoli, had visited Egypt, induced Hamet Bashaw to enter into an alliance, offensive and defensive with the United States, and organized a force amounting in all to a little over 400 men.

These he led, under many difficulties, from Alexandria to Boruba, where the "Argus" and "Hornet" met him with ammunition, provisions and some money. On the 27th of April, General Eaton, aided by the fire of the fleet, attacked Derne, and carried the citadel by assault.

General Eaton and Hamet Bashaw, with the help of the fleet, defeated every attempt to retake Derne until June 13, 1805, when the United States frigate "Constellation" arrived with letters from Commodore Rogers and Colonel Tobias Lear, formerly private secretary to President Washington, announcing the conclusion of peace with the Bashaw of Tripoli. It seems incredible, but in the face of capture of Derne by Eaton and his engagement to Hamet Bashaw, and the fact that the American fleet was stronger and more formidable than ever, Colonel Lear actually consented to purchase the ransom of two hundred American captives at a cost of $60,000, thereby re-establishing the old conditions, and ensuring the renewal of the piracies of the past.

These ceased not until in 1816, Lord Exmouth with a powerful fleet, aided by a Dutch squadron under Admiral Van Capellan, bombarded Algiers, and crumbled its citadel and batteries into dust. The humbled corsair was glad to assent to a peace whereby all prisoners were released, all ransoms paid within the year were returned, and the holding of Christian slaves in the Barbary states abolished forever.

THE TREASURES OF PHARAOH

By Howard Reynolds

IT was a day of excitement in the Jefferson Market Court room in New York during the Spring session of the past year. Custom, and my official position as stenographer, had made me callous to the nervous tension of a capital case when, amidst the hubbub of a wrangle between opposing counsel, I chanced to raise my eyes a moment from the ruled white sheets before me.

I met the full gaze of a pair of black eyes far back among the spectators. Someone had evidently been watching me intently for some time. After a few moments I involuntarily glanced again, and this time noted more in detail the face of my observer. The skin was tawny and the nose hooked. A black moustache and slight goatee; evidently a foreigner.

Then the jury came in, and amid the bustle of receiving the verdict, all else was forgotten.

At nightfall, however, as I issued from the court house, I felt my elbow lightly plucked, and at my shoulder, under a big slouched hat, again appeared the swarthy face.

Into my hand a card was thrust, on which I wonderingly read: "Dr. Alhamid, 277 Waverly Place," and in the corner the strange words, "Professional Enigmatist."

While I stood staring at this, half way down the steps of the court house, the tall, slim gentleman at my side spoke, in a suave and cultured tone.

"I would like to see you the first evening you are disengaged, to undertake a case of unusual difficulty."

Without waittng for a reply, he instantly disappeared amid the dispersing throng of officials and court house loungers.

Curiosity, quite as much as any business necessity, brought me to the home of this strangely announced person, within a day or two.

I found it in one of those curious little parks of the old section of the city, which are quiet and almost deserted after nightfall.

I was ushered, by the servant, into a low-studded room, just off the main hall, which was lined to the ceiling with glass-fronted book-cases. A substantial old fireplace, in which a fine, hard-wood fire blazed hospitably, was flanked on either hand by a table and secretary, both piled high with a bewildering collection of books, microscopes, test tubes and scientific instruments.

With the entrance of Dr. Alhamid, however, I confess that critical observance of my surroundings was at once interrupted by his still more peculiar personality.

Said he: "I am a strange man, in a strange business. I am a professional solver of mysteries. People who are at their very wit's ends come to me to solve their enigmas. Long ago I could have been rich. But it is not for the pay which I receive, but for the problem—always the problem!

"I will freely give a man more for a new and really ingenious problem, simply for the joy of conquering it, than he can possibly make out of my successful solution.

"But most people's biggest wishes are so very paltry," he added in a tone of

disgust. "A little more money, a quicker way to spend it, an easier method of beggaring a competitor, perhaps a quicker way to put an end to themselves!"

I looked at him curiously as he spoke on, in a quiet tone. He seemed so far above the ordinary aims of life. Even his personal presence seemed to carry a force and knowledge superior to that of other men.

"A gang of counterfeiters came to me a while ago," he resumed. "Cheap law-breakers after a little worldly gain. But they had a problem, and it amused me to work it out for them.

"They brought me a round steel die, representing a coin. They said its execution was the handwork of months. And even then it was never quite like the original. Could I shorten the time, they asked, say to a week or two?"

"Could I?" The problem pleased me.

"I would do it, not in weeks, nor yet in minutes, even, but in the twinkling of an eye.

"From the little court outside I secured a single tender maple leaf, and then I called these thieving gentry into my laboratory. I laid the leaf upon a block of steel. Upon the leaf I placed a small, brown lump. I touched it off. There was a sharp explosion and the leaf had disappeared.

On the steel was a perfect impression of every vein and stem and fibre of the maple leaf. It was an old experiment in physics. But the precious rascals in my company had never heard of it. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'it is a very simple thing. Lay the silver coin you desire to imitate, upon a block of die steel. Place on top a half stick of dynamite. Touch it off. Take a similar coin and treat the opposite side precisely in the same manner, and you have a pair of dies that are absolute in duplication of the originals.'

"That," said Dr. Alhamid in a whisper, "was the real reason for the withdrawal from circulation of the trade dollar!

"But," he continued, after a moment, "engraving with dynamite some way pleased my fancy. It was so odd, so different from the painstaking grind of the engraver's magnifying glass and tiny tool."

Suddenly he roused himself and looked keenly into my face.

"I have a project on foot in which I require your assistance," said he. "I noticed your work in court and see that excitement and turmoil do not affect you, and I must have a man who can take down, absolutely and accurately, the words he hears, no matter what happens."

I said I thought I could, provided I was not in too immediate proximity with dynamite.

He smiled as he replied, "It will be a matter more trying to the nerves than to the courage."

Wheeling to the old-fashioned secretary, after some burrowing around among a vast collection of papers, he produced a printed schedule of sailing dates of trans-Atlantic liners. "I shall want you," said he, after referring to this, "about the 20th of next month. I will send word to you the day before."

"What I am after," said he, in a confidential tone, "are the treasures of Pharaoh. It will be a most fascinating problem. Good night."

The next moment I was out under the quiet starlight. Nothing had been said by either of us about pay. But here was a man who seemed to have the golden touch, to whom money was valueless. And he was after the treasures of Pharaoh! I

floated home in a dream of opulence.

To say that the intervening month dragged with leaden feet would be putting it mildly. The mystery and excitement of it finally drove almost all other ideas from my head. On the face of it, the proposition seemed an absurdity. On the other hand, the learned doctor certainly must have some definite, consistent plan, which he was following out with unerring directness.

Notwithstanding all, I will admit a shock of genuine surprise when promptly on the 20th of the month I received the following note:

"DiFenola on hand. Preparations all complete. Most interesting problem. Ten, to-morrow evening."

"Hum, that's clear," I mused. "But who the deuce is DiFenola? What do we want of another man in this thing?"

I was thoroughly out of humor all day, feeling a personal injury in the advent of this unwelcome intruder, even though sober second-thought told me that Dr. Alhamid must probably have far more need of the newcomer than of me.

At all events, the stroke of ten had not died away before I stood upon the threshold of the Doctor's door. I noticed in his face, even under its impassive calm, a certain tinge of eagerness. He cordially grasped my hand and drew me into his study.

There I found, standing with his back to the open fireplace, a man of medium height, rather bald, with a bulging forehead, prominent eyes, and a sparce grayish moustache. He was clad in sober black, and looked to me like a college professor.

This gentleman, introduced to me as Professor DiFenola, greeted me courteously, and the door having been locked, we three were seated about the cheery open hearth.

"Perhaps it is just as well," began the professional enigmatist, in a confidential tone, "that we should have a little preliminary explanation—a sort of verbal rehearsal, as it were—of the project which we are to undertake tonight. This young man," he resumed, indicating me by a gesture, "is an accomplished short-hand writer, accustomed to make accurate records of anything said.

"Your part," pursued the doctor, addressing me, "will be comparatively simple. You are to sit quietly at a desk and transcribe, word for word, precisely what the professor dictates. On the other hand, we must rely on your absolute secrecy. The professor is the Curator of the National Museum of Antiquities, and for reasons which you will soon see, his connection with this matter must not be betrayed. I have chosen him, not only for his linguistic attainments—as he is familiar with over thirty languages, more especially Egyptian, which is absolutely necessary in our case—but also for an ability which he alone possesses, to secure an unique opportunity for us."

"By the way," interrupted Professor DiFenola, addressing me, "can you take down Egyptian?"

"I shall do exceedingly well if I get everything you have to say in good straight English," I replied.

"Then I shall translate as I go along," replied DiFenola. "Very well, so long as it is understood at the start."

"All right, then," interrupted Dr. Alhamid. "We are well on our way to the treasures of Pharaoh. Now, listen to what I say, young man, and in a few words I will give you an outline of the entire project.

"In the first place, I suppose you know that modern surgery, with the

aid of phrenology, has succeeded in localizing the functions of the brain." The professor nodded gravely in confirmation.

"In other words, if a man's arm is paralyzed we know just what lobe of the brain is diseased or under pressure. If he cannot speak we know just where to look for the tiny clot of blood which controls his silence. Also if we want to make an insensible or dead man contract a certain muscle we know just where to clap on the magnetic handles of a medical battery. So far, very good. But that was purely the galvanic effect of an electric battery.

"From the commonplace collection of terrestrial magnetism in a Leyden jar or its latest development, the storage battery, it is only a step to the gathering of animal magnetism, in a suitable receptacle. Now, when you discharge a current of the latter into a brain you get a still higher manifestation of action, even approaching actual intelligence. I have succeeded in collecting and storing in this manner sufficient animal magnetism—or human electricity, it may be called—to charge a six-cell battery of proper construction.

"Professor DiFenola's part is no less important," he continued. "He has but just arrived from abroad, where he has been collecting Egyptian antiquities. It was absolutely impossible to secure for our experiment Pharaoh himself, or Rameses II., as he is known to historians, as he is in the British Museum. But," he added, his face glowing with satisfaction, "the professor has managed to secure, ostensibly for the institution which he represents, the veritable mummy of his oldest child, the Princess Mneptah, in a magnificent state of preservation. He has had her secretly shipped here, before being delivered to the Museum, and upon her to-night will the experiment be made.

"Are you ready? Then let us go to the laboratory." He stepped to a handsome glass-fronted bookcase, built into the corner. Sliding a concealed bolt, he pushed the case, which parted noiselessly into halves, each swinging backward until a narrow spiral stair was revealed, leading downwards. This we descended, and thirty feet below opened a door into a large vaulted stone apartment, from the ceiling of which a single powerful reflector-lamp cast a brilliant radiance. Directly in the circle of its light stood, half reclined upon a trestle, an elaborately decorated mummy case. A little at one side was a heavy work-table, covered with electrical instruments, tools and books, while the sides and corners of the room, in dim obscurity, were cluttered with mysterious contrivances.

The doctor produced a chair and made a little room on one corner of the table for me. Professor DiFenola, in the meantime, had been standing in rapt contemplation of the ornate hieroglyphics which liberally adorned the wooden mummy case. As we turned to him, he commenced slowly reading, one by one, the characters.

"First," said he, "comes the symbol of life, with outspread wings, ball and serpents; then the cartouche or seal-sign of the occupant, and then the text, in hieroglyphics, as follows: 'The Princess Mneptah, first-born of Phra-Rà (or Pharaoh, as we call it), daughter of the sun, of the Ram-esu (or dynasty of Rameses) my daughter of the silence who should reign; who ('came,' is inferred) to death the seventh disaster (or 'wonder') of the magician risen among the captives, sparing none.'

"Then follows the cartouche of Rameses, and the idiographs of the

gods Osiris and Pasht, and across the bottom a row of the sacred apes.

"This," said the professor, impressively, "was the crown princess, at that remote age, of Egypt, and she died in the last great plague, described in Exodus: 'And all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne even unto the first-born of the maidservant that is behind the mill, and all the first-born of beasts.'

"But now to work," resumed DiFenola, briskly, and taking a chisel he pried apart the wooden mummy case, which gave forth a strong scent of cedar and bitumen.

This outer envelope fell away, disclosing a figure of surpassingly fine proportions, even seen through the swathings of fine linen, tawny with its age of centuries. The face-mask, modelled upon the dead countenance beneath, was a delicately frail plate of pure beaten gold, so thin as to take the impress as perfectly as a cast from wax.

"Now, professor," said Dr. Alhamid, "if you will remove the wrappings from the head I can go on with my experiment;" and he handed over a keen pair of surgical scissors.

The long, narrow linen bandages rustled as they were slowly unwound and dropped to the ground by Professor DiFenola. Meanwhile the doctor, fussing among his instruments and apparatus, gave a disjointed talk upon the experiment.

"You see," he remarked, "nobody has yet hit upon this simple thing because they have stopped too soon. When they used ordinary electricity they obtained muscular contraction and expansion, to be sure, but no intelligence. This, my collection of animal magnetism—real vital force—will supply from live human beings. But supposing they had accomplished all this, still they would have failed. Simply because they went like a child to a church organ and pressed the keys. The result, no sound;' and why? No wind. Now the Princess' vocal chords are not destroyed; they are all there; but it is useless to make the brain contract them unless—see here!" and he patted a large-sized bicycle air pump, firmly secured to one of the table legs, and from which depended a long, flexible rubber tube.

I commenced dimly to get some idea of what was coming, and grew a little nervous over the weird preparations.

"But will she really be alive?" asked I, with a shudder.

"Not at all," said the doctor, brusquely. "You understand that this electricity, like any other kind, always seeks to manifest itself through its suitable channel. If a live person lends you the use of his brain for the manifestation of your animal magnetism you call it hypnotism. You simply borrow the man's brain for the time being. All we are going to do is to borrow the Princess Mneptah's brain and hypnotize a dead person."

At that moment DiFenola stood back. The face of the Princess looked into ours—a face, the beauty and commanding dignity of which, haunted me for days. Its complexion was a fine olive, the cheeks full and round; the black eyebrows arched grandly above the straight, regal nose. The brow was all princess, but the mouth was tender, gracious and maidenly. It was sealed, like her nostrils, with a delicate line of greenish wax.

"Perfect! perfect!" exclaimed the doctor, rapturously. Then, taking from a shelf a plaster phrenological head, marked off into squares and sections, he set it on the table for reference, and producing a pair of steel

compasses, he approached the Princess. Making a few general measurements of the skull, he struck several intersecting circles from the outer corner of the eye and from the ear, marked, upon the smooth, black hair, two small spots with some white pigment, and then turned again to the table.

Taking therefrom two green silk-covered wires, leading from a battery of cells, he dipped the sponges into a sealed jar, which when opened smelled vaguely of myrrh, or some other Eastern drug. This done, he secured the handles, by circular springs, over the two spots on the Princess' head. "For our purposes," said he, "I place them upon the organs of speech and secretiveness. She was heiress to the throne, and she knew the secrets of state and the location of the royal treasure house."

From the work-table Dr. Alhamid picked up a keen surgeon's scalpel.

Poising the glittering blade under the bright light, he raised it to the dusky throat and with a quick thrust made a small incision.

Even DiFenola, the man of science, shuddered; while I clutched the table edge and turned away.

When I looked again, the smooth, white hose from the air pump had been inserted.

The doctor stepped to the pump-handle, and as he swept it up and down the air gushed out of the nostrils and lips of the royal mummy with a horrible soft hiss.

It was a grewsome and terrifying sight, but I nerved myself for the end.

"All right!" called the doctor, sharply, with a keen glance around at his assistants.

DiFenola took his place directly face to face with the dead, his eyes riveted upon the silent lips. I seized a fresh pencil, and drew my notebook close.

"Ready, everybody!" came the next command.

In one hand the doctor held the air-pump lever, which slowly rose and fell. His other hand rested on a small electrical switchboard. His eyes were on the mummy's face.

Suddenly he threw the full current on. There was a dry, crackling sob from the mummy, a husky chatter of the teeth, and the Princess' jaw closed with a snap.

The Eminent Professor of Languages staggered back with a gasp of blank despair. We fixed our eyes upon him in horrified suspense, as he strove in vain for speech.

"Ruined!" at last he hoarsely groaned. "She says she was born deaf and dumb."

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

THE JAPANESE DRAMA

A DRAMATIC event of importance this winter has been the American appearance of the Japanese company of actors selected by the Japanese authorities from the National Theatre at Tokyo to appear at the Paris Exposition. En route for Paris, by special arrangement, this company gave a number of interesting performances in the United States. Conspicuous among their number were the most celebrated actor and actress of the kingdom of perspectives, Otto Kawakami and Sada Yacco. This dramatic company was interesting both for its subtle performances, following the lines of the best modern emotional school of acting, and for its revelation to unaccustomed eyes, of the life and thought of a wonderfully poetic, refined people.

Sada Yacco may fairly be classed with Eleanora Duse in point of restrained, balanced emotional power and simple, unaffected realism.

Kawakami is more explosive, and proportionately less effective in his methods; but notwithstanding these blemishes (to which add a disagreeable voice) he gave a finished, logical performance, differing only from the best acting of the European stage in its national color and characteristics. One point of difference conspicuously apparent was the Japanese actor's gesture, something continual, and though generally speaking graceful, frequently verging upon the affected and bizarre.

More especially did this company shine in their unity of play. Down to the veriest supernumerary, every detail of action and picturesque grouping was perfected. They worked excellently well as a team, with consummate ease and dramatic virtuosity.

The one undiluted barbaric effect achieved was by means of the music employed during certain tragic scenes, when a musician played wierdly in the flies upon an instrument combining the musical qualities of the banjo and mandolin beside a strange, dismal timbre peculiar to itself and singularly well fitted as a medium of expressing the light motive of a heavy villain. When a male singer accompanied by this instrument came forth as a soloist between the acts, one felt that Wagner in a nightmare could not have sounded more dissonant and unpleasant, which goes to show that man was not created with an established standard of aesthetics. Taken all in all, no other performance in our country this winter has equalled that of the Japanese players in point of novelty and interest.

❁

THE KNACK OF LEARNING

IT may be true that we know nothing more than our grandfathers in principle, but it is not true that our minds learn in the manner of our grand-

fathers, therefore, it behooves every instructor to feel the mental pulse of his pupils, thus learning from them how to teach by studying minutely their requirements and growing ever closer to their changing needs.

A celebrated teacher once made this epigram: "Get all you can from every body, but take not all from any body."

Every idea advanced is worth consideration, but, at the same time, few ideas are perfect, and especially are they imperfect in their relation to us, unless we can make them so entirely a part of our own minds that they pass on to others shaped unconsciously anew by our own personality. This mental element of assimilation is usually termed genius or originality; but a moderate degree of that factor can be attained by any thinking being willing to search his horizon diligently for new and reasonable ideas.

The ideas once found must then be picked remorselessly to pieces by a receptive mind unbiased by previous learning or prejudice, and afterwards comes the process of building up a new edifice of our own upon a cornerstone made of the new idea. If we can improve upon the original well and good; even if we slightly mar the original well and good for our mental growth, provided we give it out through the medium of self rather than through a parrot's throat.

A great teacher teaches his pupils how to learn the very first thing, otherwise his instruction might as well be talked into a phonograph. There is no dearth of ideas in our wonderful world, but there is a discouraging dearth of receptivity and assimilation in those seeking truth, no matter how thoroughly in earnest they may be.

When each mind contains a repair shop for old ideas and a small manufacturing establishment for new, the world will begin to wag to more purpose.

❁

THE FATE OF THE FIGHTER

ANYONE having known a single Briton thoroughly well is qualified to judge the motives and probable conduct of the British nation; for, unlike most other peoples, all Britons are cut on the national pattern.

There are some Americans who do not like to crow and wear diamonds; there are a few Frenchmen who do not especially relish the theatre, salads and duels; occasionally a German repudiates beer, bands and Bismark; many Italians cheerfully do without bananas, monkeys and palaces; once in a while a Spaniard lives in the present rather than in the glorious past: but every Jew grasps a dollar and every Englishman craves a fight. In this unity of Jewish characteristics lies the Semite's greatest strength and fatal weakness, and if, (as is often pessimistically intimated) the British people are verging upon a fate similar to the Romans, the cause of their downfall can be traced more surely to their fists than to their morals. The popular idea that every successful man must fight his way along, has like most ideas, at least one weak spot.

Every pugilist meets his Waterloo. Every fighter meets another fighter before whose force he dies or runs away. Meantime he isolates himself from general sympathy along with the Ishmaelite, and when his final conqueror strikes him in front, all the little people he has slapped and whacked at every opportunity run up his back like avenging Liliputians armed with poisoned darts. On the whole, the Briton is the most honorable of pugilists. He seeks a fair fight, face to face, eye to eye, hate to hate; but the unpleasant truth remains that his very

openness is his undoing. Where any other man or nation would find relief in a covert back-handed slap, or a diplomatic pursuit and attainment of an object, the Briton does not relieve his feelings so, but lets them off a la Jove and his thunderbolts.

Might is right as you can maintain it (perhaps) but it becomes altogether wrong (for you) if you fail by a hair's breadth.

Cervera attempted fully as brave a deed as did Dewey, but no one crowns him a hero because he just missed the point he was undertaking to make.

Consequently, when we depend entirely upon an imperfect force in projection that force is liable to swerve and react disastrously, showing with vigor the error in our calculations.

The fighter errs in spending his force extravagantly instead of conserving it into well-balanced energy.

❋

A BUREAU OF PLEASANT THOUGHTS

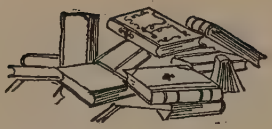
IN this epoch of enterprise it would seem astonishing that a Bureau of Pleasant Thoughts has not yet been established. Everything which exists to the individual finds source in that individual's mental perception; and so, as the habit of pleasant thinking is though desirable not universal, what more benevolent occupation could a man originate than the distribution of agreeable thoughts to applicants lacking in such invention?

To be sure such a practitioner needs must possess a marked faculty for psychological diagnosis; he must be able, after a few moment's conversation with his patient, to indicate exactly what thought material would divert his or her mind from unpleasant ways, and then to carefully compound a prescription sufficiently well balanced not to induce crankiness in the worst form.

If each individual were to examine conscientiously into the minor unpleasantnesses of his life, nine out of ten would be brought to confess themselves temperamentally at fault, more especially by the color their own thoughts give to incidents than by the intrinsically vexatious elements of those incidents. Now if the barking of my neighbor's dog or crowing of his roosters annoy me I might apply to the Bureau of Pleasant Thoughts, were there one, and be furnished with a thought so powerfully agreeable that the mere thinking of it would drown out the neighborhood barking or crowing.

Early in life one could purchase a pleasant thought calculated to befriend him to the end of earthly tribulation. This thought could, like a mental hose, be turned on to scenes of discord, and with its spray refresh and clarify the situation. To be sure this idea may belong to the field of mind cure, but in one respect it branches out anew, in that it is, at least, more objective than Christian Science; it supplies a tangible need with a tangible thought; and what we all require practically in this life is something to take hold of in some way or other.

Indeed, we could each and every one be of mutual benefit in the art of living happily, if we were impressed with the importance of furnishing pleasant thoughts and dodging disagreeable ones. Whenever a duty or a kindness is concerned in the execution of unpleasant thinking we run the risk of moral cowardice when we shirk, but, generally speaking, when the mind is habituated to a quick perception of the ugly side of every question that mind is psychologically diseased, and can only be cured by a course of sun baths, which might be furnished, as before suggested, by a Bureau of Pleasant Thoughts.

A GLANCE  AT BOOKS

Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"THE REAL HAWAII"

OF all our newly acquired possessions, Hawaii seems to be from all points of view quite as valuable as any. It seems not a little strange that after the bickerings of other nations in regard to the possession of these islands, they should peacefully come into the possession of the United States, and without revolution or bloodshed become a territory of the great republic. In "The Real Hawaii," by Lucien Young, U. S. N., there is the charm that comes from a close sympathy, the keen observation of an eye-witness of all the different proceedings, and an interested participant in the various ceremonies. Lieutenant Young has given excellent descriptions of the resources of the island. It is the greatest sugar-producing country in the world, and excels any other in the perfection of its refineries. The book is full of graphic descriptions and information of great interest and importance. Doubleday & McClure.

"JANICE MEREDITH"

ANOTHER story of the Revolution has made its appearance, this time from the pen of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, who has more than once entertained us with his pleasant, well told tales. "Janice Meredith" may be classed as one of his best. The scene is laid in New Jersey during the struggle for independence, and is full of the intrigue incident to those stirring times. Many famous historical characters are introduced, and the prominent characteristics of each are adroitly emphasized. The hero of this book is a redemptioner bound to serve his term of years in the service of a blustering Royalist, who subsequently escapes from many serious dilemmas solely through the timely assistance of his despised redemptioner. The hero is in love with his master's daughter, and on this the story is constructed. There is an added charm of mystery enshrouding the gallant hero which is but partially cleared away, leaving something to the reader's imagination. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"SANTA CLAUS' PARTNER"

TO have written such a book as "Santa Claus' Partner," is a distinction that is permanent. Such a collection of sweet sentiments—crystal in their purity—have not been published for many a year. It is a question whether any one but Mr. Thomas Nelson Page could have written this exquisite little Christmas story. Such a delicate touch and perfect manipulation of the heart's strings belong to but few. Let the man who has counted nothing but dollars for a score of years, who smiles with satisfaction on his glittering gold, who has had no time for love or for Christmas, read this book, and he would be less than human if his heart were not touched and quickened. The merry jingle of the bells, the good-natured crowds, and the belated shoppers, are all like pictures of every-day life passing before our eyes. Scribners.

"MANDERS"

THIS book might rightfully be called a study of character. We will not call it "psychological," as that much abused word would tend to rob it of much of its peculiar individuality and charm. Mr. Elwyn Barron perfectly understands his men and women, and the logical results of certain occurrences are naturally and simply accomplished. No mock modesty mars the realism of the studio scenes; and his artistic sketches of the Quartier Latin are particularly affective, being used only as a medium through which subsequent events are developed. His Englishman is a perfect type of the somewhat blunt and obtuse sort, as Englishmen are apt to be when trying to understand and approach matrimonially some brilliant, willful and self-assured American woman. But Mr. Mendenhall's resources are quite startingly revealed, when, as a final resort, he allows this girl her choice between becoming his wife or death by drowning. The situation is positively unique and very amusing. The characters are all well rounded studies and Mr. Barron does not disappoint us with weakness or a rough-edge incompleteness in any instance. There is perhaps a little too strong a tendency towards Balzac in some places, but without the revelry in the descriptions of the decay of life which is so much a part of the great Frenchman's work. L. C. Page & Co.

"GERMANY, HER PEOPLE AND THEIR STORY"

IT is a formidable undertaking to attempt the task of writing an intelligent history of a nation in one volume, but this is what Augusta Hale Gifford has attempted in "Germany, Her People and Their Story." She has succeeded much better than could be expected, condensing in such a way that the leading historical events, the various turning points, are clearly outlined and stand forth with due prominence. There may be too great credence allowed to legends, but the many legendary stories told are interesting and serve to fasten on the mind some otherwise fleeting impressions. The history begins with Charlemagne and continues through the centuries to the present day. In the leading events of history she adheres closely to the best authorities, and, although not original in idea or arrangement, preserves, with few exceptions, continuity and clearness. Lothrop & Co.

"AVERAGES"

THIS is the title of a novel, or more properly, a sketch of New York social life, written by Eleanor Stewart and published by D. Appleton & Co. It is a loosely constructed tale of the episodes in the life of a heroine who is deceitful, and a poseur in her most trivial word or act. Nevertheless, she is most attractive because of her sparkling wit, and genuine delight in giving pleasure. There is little action in the story; and the lack of coherency in its development would be fatal, were it not for the delightfully clever conversation with which the tale is replete. Certainly one could forgive a great deal of mild lying and artificiality—which in this instance works no serious harm, and very little lasting discomfort—for the sake of meeting so entertaining and naive a woman as Cornelia Burnham in this commonplace world. Her domestic life was not happy; neither was it wretched; and neither husband or wife suffer in lacking each other's love, for of ideal domestic affection they were alike incapable. This limitation, however, does not make their existence uninteresting, nor mar the story.

CUPID met a maiden once;
and while he tried to flatter,
Her mind, until he got a chance
to shoot an arrow at her,
"Your presence," she remarked to him,
"Your presence me annoys.
So run away somewhere and play.
I don't like little boys."

THE BALLAD OF THE KENTUCKY FEUD

Miss Isabella Donna Dunn
Lived near the town of Lexington,
And kept a dog, because she knew
It was the proper thing to do.

She was a blue-grass maiden fair,
And had no one her life to share;
Her age was half-past forty-three,
Which was a proper age to be.

Young Joseph Peter John James Moore,
Unmarried, lived alone next door
And kept a gentle, mild-eyed sheep,
Which was a proper thing to keep.

Young Joseph had moved there that spring,
And was as meek as anything;
He longed to know some one who knew
What was the proper thing to do.

He had two mild and pale-blue eyes,
And he was somewhat under size.
He said, "I'll be of age in May,"
A very proper thing to say.

One day Miss Bella called on him
And smiled and said, "You're rather slim;
Eat more fat pork." Said he, "Do you
Think that's the proper thing to do?"

She hit him shyly on the head,
And punched him in the ribs and said,
"Pray fetch me here some bread and meat;
Now is the proper time to eat."

He fetched her food and fetched her wine,
And meekly sat and watched her dine;
And then she rose and said "Good day,"
Which was the proper thing to say.

She called on him again quite soon;
In fact, she called each day at noon,
Because she felt she'd like a meal,
Which was the proper way to feel.

One day she said, "My pale-eyed dude,
We really ought to have a feud."
Said he, "I leave it all to you.
Is it the proper thing to do?"

"Unless we have a feud," said she,
"We are not of the first degree;
Just take my word as being true,
It *is* the proper thing to do."

"I don't say no," he said, and sighed.
"You'd better not," she madly cried,
And pulled him harshly by the wool,
Which was the proper thing to pull.

"I understand," she said, "you keep
In your back yard a timid sheep."
He said, "'Tis so, I wish I knew
It was the proper thing to do."

"It is," she cried. "It is quite right;
A wooly sheep gives much delight.

All other animals above
It is the proper kind to love."

"But that our feud may start aright
My dog must kill your sheep to-night;
And though this may seem harsh to you,
It is the proper thing to do."

Poor Joseph Peter John James Moore!
It touched him to the very core.
He blubbered, "May I mourn my sheep?
Is it a proper thing to weep?"

"It is," she said, "it gives relief;
But please to use your handkerchief.
Don't wipe your eyes upon your sleeve,
It's not the proper way to grieve."

That night Miss Bella's good dog Dash
Made sheepy into mutton hash;
And Joseph let him, for he knew
It was the proper thing to do.

Next day Miss Bella Donna Dunn
Said, "Now our feud is well begun;
We now are aristocracy,
And that's the proper thing to be."

"But my poor sheep," young Joseph cried,
"Is on your hungry dog's inside!"
Cried she, "Your tongue should be controlled,
It is the proper thing to hold.

"To-day," said she, "we must conclude
This cruel and unchristian feud.
A feud that comes 'twixt friend and friend
I think a proper thing to end."

"It's rather soon," he meekly said;
But when she whacked him on the head
And harshly boxed his ears, he knew
It was the proper thing to do.

She rudely grasped him by the hair
And banged him roughly in a chair;
And he said neither yea nor nay,
Which was the proper thing to say.

"Young man," she said, "a blue-grass feud
May in one way alone conclude."
He murmured, "I leave that to you,
What is the proper thing to do?"

"A maiden of one house," said she,
"Must wed one of the enemy;
A wedding is the healing salve,
It is the proper thing to have."

He trembled weakly in his chair,
And gasped and wildly pawed the air,
And swooned. She said, without constraint,
"It's not the proper time to faint."

When he revived a bit she said,
"Indeed, my love, they always wed."
Said he, "and must I marry you?
Is that the proper thing to do?"

"It is!" she cried in accents sweet,
And gently yanked him from his seat,
And squeezed his breath out by degrees;
He was the proper one to squeeze.

That night she married him at eight,
Because, she said, he could not wait;
And he obeyed, because he knew
It was the proper thing to do.

Ellis Parker Butler

A NEW TWIST TO A RACE-OLD TALE

"FOUR years ago I was doing space work on the 'Keewaydin Daily Courier,'" said the new reporter. "Keewaydin was a livelier town then than now, for the forests about it were not yet shorn, and the lumber industry had not entered upon the inevitable decline that it is now traveling.

"In January, 1895, there was a tremendous fall of snow, and, save by telegraph, all communication with the outside world ceased. The wires bore us the news that the railroads would not be open for at least three weeks. Then came a period of intense cold.

At noon, the thermometer would register 38 below zero; at night it would drop down five degrees lower. It was so cold that everybody stayed indoors and the mills shut down, and the stores closed, all except the provision stores and drug stores. There was nothing to chronicle, so one daily suspended publication and the rest threatened to. The 'Courier' was reduced to a one cent sheet affair and all of the staff but me took a vacation. I stayed on duty, prowling the frozen town, half hoping to find a frozen man to make an item of news.

"She rudely grasped him by the hair
And banged him roughly in a chair;
And he said neither yea nor nay,
Which was the proper thing to say."

"On the ninth night of the blockade,

I left the office at ten o'clock. There were two or three men in the composing and press rooms in the basement. Otherwise, the building was empty. So was the street. In the cloudless dark blue arch above, frostily gleamed the full moon, while toward the north the great spectres of the aurora borealis marched westward across the sky in solemn procession. Off in the west of the city, a howl rose on the air.

"Another howl, another, and still another, and the whole demoniac chorus of a pack of starving timber wolves that had scented *me, that were after me*, sounded not half a mile behind. I flew east on Langdale street, and not an open doorway or lighted window greeted my eyes. Frantically I tugged at several doors leading to upper stories, but all were locked and now the chorus of the wolves was redoubled by the echoes of the chasm of buildings through which they were rushing, for they were now in the business quarter, close behind.

"I turned the corner of Allouez street and there a block away, safety, life, beamed upon me with benevolent eyes, one green, one red. I rushed up to take the electric car away from the wolves.

"The car was empty. Down on Grignon street shone the lights of a drug store, the only open place of business to be seen. The fire in the car was out; the car crew were at the store getting warm. The company. were running very few cars and those irregularly. This was the last car for the night. I had a clear track. There wasn't time for me to get to the drug store. I turned on the current and away the car sped, but a warning jar soon made me moderate the speed. The track was frosty, there was danger of derailing, and so I did not dart away from the wolves as I intended. There they came, not far behind, forty wolves or more howling down the mile long row of four and five story stone buildings that constituted Keewaydin's principal business street, the pride of twenty-five thousand people.

"But I was not at the end of my rope or the car line. In this part of the city the track made a loop, up Nemahbin to Farwell and back on Minnedosa to Allouez. Around the loop I and the infernal crew halloed, down Allouez again, going faster than before. It was now or never. There was no loop at the end of the line. The wolves would get me before the doors of the car barn could be opened, if, indeed, the men would dare open them with such a noise outside. I would freeze if I tried to stay in the car. So when I turned the corner of Allouez and was pointed up Langlade towards the 'Courier' office, I put on all speed, risking derailment, and made a spurt that gave me time to run from the car and close the outside door behind me just before the foremost of pursuers surged against it.

"I sat down and wrote a glowing account of the episode. Here was some news at last. A scoop, too. Still, the wolves might get to rampaging around and the other papers learn of their presence in town. They were still outside the door, yelling. I wanted to go home. Besides, in all the stories I had read, the good little boys who escape, kill a wolf or two and make something in the way of bounty. There were forty bounties and hides down there at the door.

"The editorial rooms were on the third floor. There was one big room and a little room for the editor-in-chief built into it. There was a door from the corridor into the main room, another into the private office, while a third connected the private office

and main room. All were spring doors. I opened the transom of the main room and private office door and fixed a table so I could jump up into it. Then I fastened back the office door into the corridor by a string tied to a nail in the transom. Then I unlocked the front door down stairs, opening it an inch, but preventing it from opening any further by bracing a stick against it and the foot of the stairs. I fastened a string to this stick and from the head of the first flight, pulled it and ran like the dickens. I wasn't more than up in the transom, before the whole pack was in the private office, leaping up at me. I released the string, the outer door shut, and there they were. I dropped over into the main room, put a finishing touch on my story and went down to have it put in type. Everybody had gone. Except the room where the wolves were, every room that had a telephone, was locked. So I went over to the drug store on Grignon street and telephoned the editor to send some of the printers back, as I had the biggest scoop ever scup, but before I was half through my story, he said:

"'Hold on. I have felt like cutting down the force for some time. A man who'll tell such a story as that is a good one to begin on. Consider yourself discharged. Wolves chasing an electric car! I suppose they have gone to the car barns to spend the night.'

"'No', said I, 'they're in your private office. Have central give you your office and listen.'

"In about five minutes he said, 'I humbly apologize. Your salary is raised.'

"Then I asked central to give me the office, and I never felt more solemn in my life as I listened to those wolves howling. The wolf, beast of the uninhabited wilds, the very genius of desolation, sending his cry of hunger woe over the telephone."

W. A. Curtis

THE IDLE GRASSHOPPER

(A Modern Fable)

THERE once was a gay young grasshopper who was a most idle insect. Instead of working and laying up a store of food for the winter, he chirped and sang the whole summer through.

Now, when the winter came this grasshopper felt sadly out at elbows, and, not knowing where else to go, he called on Cousin Ant, who he knew had worked hard all the summer, and was now well provided for.

The Ant met the Grasshopper at the door, and after inquiring and learning the cause of his cousin's need, he dismissed him with the recommendation to keep himself warm by dancing winter away as he had summer.

The poor Grasshopper turned away disheartened to his plantain-leaf house, and waited for death from cold and hunger.

The next day Lawyer Beetle called upon him. Cousin Ant had died intestate, the past night, of heart-failure brought on by overwork, and the Grasshopper, as next of kin, had inherited his wealth.

Then the grateful grasshopper raised his eyes to Heaven, and thanked a just Providence that had so ordained that ants should labor, and lay up store, "For," thought he, "without Cousin Ant's foresight and prudence, where should I be now?"

Alice Van Leer Garrick

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar

PRIZE WINNERS FOR DECEMBER

First Prize: Hyman Askowith, 81 Albion St., Boston, Mass.

Second Prize: Harriet L. Eaton, 365 Wisconsin Ave., Oshkosh, Wis.

Third Prize: John W. White, 1012 Pioneer Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Fourth Prize: Mrs. Fanny S. Curtis, Colchester, Conn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Emeline H. Mann, 1603 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Laura K. Cassidy, 1724 Seventh St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Lizzie T. Hussey, Skowhegan, Me.

Mrs. Frank E. Clark, East Hampton, Conn.

Miss Emily A. Watson, 611 Fifth Ave., New York City.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN DECEMBER

Literature

1. To escape troubles in which his youthful and characteristic follies had involved him, Robert Burns decided to go to the West Indies, and by publishing some of his poems, secured money enough to pay for his passage. But fate had ordered otherwise, and immediately before starting he received a letter calling him to Edinburgh. It was the turning-point in his life. In the Scottish capital his poems had excited universal admiration, and when he arrived there he was greeted with the greatest applause and enthusiasm.

2. Thackeray said of Irving—while the latter was in Europe—that he was the "first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old." A very happy expression, indeed!

3. William Cullen Bryant wrote his best poem at the age of nineteen (some say only seventeen). This was "Thanatopsis," of which an English critic said: "Had Bryant written nothing else, this poem would have embalmed his memory."

4. The "Casket Homer" was an edition corrected by Aristotle, which Alexander the Great always carried about with him, and laid under his pillow at night with his sword. After the battle of Arbela a golden casket richly studded with gems was found in the tent of Darius; and Alexander, being asked to what purpose it should be assigned, replied: "There is but one thing in the world worthy of so costly a depository," and put his edition of Homer in the casket. The book thus became known as the "Casket Homer."

5. The Bannatyne Club was a literary club, instituted by Sir Walter Scott in 1823, which had for its object the publication of rare works pertaining to Scotch history, poetry, and general literature. It was named after George Bannatyne, who, by his great industry, rescued from oblivion much of the early Scotch poetry. The club was dissolved in 1859.

Art

1. Claude Lorraine's "Book of Truth" (Libro di Verita) was a book containing that painter's sketches with the date of the finished picture and its buyer on the back of each sketch. It is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and is used to verify any one's claim that he has one of Claude's paintings, as he seldom signed his name to his works.

2. An interesting story is told of Murillo's "Madonna of the Napkin." The painter was working at the Convento de la Merced (which is almost filled with his works), when the cook of the convent begged a memorial of him. All that could be found was a napkin; but Murillo painted on it a madonna, which is unexcelled among his other works for brilliancy of color.

3. Velasquez's famous picture of the "Water-Carrier of Seville" was carried off by Joseph Bonaparte in his flight from Spain, taken in his carriage at Vittoria, and finally presented by Ferdinand VII. of Spain, as a grateful offering, to the Duke of Wellington, in whose gallery at Apsley House the picture remains.

4. Annibale Carracci, the greatest of the Carracci, was born in 1560, and was persuaded to become a painter by his cousin, who taught him for ten years. He decorated the great hall of the palace in the Piazza Farnese at Rome, and painted the frescoes in the chapel of San Diego, in San Giacomo degli Spagnole. He died at Rome, 1609, and was buried near Raphael in the Pantheon.

5. Maria Barbola, immortalized by a place in one of Velasquez's most celebrated pictures—the "Maids of Honor"—was a little dame about three feet and a-half in height, with the head and shoulders of a large woman, and a countenance much under-jawed, and almost ferocious in expression. She was one of the dwarfs that abounded in the Alcazar of Madrid in the days of Philip IV.

General

1. In 1825, Lafayette visited the United States, and as it was then just fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill, he was asked to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument on June 17. He came to Boston a few days earlier, and was met with a great ovation. At the ceremony on Bunker Hill were present some of the veterans of the Revolution, and Lafayette preferred to sit among these men rather than under the canopy that had been provided for him. Daniel Webster was the orator of the day and delivered one of his best speeches.

2. The presidential campaign of 1824 was called the "scrub-race for the Presidency." There were four candidates: J. Q. Adams, Jackson, William H. Crawford and Clay. The electoral vote gave no one a majority, so the House was to choose a President from the three highest names on the list: Jackson, Adams and Crawford. This time, the friends of Clay voted for Adams, and he was elected President.

3. By the Treaty of Paris, 1763, France surrendered the whole of North America east of the Mississippi to Great Britain, and all west of that river to Spain; but in 1800, Napoleon secured this land, Louisiana, from Spain, only to sell it again to the United States in 1803, for $15,000,000.

4. The Royal Provinces were the New England colonies, New York and New Jersey, when under the tyrannical rule of Sir Edmund Andros, who had been sent out from England to take away the charters of these colonies and proclaim himself as royal governor.

5. The London Company in 1606 obtained a charter from James I. to colonize Virginia. In 1607 it made the

first successful settlement in that country at Jamestown. In 1609 a new charter was secured, which changed the form of government slightly. But in 1624 the king took away its charter, claiming that the company was not using it properly and faithfully.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY

Literature

1. Where are the three largest libraries in the world?
2. Which one of our famous American poets was born in Portsmouth, N. H.? What should you say marked his style of writing?
3. Under what influence did our beloved poet, Longfellow, write "Hyperion?"
4. What work, in what periodical, first brought Kipling into prominent notice, and what made this particular periodical notable?
5. What are the peculiar doctrines of Count Tolstoy, and how does he carry them out?

Art

1. What are considered the eight finest facades in the world?
2. Who was the professor in drawing at West Point, when Whistler was a cadet there, and what work of his is in Washington, and in what building?
3. What work of Whistler's is in the West Point picture gallery, that illustrated his singular plan of drawing?
4. Who painted the only authentic portrait of Dante; what happened to it, and where is it?
5. What did Correggio receive for his picture of "The Day," that is in the Parma Gallery?

General

1. How are the French utilizing the labor of certain kinds of spiders?
2. How long has Italy had a navy?
3. Where did the Red Cross Society originate, and who founded it?
4. Who was the first child born in Boston?
5. What were the only two naval engagements during our war with Mexico?

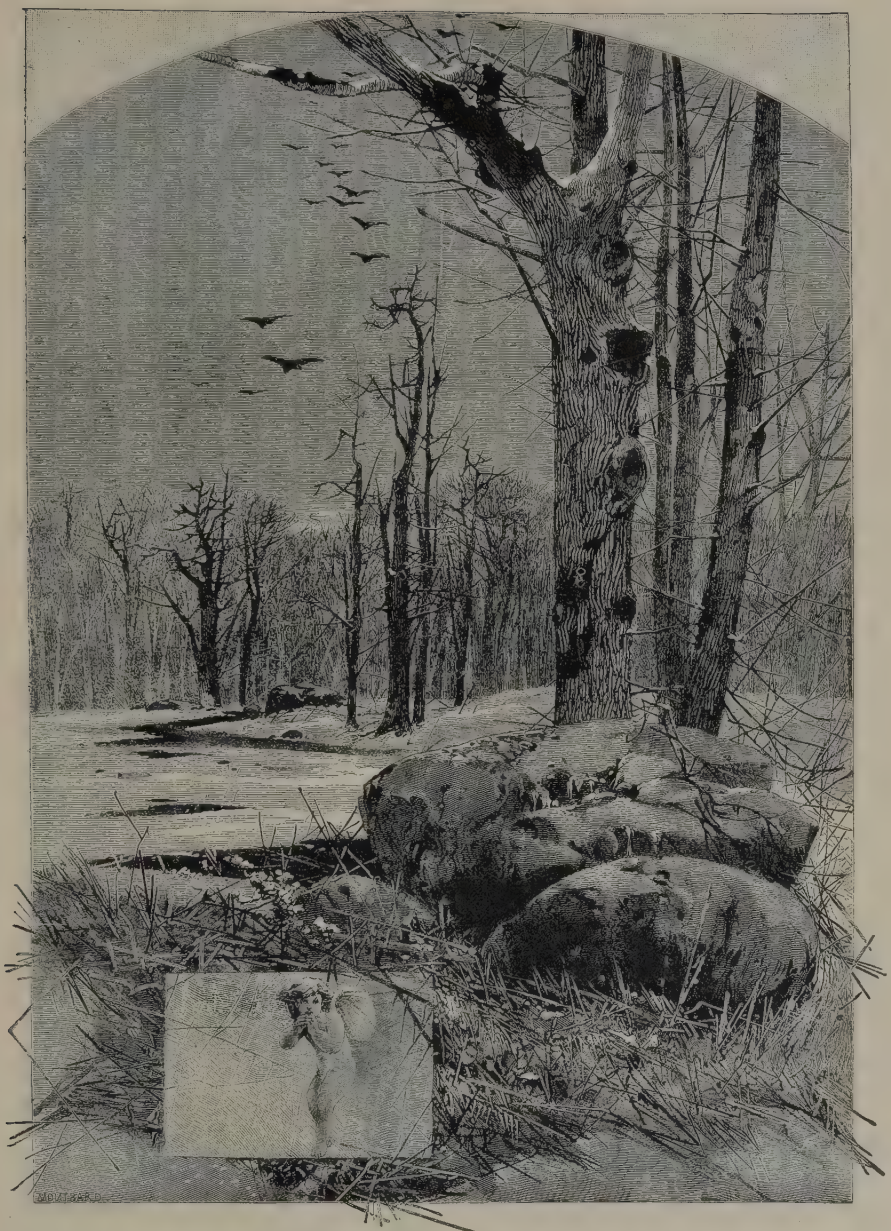
PRIZES FOR FEBRUARY

First Prize: "The Carpetbagger," by Opie Read and Frank Pixley.

Second Prize: "So Runs the World," by Henry Sienkiewicz.

Third Prize: "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

Fourth Prize: "With Dewey at Manila," by Vivian.



A MARCH MORNING

The cold, keen wind, which raged unchecked all night,
Becomes at dawn, a playful zephyr, mild;
A whispering sprite, to lull a fretful child.
The black clouds, massed but yester'een—the sight
Of which brought grim foreboding of fierce storm—
At signal of the glorious sun, their lord,
Are huddled, trembling at his golden sword,
Without desire, or power, to work harm.

The earth sighs, as she wakes from her long sleep,
And turns her bare, brown bosom toward the light
Which warms and thrills her; while it touches deep
Forgotten thoughts of life, and love, and might.
A single blue bird sits in yonder tree,
Singing his first spring song to thee and me.

Carrie F. Weeks

DAFFODILS

"That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with Beauty."

—Shakespeare

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL XI. MARCH, 1900 No. 6

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

SCARCELY had the knob been turned for the "open door" treaties when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty appeared, which paved the way for the long-delayed completion of the Nicaraguan canal. The habit of looking upon every negotiation with Great Britain with a grain of suspicion still prevails among senators, and the ghost of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty appeared as the bogie man. At first there were murmurs among prominent members ominous of lively skirmishing. They read, re-read, analyzed and dissected the document which Mr. Hay and Sir Julian Pauncefote with business precision and no suggestion of diplomatic fireworks had quietly drawn up. The fact that there had been no imposing preliminaries and hints of secret conferences disturbed the straight-laced statesmen as well as the sticklers for diplomatic formalities. The main points at issue were the proper disposition of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the policing and protection of the canal. I met Secretary Hay walking toward the White House with the final draft of the treaty. There was an expression on his face which indicated pleasure in his bargain, and he knows a good thing when he sees it on the diplomatic bargain counter. The time had arrived to lance the Clayton-Bulwer carbuncle, and no one knew it better than Secretary Hay.

* * *

In an hour's conference with Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese ambassador, at the handsome embassy on Q and 18th streets, a concise statement was made of the Chinese situation. I found myself in a handsome apartment, differing little from other homes in the immediate vicinity. It was about ten o'clock on Chinese New Year's day.

A few moments later I was greeted with a hearty handgrasp by Wu Ting Fang. He guards his bright, sparkling black eyes with gold-rimmed spectacles, and his features suggest a keen and alert business-like man. About fifty years of age, born in Canton, he was educated from childhood for the work he has in hand today. Thoroughly saturated with international law and affairs of state; long resident in England and in Hong-Kong under British influences, he is one of the most astute and resourceful members of the diplomatic corps in Washington.

Wu Ting Fang possesses a most fascinating personality. He wore a royal purple blouse, fastened with cords, with flowing sleeves which he threw back in gesturing; a skirt of lighter

blue, hiding pantaloons of pure white, and black leather boots reaching just above his ankles. A black skull cap

WU TING FANG

covered his head, with a bright red tassel on top, and a large diamond in front. In conversation he uses vigorous English with an accent that suggests German, rather than Chinese origin.

* * *

"Yes, in the three winters I have resided here, I have become a great lover of America," he began, "but with the great opportunities offered your country in the open door treaty, it should not be forgotten that you must give something when you secure anything, to make it fair exchange. The order excluding the Chinese from the Philippines, under the same law as applied in this country, is not just. Admiral Dewey told me the other day that it was 'atrocious,' and he said it strongly—like a sailor—too. In the darkest days of the war my countrymen were tenderly carrying the wounded and dying from the battlefield and rendering good service to America, and now why do you kick them out? Why, a large part of the Philippine trade was with China prior to the Spanish-American War, and my countrymen are worse off than they were before. The Philippines are the great wedge to the trade of the Orient, but you

MADAME WU TING FANG

must learn something from England, in the way of successfully handling colonial trade and possessions.

"No, we do not ask the ballot for Chinamen, if you feel it endangers any of your moral or religious institutions. A queue to a Chinaman is a part of his very life and eternity, and he is patient and willing to forgoe hopes of citizenship to preserve the integrity of his nationality—even though the dismemberment of the empire may seem imminent. We ask fair-play, and that Chinamen be treated as human beings, and put under the same restrictions as other foreigners. We ask no more, and I expect to see a revolution in the existing sentiment, and the unjust restrictions removed before I leave Washington.

* * *

"Are you aware that sentiment is already changing in our favor? Only this morning I received this circular from San Francisco; a petition remonstrating against the infamous order of General Otis in regard to the Chinese, and also the hardships endured by my countrymen, returning to America, who have as effectually established a residence as thousands of emigrants welcomed on the Atlantic side.

"This protest which I have recently received is signed by John E. Bennett of San Francisco, and the revolution in sentiment has started where Dennis Kearney's sand-lot agitation against the Chinese was begun. All we desire is a semblance of justice, and that is not granted by the inspector's regulations which are rigorously enforced to-day.

"The testimonial of Admiral Dewey as to what the Chinese have done has had much to do with making people see the situation in its true light; and now, to have restrictions enforced against us that do not apply to Japanese, Malays and all other nations—with these laws of exclusion in operation in the Philippines and not in Cuba and Porto Rico—will you please tell me where is the justice of it all?"

* * *

During the conversation Wu Ting Fang became eloquent. His eyes were twinkling with humor as he concluded.

"Now, you must open this question of justice to the Chinese before any more 'open doors' in trade are sought. Not many years ago, when England took possession, Hong-Kong was a

INTERIOR OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY

barren island and a straggling harbor village. To-day it is one of the most

MRS. HENDERSON, WIFE OF THE SPEAKER

important seaports of the world. Is not that a lesson for America?

* * *

Wu Ting Fang is in popular demand as an after dinner talker and lecturer, and Madame Wu is prominent in diplomatic social functions. The house is handsomely furnished in the most approved style, including the latest fads in cosy corners and pillows. The only true oriental room in Washington is the reception room of Minister Wu. Its walls are of East India onyx and exquisitely carved, gold-decorated wood. Street scenes in Cairo are painted in panels set in the wall. An Egyptian lantern of dull bronze, holding many lights, hangs from the ceiling, which is covered with pale rose silk, brocaded with corner panels painted in dainty designs. The ball room is the most unique in Washington. It is domed with blue opalescent glass in an ornamented setting of polished oak. Roman designs of old ivory tint form a dado among the palms. Above this broad band of gracefully modelled goddesses is a frescoed wall, the background of which is a soft tint of Pompeiian red. Sincere, energetic, shrewd, and yet the soul of honor, Wu Ting Fang will become a name famous in the diplomatic history of the Celestial Empire.

* * *

Senator Tillman has made his speech, protesting against the administration's policy in the Philippines. He has all the fervor of old-time oratory, and read from manuscript in a staccato way with a decided South Carolina accent. He shrieks like an exhorter, but has a power and strength of eloquence which hold the closest attention of his hearers. Thoroughly original in his manner and methods, he remains one of the most picturesque individualities in the Senate.

* * *

There has been a constant succession of momentous problems at Washington during the month. Every day brings a new knot, to take the place of the kinks as they are straightened out. When one is met with the query, "What is the great question of the month at Washington?" the reply

must be made in the form of an omnibus bill, with numerous riders. Public questions always assume a distinct and peculiar phase in Washington. They do not seem so stupendous or complicated on the spot as they do at a distance.

* * *

Unique and peculiar personalities are part of the make-up of every Congress. The country likes them, for they relieve the sombre droning routine of legislative life, and they get to be as much in the public eye as the most sagacious statesmen of either branch of the national sanhedrim. Washington loves them and refuses to take them seriously. This, it might be added, oft proves a disadvantage. Many statesmen—like Proctor Knott, whose political career dated its waning from the brilliant and tremendously humorous speech that made him famous—are to be looked upon as humorous entertainers and rarely afterward gain serious attention.

* * *

It seems quite likely that Congress will be in session till early autumn, if business is not dispatched at a more rapid pace. In this connection there is indication of a decided and unexpected Reed flavor to the policy of Speaker Henderson. It is complained by some that he has lost his free, easy and good-natured way of former days. The new responsibilities are the reason for this, and Congress needs discipline, and they are going to get it. The speaker, I found, personally remains quite the same as ever, but business is business, and public business is doubly business, and the rigidity of the Speaker's rules as laid down by Reed will serve to good purpose.

* * *

There is talk of repairing the White House. From the first, President McKinley has remained silent, because of due regard to the heavy expenses incident to war. While it necessarily effects him personally, he prefers having the public decide the matter. Colonel Brigham, who has charge of the social functions in the Executive Mansion, is working hard to see the proposed plan carried out, and when the work is finished the official residence of the Chief Magistrate will not be a misleading term when known as the mansion.

* * *

MISS WILSON, DAUGHTER OF SECRETARY WILSON

Standing in the doorway of the Clark investigation suggested to me a trial before a justice of the peace in the pioneer days of the west. Only witnesses were entitled to seats, and the stuffy room was crowded to suffocation. This investigation, the Quay case, the Kentucky embroglio—in fact, all of those recent "affairs" which are pointed out as blemishes upon American political institutions—have their origin and their sustenance in personal feuds, rather than a struggle over partisan policy or a contest for principles involving public welfare.

MISS HENDERSON, DAUGHTER OF THE SPEAKER

* * *

If the political weather vane in Washington is safe to predict from, Wm. J. Bryan and Wm. McKinley will be rival candidates for the presidency in 1900. The courtesy of choosing their vice-presidential candidates is a new phase of political ethics that marks a long step from the earlier days in the country, when the vice-president was a formidable rival for executive honors. New ideas prevail in political procedure as in fashions.

* * *

Amid all the intensity of political manoeuvers in Washington, there is an occasional relaxation. The fifteenth annual dinner of the Gridiron Club — composed of about fifty newspaper correspondents — was an event distinctively characteristic of the American appreciation of humor and good nature. Nearly two hundred gentlemen attended, including prominent members of the diplomatic corps, cabinet ministers, senators, congressmen, and railroad officials, present as guests. In fact it was a mingling of congenial souls, representing all phases of political belief, in office, out of office, and candidates for office. The affair had all of the dash and go of American newspaper life, and not a dull moment.

* * *

The closing coup d'etat of the evening was when the president of the club was invested with the royal robes and crown as emperor, and from the throne heard reports from his vassal colonies. The Sultan of Sulu entered in royal attire, bringing with him as slaves two new candidates for membership in the club. In the zenith of all this royal pomp Uncle Sam entered to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and seized the crown and sceptre, demolishing the dream of empire with one fell swoop of his strong right hand.

A company of old-time minstrels who entered wore large silver bands on their hats, except one whose gold band stood out conspicuously. They announced themselves as the "sixteen

to one minstrels." "But there are not sixteen to one," queried the interlocutor; and the reply was made that there was "no sixteen to one anywhere." A succession of incidents including "An Authorized Interview with a Presidential Candidate," gave Mr. Wm. J. Bryan a text on which to hang his remarks, and the spirit was one of good cheer, in which the rancor of political rivalry was obliterated.

* * *

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS AT THE CAPITAL

By Ina Capitola Emery

One of the most aristocratic faces seen in Washington is that of Mrs. Semple, daughter of President Tyler. She has passed her eightieth year, and yet retains an exceedingly youthful complexion. Personally she is charming, and impresses one as stepping out of the European courts. She has a dignified carriage and the grace of speech characteristic of the old regime. She was a sufferer from the effects of the Civil War, and when relating the experiences of that terrible period, she carries the listeners in her flight of speech, until the span of time is effaced and war is no more.

* * *

The marriage of the Honorable Lilian Pauncefote to Mr. Robert Bromley, on the 24th of February, at the historic St. John's Church, where more presidents have attended service than in any other edifice, is on record as one of the most brilliant weddings ever witnessed in the capital city; owing to the prominence of the father of the bride, Lord Pauncefote—the highest dignitary of the diplomatic corps.

* * *

Miss Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, in point of years, should be considered as one of the "Cabinet girls," but by reason of her position as the head of her father's household and his hostess, she is more often quoted among the matrons. With the exception of Mrs. Gage, Miss Wilson is the only Cabinet woman left

MISS MERRIAM DAUGHTER OF THE CENSUS DIRECTOR

of the original assistants at the first White House reception of the present administration. This only maiden

THE HONORABLE LILIAN PAUNCEFOTE

hostess among them has worn her honors easily and gracefully. She presides over the home of one of the capital's chief officials with grace and dignity. Her manner is cordial and she has the happy faculty of saying the right thing on all occasions. Miss Wilson is endowed with personal charm of looks and manner, although when asked to say something about herself on one occasion, she modestly wrote: "I am my father's housekeeper, have literary tastes and I am not pretty."

* * *

Owing to ill health Mrs. Grigg, wife of the Attorney General, has been unable to actively enter the social gayety at the capital city, and an added reason for the present season is the fact of her being in mourning. For two years her place was taken in the receiving line at the President's receptions, by the eldest daughter of the Attorney General, but by reason of a recent ruling on the question, the place has been left vacant. The Misses Grigg have their place back of the line, where are found the highest dignitaries of the land.

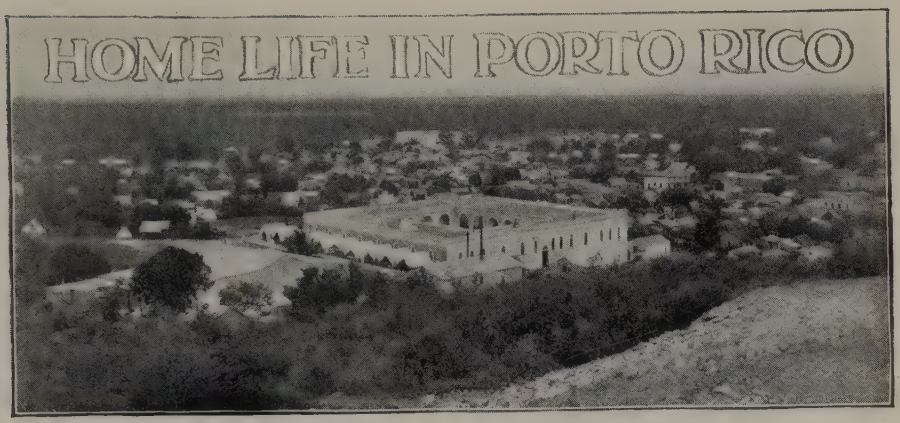
* * *

Because of the severe tax on Mrs. McKinley, incident to the demands made during the social season, she has not resumed the customary afternoons at the White House, and it is not probable that she will this season. Her health is steadily improving and the marked change is attributed to the greater rest which she has taken this season. Almost every pleasant day she may be seen out driving with the President. The devotion ever shown by the President has its influence in endearing him to the great public, who are not slow in noting the home life of the Chief Executive.

* * *

Miss Merriam is one of the most popular of the young women in Washington. She has inherited those inbred characteristic virtues which have made Mrs Merriam one of the most charming of Washington hostesses. Miss Merriam has a stately bearing with a grace of manner which at once charms and attracts admiration.

HOME LIFE IN PORTO RICO



By Halford Lee Watson

THE fact that I have spent nearly a year in Porto Rico has made me the target of inquisitive friends. In these days of insular possession agitation, there is always a sober, serious interrogation point in every conversation.

"Now, after all, what do you honestly and sincerely think about American rule for Porto Rico? Is it an advantage or not?"

Slightly vary these questions, in words, "According to the nature of the man," as Mulvaney says, and you have a current query of the times. Despite all that has been written and published, official and unofficial, the impressions of those who have been there are still sought as expert testimony.

It is difficult to answer the questions satisfactorily to all inquirers, no matter how positive my conclusions may be, for the American habit of desiring the "why and wherefore" is indicated in the "investigation" epidemic which now and then takes hold of congress.

Individual impressions will vary as long as individuality exists, even when the same stern facts and circumstances are presented.

When the white-walled palace at San Juan first rose into view above the ramparts of the picturesque fortifications, it seemed as if I had come into another world. It was a sultry day in October, and a West Indian shower had swept over San Juan; and yet, despite the atmospheric oppressiveness, there was a tropical beauty in the scene, blent with the exhilarating consciousness that over the capital of Porto Rico floated the Stars and Stripes, the welcome harbinger of future peace and prosperity.

The palace, formerly the seat of Spanish government, and the headquarters of the governor-general and his administrative officers, is now the official headquarters of the United States government on the island of Porto Rico, and is officially known as the headquarters of the department of Porto Rico.

These excellent photographs were recently taken expressly for "The National Magazine," and without doubt give the best idea of Porto Rican home life yet published. "The National Magazine" is alive to the great importance of this new American territory and the great question of expansion.

The original building was constructed centuries ago, but has been enlarged by each succeeding Spanish administration, and of late has been greatly improved in its sanitary condition, comfort and convenience. The first act of American possession was to promote needed cleanliness.

* * *

The Masonic order in Porto Rico largely aided in promoting peaceful annexation. In past years meetings were held in secret in the homes of members, or in secluded spots in the woods and plantations, as every effort was made by the Spanish government to uproot their organization. The Masonic Temple, which was wholly built by the Masons of Porto Rico, at Yauco, is the only building of its kind ever erected in any Spanish colony. It is of handsome design and solidly constructed. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies early in 1890; was ready for occupancy in the spring of 1896; and is the first structure to attract attention when one arrives at the depot, the terminus of the French railroad, some twenty miles in length, running from Ponce to Yauco.

A POPULAR BEAUTY OF PONCE

One of the most important factors in determining the future of Porto Rico as American territory is the home life, which already reflects the rapid spread of American influence, and demonstrates that annexation was rather a normal development than a sudden impulse or uprising.

Ponce had been a hotbed of insurrection, and when the Americans landed the city was surrendered by telephone, in the most matter of fact, but up to date, way. Here are commercial possibilities for American enterprise and capital, if an equitable tariff gives to Porto Rico the privileges which of right pertain to all American territory.

The social side of Porto Rican life, as seen in the balls given at the Casino every week or so, presents much that is interesting. The Porto Rican dances, to the peculiar and seductive tempo or time of Spanish music, reflect something of the stately yet passionate spirit of Spanish chivalry. There are no staccato notes, but the music is a dreamy murmur and the movement an endless glide. Of late the lively polka, and the rushing whirl of the American waltz has met with great favor among the Porto Rican belles, and those who have been educated in the United States have had no small influence in promoting American fashions and social customs.

* * *

The three chief cities are Ponce,

5. THE SOCIETY BELLES OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE SOCIAL SET IN PONCE
9. THE BALCONY OF A LEADING BANKER'S HOME AT PONCE

A BELLE OF PORTO RICO AND HER MOTHER

San Juan and Mayaguez, and these cities present strong contrasts.

The city of Yauco is a picturesque town. It was here that we secured photographs of a Porto Rican wedding. The bridal party had just returned from the church to their new home, and the venerable priest or padre, now over ninety years of age, has been prominent in public life for half a century. He is highly revered and admires Americans.

6. ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE HOMES IN PONCE
4. A WEDDING PARTY IN THE TOWN OF YAUCO
7. A PICTURESQUE PATIO IN THE TOWN OF MAYAGUEZ

3. THE MASONIC TEMPLE AT PONCE
8. A MODERN RESIDENCE IN MAYAGUEZ
1. THE PALACE AT SAN JUAN

As an indication of how American notions are progressing, I might mention that one of the young ladies delayed the taking of the pictures until she could put on her new American hat. It is such events as these—"blessing the bride," and a glimpse into the home life—that will throw light on many of the perplexing problems.

The young ladies are very proud of their new American millinery. Their rich beauty, with the quaint and picturesque settings of their tropical home life, should throw a new light on the vexed questions of statecraft which await settlement. All these young ladies are daughters of coffee and sugar planters. The story told of a belle of Ponce who draped her skirt with an American flag prior to the invasion, indicates their general interest in American success during the Spanish war.

The flood of illustrations presenting scenes in the West Indies, with pictures of interior life and of the ignorant classes, has been as unjust to the Porto Rican people, as pictures of the slums, the backwoods or the Indians, would be to average American life. Pictures of the society belles in Ponce were secured for this article with considerable difficulty, but these pictures tell more of Porto Rican home life than volumes could express.

* * *

Another view illustrates one of the most attractive modern homes in Ponce, the residence of a highly respected and influential Porto Rican. Its proprietor is also chief of the volunteer fire department, which as an organization of high social standing in Porto Rico, has something of the prestige accorded the pioneer volunteer fire fighters in the old days when hand machines were in vogue in our own country. The old style engines, drawn by men, are still used, but the annual tournament is a great event in social life, and to be an officer in the fire department is oftentimes more sought after than any high public position. The fire department maintains the village band, which gives the public concerts on the plaza.

The patio, or interior garden, of one of the most attractive homes in the town of Mayaguez, a city noted for the refined taste and elegant home life of its people, illustrates a typical feature of Spanish architecture. Mayaguez, which is on the west coast of the island, is essentially a city of homes. It is the Newport of Porto Rico, and is destined to become a great winter resort. It is a clean, well-kept city of modern pretensions. The public square, with its twelve bronze statuettes ornamenting the balustrade and the statue of Columbus, is a triking testimony to the refined and artistic taste of the residents.

* * *

Porto Rican weather is indeed an uncertain quantity. It is a novel experience to see one's friends promenading under umbrellas on a clear starlight night to keep off the deadly malarial dew; but this precaution is a part of the price which one must pay for tropical luxury and leisure. It is so hot during the middle of the day that no business is transacted from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. All in time learn to enjoy a mid-day siesta, or nap, and to retire early to bed, and rise in the cooler hours of the morning.

Mayaguez proudly claims the only street-car system on the island. The rails are but eighteen inches apart.

Under the old regime the family life was very exclusive. The young ladies are seldom seen except in the balconies in the twilight, or at the exclusive social functions at the Casino, and scarcely ever on the street.

Very few of the young people speak

A GROUP OF PORTO RICAN LADIES

English, but they are picking up the words and expressions rapidly. "After the Ball," "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," and other American topical songs are popular, and seriourly considered as American national airs.

The apartments or homes over the stores lead by separate stairways to the interior court or garden. Much time is spent in leisure and in the open air. The fresh beauty of many Porto Rican matrons soon dissipates the popular delusion that the beauty of Porto Rican women fades as early as in other tropical countries. Indeed, it is often very difficult to distinguish mother from daughter. The arrangement of their luxuriant and silky tresses is always becoming.

Porto Rican home life does much to dissipate one's doubts as to the future; but it is difficult to impress upon man Porto Ricans the fact that the majority rule under a republican form of government. Their idea has been rather that Spanish ideas and methods were to be adopted by themselves, even although denying all semblance of equality or equity. This is the perplexing phase of the question of insular possession which our nation will have to meet.

It will be a wrong and a blunder to place tariff restrictions in Porto Rico upon American goods. The form of government may be a matter for legal discussion and judicial determination, but the question of free markets for Porto Rican products, with the Stars and Stripes floating over the island, is merely a question of right and justice. Don't you think so?

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S VISIT TO AMERICA

By Frank E. Moynahan

AT this time public interest is focused on Secretary Joseph Chamberlain. Whatever is thought of his policy outside of England, it is quite certain that at this time he is the man of the hour in the destinies of the British Empire. No English statesman has ever been in closer personal touch with America, and he enjoys that positive censure and unbounded praise in the United States which we usually reserve for our own statesmen.

When Hon. Joseph Chamberlain visited this country in 1896, he spent a few weeks in Danvers, Mass., at the home of Mrs. Chamberlain's parents, Hon. and Mrs. William C. Endicott. It was my pleasure to be one of the few newspaper representatives to be accorded an interview by the distinguished secretary. It was also my good fortune to be the only reporter who heard Mr. Chamberlain deliver his only expression while in America concerning the Anglo-Saxon alliance.

I called one afternoon to interview Mr. Chamberlain on matters of public interest at that time, and after waiting a few minutes, being very cordially entertained by Mrs. Endicott and William C. Endicott, Jr., the man who is now the greatest figure in English policy appeared and I was presented to him in Mr. Endicott's smoking room.

Mr. Chamberlain walked briskly up to me, extended his hand and closing one eye he disloged his monocle and did not replace it during the conversation of about twenty minutes. He gave me a particularly scrutinizing gaze and appeared ready to reply to my questions or parry them off, as the nature of them seemed to require from his standpoint. While begging to be excused from an interview, he kindly answered every question which I asked, and when I had concluded the visit I had secured the real information. The subjects under consideration were not deemed important by him, for he said: "Of course, I understand the ways of American newspapers, and I am willing to talk when anything of importance comes up." He said that he was intensely interested in everything that pertained to English affairs, alluding to several topics under discussion at home.

Mr. Chamberlain impresses a stranger most agreeably. His manner is brisk and cordial, but having a suggestiveness of pure business courtesy, rather than social cordiality. His voice is especially well modulated, possessing a rich, precise quality not commonly observed, so that one is found drinking in with avidity every word he utters. While searching and decisive, yet he does not seem unmindful of appreciation, although I readily gathered that he did not encourage anybody to worship at the shrine of greatness which might be created in his behalf. He has a most attractive individuality, but beneath his affability it was not difficult to detect a sharp, analytical side of his nature, such as might well be employed in considering the vital issues which are now consuming his attention. He did not impress me so much as a man of remarkable literary or mental attainments as a shrewd, aggressive man of business—

whether cultivating orchids, selecting a cigar or manipulating a war. It is scarcely competent to judge a man in a half hour's interview, but Mr. Chamberlain's characteristics cannot be mistaken, even by the ordinary observer.

He spoke a very cordial good-day, and gave me permission to call again if a visit seemed justified, but the doors were almost immediately closed to all strangers, and I did not see him in Mr. Endicott's house again.

Two years later, in September, 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain again visited Danvers, and soon afterward the Danvers Historical Society, through the great skill and fortune of its honored president, Rev. A.P.Putnam, D. D., secured the attendance of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain at the rooms of the society in the center of the business part of the town of Danvers.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN

His visit was unheralded, as it was only upon being assured that no publicity would be made of the affair that he consented to call at the rooms and say a few words to the members of the organization. He dined with G. Augustus Peabody, a relative of the Endicotts, at the Burley Farm, and was driven to the hall late one afternoon; less than a score of people on the street knowing that he was there, and was thus relieved of being observed by the naturally curious public, which he evidently sought to avoid.

Conspicuous on the walls was a union of the British Jack and the Stars and Stripes, surrounding a picture of the Battle of Lexington.

The rooms were handsomely decorated, tea was poured, and the distinguished guests were greeted by President Putnam, who hoped for a universal brotherhood when

"The war drums throb no longer,
And the battleflags are furled.
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

Secretary Chamberlain spoke in those few minutes in the small lecture hall of the Danvers Historical society the words which the entire nation had been waiting to hear, but which he vouchsafed at no other place and at no other time on this side of the Atlantic. Pursued by interviewers from the time he landed in this country to the very doors of the Endicott mansion, flooded with invitations by letter and messenger and telegraph to visit various places, queried in every possible form and at every possible time, yet he reserved for this humble occasion the sentiment which was acclaimed throughout the civilized world as confirming a view which he expressed in his own land and before his own people. Less than one hundred persons were present; but one newspaper representative—myself—was in attendance, and in the presence of this small group of modest people of a modest town, the colonial secretary gave expression to a sentiment that, like the shots of Concord, was heard around the world. I do not think that he intended to speak upon the subject when he entered the

RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

hall, but undoubtedly he was inspired by the intertwining of the flag of Great Britain and the flag of America over the painting of the Battle of Lexington, the result of the consummate enterprise of President Putnam and the hall decorating committee. During a five-minute speech he said:

"Your president has spoken of a federation of the world. I am not as

sanguine as he, but I do desire to see a federation of the Anglo-Saxon races. It is coming nearer and nearer. There was a time when it would be considered a dream, but we are coming to understand each other more and more. I like to see the flags of Great Britain and America intertwined as you exhibit them. I desire to see them always floating together. You may well look back with pride on the battle of Lexington, while we have a feeling of satisfaction at the results ultimately attained. If it is not possible to form a real alliance, I hope that there may be a general understanding to that effect, to bring about a closer union of the English-speaking nations."

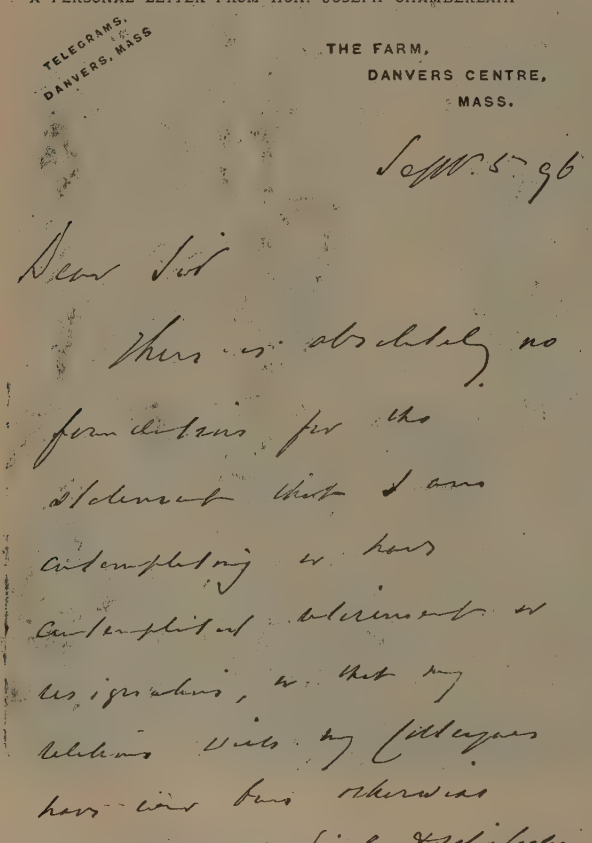
* * *

In an interview in 1898 Secretary Chamberlain reaffirmed these sentiments expressed on American soil: "When I declared in Birmingham in May that even war itself would be cheaply purchased if, in a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together, I had no mental reservation, and I am happy to say that I voiced the sentiments of 999 out of 1000 Englishmen.

"England is ready"—and this was said with emphasis upon each word—"to meet the United States more than half way. It is for you to determine how close the relations between the two countries shall become. There are no great obstacles to be overcome in bringing the English-speaking people in alliance. When your senate decides that it is to your interest to join with us in securing certain benefits to both nations, the alliance will quickly be an accomplished fact.

"Why shouldn't we be allied? Our interests are common, as is our language. We are both striving for the betterment of mankind. England gloried in your success in the late war, or, should I say, the present war? Our sympathies were yours. Now let us have a little better understanding all around, and we can snap our fingers at hostile intrigues."

A PERSONAL LETTER FROM HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN


TELEGRAMS
DANVERS, MASS

THE FARM,
DANVERS CENTRE,
MASS.

Sept. 5 96

Dear Sir

There is absolutely no
foundation for the
statement that I am
contemplating a
contemplated statement of
the negotiations, & that my
relations with my colleagues
have been otherwise
than most cordial & satisfactory.
Yours truly
J. Chamberlain

ENDICOTT MANSION AND BURYING GROUND

"What do you think of the United States as a possible colonial power?" was asked.

"One thing above all others I wish carefully to avoid," was the prompt reply, "and that is the appearance of offering advice to your government at Washington. The present administration seems able to cope with any proposition brought before it."

* * *

Much has been said of the beautiful wife of the colonial secretary, who was born Miss Mary C. Endicott, daughter of William C. Endicott, Jr., who now lives at his historic old suburban residence, "The Farm," on Ingersoll street, Danvers Centre, where Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain made their visits in 1896 and 1898, remaining three weeks the first time and ten days on the occasion of the second visit.

On July 3, 1632, the Court of Assistance granted Mr. Endecott 300 acres of land at Danversport, then called by the Indians, in English, "Birchwood," afterward known as Orchard Farm. In 1633 he planted his famous orchard, of which a single pear tree remains today, bearing fruit annually.

He died March 15, 1665, and was buried March 23 with great honor in King's Chapel burying ground, tradition says, on the left-hand side of the entrance to the chapel, now under Tremont street in Boston.

William Crowninshield Endicott, son of William Putnam and Mary Crowninshield Endicott, father of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, was born in Salem, November 19, 1826, and is a lineal descendant of Governor John Endecott, in the eighth generation. He was educated in the schools of Salem, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1847. He studied law, and in 1850

THE HISTORICAL ENDECOTT PEAR TREE

was admitted to the Essex county bar, where he practiced for many years. In 1873 Governor Washburn appointed him an associate justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, which position he resigned in 1882. In 1884 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of this State. From 1885 to 1889 he was secretary of war in President Cleveland's cabinet, and since then has led a retired life.

On December 13, 1859, he married Ellen Peabody, daughter of the late George Peabody of Salem, and in 1893 he moved to "The Farm." Mrs. Endicott is living, and they have a son, William C. Endicott, Jr., who owns the famous Orchard Farm laid out by by Governor John Endecott. Joseph Chamberlain's visit to "The Farm" was of historic import. The courtship and marriage of an American wife has had a distinctive influence upon England's policy toward America since Hon. Joseph Chamberlain has been in the colonial office, and makes for closer relations between Anglo-Saxons.

THE BIRTH OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

By O. S. Borne

WHEN James Monroe sat alone at his desk in the White House on the momentous day of November 8, 1823, deliberating on Rush's reports of the proposition made to the United States by Canning on behalf of England, and the sentiments expressed by Jefferson and Madison in relation thereto, he was mentally framing an unwritten law, that through the years since elapsed has had an ever increasing influence on the course of American statesmen and statecraft.

He sat until late into the night before his desk, heaped high with documents. Jefferson's letter lay open at his right hand, and Madison's at his left. His own master mind formed the third master spirit of that great epistalory triumvirate, which was to wield an abiding and basic principle into the circle of American policy. It was, indeed, an epoch-making moment. Clay's oratory in behalf of the new South American Republic, established by Bolivar's heroic efforts, had been the spark that fired the mine of a national upheaval. The time had come when the young republic, like a half-grown youth, was first realizing its growing might and potential influence. The Declaration of Independence had been its swaddling clothes. To-day, in the flower of its full-grown strength, it stands forth among the nations of the earth, strong to conquer and fearless in its repulse of foreign aggression and intrigue.

Resistance to foreign interference in American affairs was formulated in two paragraphs of Monroe's message of December 2, 1823. In the first of these paragraphs he declares that the governments of Russia and Great Britain have been informed that the American continents henceforth are not to be considered subjects for future colonization by any of the European powers. In the second paragraph he says that the United States would consider any attempt on the part of the European powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. He goes further, and says that if the governments so recently established in North and South America who had declared their independence of European control should be interfered with by any European power, this interference would be regarded as the manifestation of unfriendly disposition to the United States.

These utterances were addressed especially to Spain and Portugal. They undoubtedly expressed the dominant sentiment of the people of the United States at the time they were uttered; and, moreover, they embodied a doctrine which from the days of Washington to the administration of Monroe had been more and more clearly avowed.

The "Monroe Doctrine" has received the approval of successive administrations, and of the foremost publicists and statesmen; and the peace and prosperity of America have been greatly promoted by the declaration, almost universally assented to, that the European nations are not to gain new dominion in America; and, inversely,

This is the third of an interesting series of articles on Epoch-making Events of the Nineteenth Century in American history. These three letters are notable as the direct causes that led to the promulgation of the famous Monroe Doctrine.

American influence is becoming more dominant in every quarter of the world.

A cycle of history is drawing to a close, bringing with it new considerations of national policy, destined to have a stupendous influence on the continuance and further development of American institutions. The policy promulgated by Monroe in the trying days of 1823 is having its supremest test in the matters now engrossing the attention of American statesmen.

MONROE'S LETTER TO JEFFERSON

Oak hill October 17. th 1823

Dear Sir

I transmit to you two despatches, which were recd from Mr Rush, while I was lately in Washington, which involve interests of the highest import-ance. They contain his letters from Mr Canning, suggesting designs of the holy alliance, against the Independance of S. America, & proposing a cooperation, between G. Britain & the U States, in support of it, against the members of that alliance. The project, aims in the first instance, at a mere expression of opinion, some-what in the abstract, but which it is expected by Mr Canning, will have a great political effect, by defeating the combination. By Mr Rush's answer, which are also inclosed, you will see the light in which he view'd the subject, & the extent to which he may have gone. Many important considerations are involved in this proposition. 1st shall we entangle ourselves, at all, in European politicks, & wars, on the side of any power, against others, presuming that a concert, by agreement, of the kind proposed, may lead to this result? 2d If a case can exist in which a course may, & ought to be departed from, is not the present instance, precisely that case? 3d Has not the epoch arrived when G. Britain must take her stand.

either

(*Transcript of Above Letter*)

Oak Hill, October 17, 1823.

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Monroe James Oakhill Oct. 17. 23.
rec^d Oct. 23

on the side of the monarchs of Europe, or of the allies, & in consequence, either in favor of Despotism or of Liberty & may it not be presum'd, that aware of that majority, her government, has seiz'd on the present occurrence, as that, which it deems, the most suitable, to announce & mark the commencement of that career.

my own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British govt, & to make it known, that we would view an interference on the part of the European powers, and. especially in attack on the Colonies, by them, as an attack on ourselves, presuming that if they succeeded with them, they would extend it to us. I am sensible however of the extent, & difficulty of the question, & shall be happy to have yours, & Mr Madisons opinion on it. I do not wish to trouble either of you with small objects, but the present one is vital, involving the high interests, for which we have so long & so faithfully, & harmoniously, contended together. Be so kind as to enclose to him the Despatches, with an intimation of the motive.

with great respect & regard I am dear Sir.
Your friend
James Monroe

alliance against the Independence of America, and proposing a co-operation between Gt. Britain and the United States in support of it, against the members of that alliance. The project, aims in the first instance, at a mere expression of opinion, somewhat in the abstract, but which it is expected by Mr. Canning, will have a great political effect, by defeating the combination. By Mr. Rush's missives, which are also enclosed, you will see the light in which he views the subject, and the extent to which he may have gone. Many important considerations are involved in this proposition. 1st, Shall we entangle ourselves, at all, in European politics, and wars, on the side of any power, against others, presuming that a concert by agreement, of the kind proposed, may lead to that result? 2d, If a case can exist in which a sound maxim may, and ought to be departed from, is not the present instance, possibly that case? 3d, Was not the epoch arriv'd when Gt. Britain must take her stand either on the side of the monarch of Europe, or of the United States, and in consequence, either in favor of Despotism or of liberty and may it not be presumed that aware of that majority, her government has seiz'd on the present occurrence, as that, which it deems the most suitable, to announce and make the commencement of that career?

My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British govt. and to make it known, that we would view an interference on the part of the European powers, and especially an attack on the colonies, by them, as an attack on ourselves, presuming that if they succeeded with them, they would extend it to us. I am sensible however of the extent, and difficulty of the question, and shall be happy to have your's and Mr. Madison's opinion on it. I do not wish to trouble either of you with small objects, but the present one is vital, involving the high interests, for which we have so long and so faithfully, and harmoniously, contended together. Be so kind as to enclose to him the despatches, with an intimation of the motive.

With great respect and regard I am ever your friend

JAMES MONROE.

JEFFERSON'S LETTER TO MONROE

Dear Sir Monticello Oct 24. 23.

The question presented by the letters you have sent me, is the most momentous which has been ever offered to my contemplation since that of Independance. that made us a nation, this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer thro' the ocean of time opening on us. and never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. our second never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with Cis-atlantic affairs. America, North and South has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. she should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. while the last is laboring to become the domicil of despotism our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom one nation. most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. by acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all, on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. with her then we should the most seducedly cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause. not that I would purchase even her friendship at the price of taking part in her wars. but the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be it's consequence, is not her war, but ours. it's object is to introduce and establish the American system. of keeping out of our land all foreign powers, of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. it is to maintain our own principle, not to depart from it. and if, to facilitate this, we can effect a division in the body

President Monroe

(*Transcript of Above Letter*)

Monticello, Oct. 26, '23.

Dear Sir:

The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has been ever offered to my contemplation since that of Independence, that made us a nation. This sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer thro' the ocean of time opening on us, and never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe, our second never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with Cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct

of the European powers, and draw over to our side it's most powerful member, surely we should do it. but I am clearly of mr Canning's opinion that it will prevent, instead of provoking war with Great Britain withdrawn from their scale and shifted into that of our two continents, all Europe combined, would not undertake such a war. for how would they propose to get at either enemy without superior fleets? Nor is the occasion to be slighted which this proposition offers of declaring our Protest against the atrocious violations of the rights of nations, by the interference of any one in the internal affairs of another so flagitiously begun by Buonaparte, and now continued by the equally lawless alliance, calling itself Holy.

But we have first to ask ourselves a question. do we wish to acquire to our own confederacy any one or more of the Spanish provinces? I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of states. the control which, with Florida point, this island would give us over the Gulph of Mexico, and the countries, and the isthmus bordering on it, as well as all those whose waters flow into it, would fill up the measure of our political well-being. yet, as I am sensible that this can never be obtained, even with her own consent, but by war; and it's independance, which is our second interest, (and especially it's independance of England) can be secured without it, I have no hesitation in abandoning my first wish to future chances, and accepting it's independance with peace, and the friendship of England, rather than it's association at the expence of war & her enmity.

I could honestly therefore join in the declaration proposed that we aim not at the acquisition of any of those possessions, that we will not stand in the way of any amicable arrangement between them and the mother country, but that we will oppose, with all our means, the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially their transfer to any power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way.

from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own; she should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicil of despotism our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom. One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it by acceding to her proposition. We detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her then we should the most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause. Not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars; but the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war, but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign powers, of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. It is to maintain our own principle, not to depart from it, and if to facilitate this we can effect a division in the body of the European powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion that it will prevent, instead of provoking war. With Great Britain withdrawn from their

I should think it therefore advisable that the Executive should encourage the British government to a continuance in the dispositions expressed in these letters by an assurance of his concurrence with them as far as his authority goes, and that as it may lead to war, the declaration of which requires an act of Congress, the case shall be laid before them for consideration at their first meeting, and under the reasonable aspect in which it is seen by himself.

I have been so long weaned from political subjects, and have so long ceased to take any interest in them, that I am sensible I am not qualified to offer opinions on them worthy of any attention but the question now proposed involves consequences so lasting, and effects so decisive of our future destinies, as to rekindle all the interest I have heretofore felt on such occasions, and to induce me to the hazard of opinions, which will prove only my wish to contribute still my mite towards anything which may be useful to our country, and praying you to accept it at only what it is worth, I add the assurance of my constant and affectionate friendship and respect

Th. Jefferson

scale and shifted into that of our two continents, all Europe combined would not undertake such a war, for how would they propose to get at either enemy without superior fleets? Nor is the occasion to be slighted which this proposition offers of declaring our protest against the atrocious violations of the rights of nations, by the interference of any one in the internal affairs of another so flagitiously begun by Buonaparte, and now continued by the equally lawless alliance, calling itself Holy.

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Th. JEFFERSON.

This letter is remarkable as being the last important document written by Thomas Jefferson, as well as for its clear and forcible presentation of the case in question, and accurate forecast of future events.

MADISON'S LETTER TO MONROE

Dear Sir Montpellier Oct. 30. 1823

I have red from Mr. Jefferson your letter to him, with the correspondence between Mr. Canning & Mr. Rush, sent for his and my perusal and our opinions on the subject of it.

From the disclosures of Mr. Canning it appears as was otherwise to be inferred, that the success of France ag^st Spain would be followed by attempts of the Holy Alliance to reduce the revolutionized colonies of the latter to their former dependence.

The professions we have made to these neighbours, our sympathies with their Liberties & Independence, the deep interests we have in the most friendly relations with them, and the consequences threatened by a command of their resources by the great powers confederated ag^st the Rights & Reforms of which we have given so conspicuous & persuasive an example, all unite in calling for our efforts to defeat the meditated crusade. It is particularly fortunate that the policy of G. Britain, tho' guided by calculations different from ours, has presented a co-operation for an object the same with ours. With that co-operation we have nothing to fear from the rest of Europe; and with it the best reliance on success to our just & laudable views. There ought not to be any backwardness therefore, I think on meeting her in the way she has proposed; keeping in view of course the spirit

Pr. Mr. Monroe

(*Transcript of Above Letter*)

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Spirit & forms of the Constitution on every step taken in the road to war which must be the last step, if those short of war should be without avail.

It cannot be doubted that Mr. Canning's proposal thus made with the air of consultation as well as concert, was founded on a predetermination to take the course marked out whatever might be the reception given here to his invitation. But this consideration ought not to divert us from what is just and proper in itself. Our co-operation is due to ourselves and to the world: and whilst it must ensure success on the event of an appeal to force, it doubles the chance of success without that appeal. It is not improbable that Gt. Britain would like best to have the sole merit of being the champion of her new friends, notwithstanding the greater difficulty to be encountered, but for the dilemma in which she would be placed. She must in that case either leave us as neutrals to extend our commerce & navigation at the expence of hers, or make us Enemies by renewing her paper blockades, and other arbitrary proceedings on the Ocean. It may be hoped that such a dilemma will not be without a permanent tendency to check her proneness to unnecessary wars.

Why the British Cabinet should have scrupled to arrest the calamity it now apprehends, by applying to the Courts of France as well as Spain the "small" "easy effort" which it scruples not to employ on behalf of Spanish America, is best known to itself. It is difficult to find any other explanation than that the interest in the one case

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I return the Correspondence of Mr R. & Mr C. with assurances of the highest respect & sincerest regard. James Madison

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JAMES MADISON.

OLD NOVELS IN NEW PLAYS

By Mitchell Mannering

WORKING over a novel into a play is a more difficult task, performed successfully, than creating a play from new materials. This fact Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske willingly admits, even when she declares her especial histrionic ability to lie in stage conceptions of notable fictional characters, like Tess and Becky Sharpe. Behind the scenes, immediately after a particularly praiseworthy performance of the very mental, but withal subtlely sensuous Becky conceived by Mrs. Fiske, this forceful, intelligent actress gave expression to her Becky's raison d'etre.

It seems that as Minnie Maddern, long ago in New Orleans, the young girl of those days was an interested, observing reader of Thackery. With wider experience and growing powers the actress became assured of the dramatic possibilities dormant in this clean-cut type of intrigante.

Mrs. Fiske holds that the unsatisfactory ending of the dramatization she uses belongs to the true art of realism. Only fairy stories end positively—real life has no termination; no more did Becky's career end after the supper with Lord Steyne, nor even when she turned, for good reasons of her own, towards religion.

Just as the real Beckys are inexplicable, Mrs. Fiske's Becky is intended to be (and succeeds in being) to the end—enigmatical, problematical, evasive, elusive. Did she love Rawdon Crawley? Who knows? Assuredly not Mrs. Fiske if Becky was uncertain of herself. The actress in impersonating revealed what she expressed afterwards in conversation—that if Becky was ever consciously true to herself, or anybody else, it was during those few moments alone before the fire when the tired, baffled, ambitious woman consults with her soul for the first time during a misdirected life. For one moment—too late—she read life's message under the light of the stars rather than by the glare of the lime lights. Self analysis can not do what love fails to accomplish, for rash, weak Rawdon Crawley was worth more than a moment of hesitation, if only because his love was honest. What became of Rawdon Crawley? Invariably Mrs. Fiske's audience begs to know, for she and her playwright consider Rawdon's termination of no consequence—a glaring dramatic defect to those of us who consider that under Mr. Barrymore's excellent treatment Rawdon becomes a hero of some consequence contrary to Mr. Thackery's intention when he wrote "a novel without a hero," but absolutely necessary to an acceptable dramatic plot, logical and humanely convincing. Mrs. Fiske very charmingly insists that the disappointment of the audienee at the vague, indicisive ending is condusive to thought on their part. This may be so and still scarcely condones the playwright's faults of construction in so leaving his climax hung like a wet blanket over the audience.

Mrs. Fiske proposes to pursue her present course of utilizing standard fiction for stage productions and next year intends to make her first bow before an English audience, where her fine ability cannot fail of appreciation.

There has been an interesting revival of the works of Thackeray, Dickens, Scott and other standard novelists in new plays of the season. Now that the revival is under way, there will be few of the old novels that will be exempt from the test of a new play. One of the energetic pioneers in this fascinating field of effort is Mrs. Fiske.

MRS. FISKE AS BECKY SHARPE

Her "Tess of the Ubervilles" had scarcely the age to give it the flavor of a classic. Mrs. Fiske was one of the enthusiastic and aggressive spirits in the dramatic presentation of the old novels. There are some sarcastic individuals who suggest that in witnessing these plays, a great many people are enabled to know something about the books they possess (edition de luxe)

MISS CATHERINE HUTCHINSON

that are so conspicuous on the library shelves.

For one, I must confess that Mrs. Fiske's "Becky Sharpe" gave me a clearer, or rather a more comprehensive, idea of "Vanity Fair" than I had retained from a reading in early years, in delicious moments stolen from study hours of perplexing algebra.

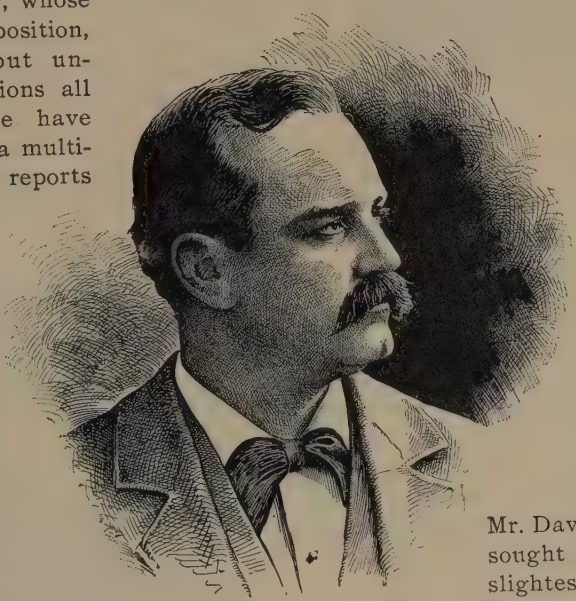
The scenes in England and in Belgium about the time of the battle of Waterloo were portrayed in a glance at the stage, in a vividly impressive manner, such as printed pages of "Vanity Fair" could not convey. Of course, a memory of Byron's "Childe Harold" was awakened, but there was something in the play that created an interest in the personality of Thackeray, whose keen incisiveness we admire more as we advance in years.

Renewed attempts have been made to dramatize Dickens, and now that the flood gates of one success have been opened, there is no telling when it will end, and Fielding and Smollet's novels are yet to be heard from.

WEBSTER DAVIS AND HIS TRIP TO THE TRANSVAAL

By Fred A. Emery

SINCE "Oom Paul's" secretary of state first communicated to Mr. Chamberlain the Transvaal's rejection of the British ultimatum, South Africa has been personally visited by Americans in larger numbers than usual; mainly by travelers, anxious to see the country in the most interesting stage of its existence. The most prominent American to make the long trip is Hon. Webster Davis, the assistant secretary of the interior, whose high official position, and cordial but unofficial receptions all along the line have given rise to a multitude of cabled reports accrediting him with a most important diplomatic mission.



WEBSTER DAVIS

There is nothing, however, it may be said, upon which this construction of his trip can be based. Worn out by the exacting demands of two political campaigns, as well as the exacting nature of the duties of his office, Mr. Davis undertook the trip for health and personal observation.

* * *

Mr. Davis in the last general elections cut a clean swath of party oratory from Pennsylvania to the Pacific, with a loop to the north and northwest on the way back, speaking frequently in those weeks several times a day, contributing in no small measure to the Republican success that marked the subsequent election. Acting upon the advice of his physician to take a sea voyage led to his determination to go to Africa, a trip which his cousin, Consul-General Stowe, at Capetown, had been urging him to make for a considerable period. So much has been said and is still being published in the American and European press about the significance of his mission that it may be stated here that from the day he first determined upon the trip Mr. Davis has carefully sought to avoid the slightest appearance of going in any official capacity. It was not until the Washington correspondent of a Missouri newspaper queried him over the telephone about a rumor that he was going to South Africa that Mr. Davis said anything to even his closest friends about the trip. And the enthusiastic reception he has met in South Africa is not in any sense offi-

cial, being simply the tribute paid to a prominent popular American, a high official, and ordinary courtesy in view of the personal letters of introduction to well-known officials there. At Capetown Mr. Davis was feted by leading British official; at Lorenzo Marquez he found the private car of President Kruger—that sturdy chief executive of the warring republic—awaiting him, having been sent down from Pretoria and across Portugese domain to the coast port where Mr. Davis was to land, in honor of his expected visit to the land of the Boers. And at Pretoria he has been accorded every courtesy by Boer officials and prominent citizens. Mr. Davis will be back in this country, very likely, late in March. Advantage has been taken of his absence to urge his name for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the next convention. Whatever may be his ambition Mr. Davis has not outlined it, and he has kept closely his own counsel as to his future plans Sufficient is it to say that the young Republican who scored the greatest majority ever attained in a mayoralty election in Kansas City, unifying all factions of his party in his candidacy; whose liberal stand for war veterans has made his name a household word throughout his state, and the admiration of Missouri, and his ability, forensic power and sterling courage of conviction have made him a prominent political figure in the west.

* * *

Another American who has attracted considerable attention in South Africa is Eugene Easton, a war correspondent who went out from Washington. Easton is a young man scarce turned twenty-four, who was formerly a hustling police reporter on a Kansas City newspaper, and before that owned a small newspaper plant in Ohio. He left for South Africa last August, and in penetrating the Boer lines found himself the only American correspondent with those forces. At this time he was reported captured by the Boers and held a close prisoner, and the State department instituted inquiry through diplomatic channels, only to learn that he had gone in quest of news, and was being afforded every facility and accorded unusual privileges by the Boer government. During his stay he was dined by prominent officials, and President Kruger in his plain, democratic way spent a portion of many an afternoon with him smoking on the front porch of the executive residence in Pretoria. With carte blanche liberty to inspect all official documents in connection with the war by both President Steyn and President Kruger, Mr. Easton gained much confidential information.

* * *

Looking beyond the arrival of Mr. Montague, the representative of the South African republic, whose movements in the interest of his government have from time to time been heralded in the newspaper despatches, a number of cities in the East have had a personal acquaintance with the Transvaal administration in the persons of Isaac N. Van Alphen, the postmaster-general, and S. J. C. Van Tijen, the head of the foreign branch of the post office department of the Transvaal. It was several years ago when they came to Washington as delegates to the Universal Postal Congress. A warm personal friend and close advisor of President Kruger, and connected by rumor with a possible succession to that high office, Mr. Van Alphen was given considerable attention. He visited Boston, New York, Buffalo, Baltimore, and other cities in the East, in connection with the Congress, and met many well-known people in all those cities. In the battle with the

Britons he has been a strong counsellor of the Dutch President. He is a very stout gentleman, of brusque manner, with ruddy face, stern features, steady piercing eyes, a beard that savors a little of the Oom Paul type, heavy black hair, and a particularly distinguishing mark in his make-up in a small brown derby perched high on the pinnacle of his head.

* * *

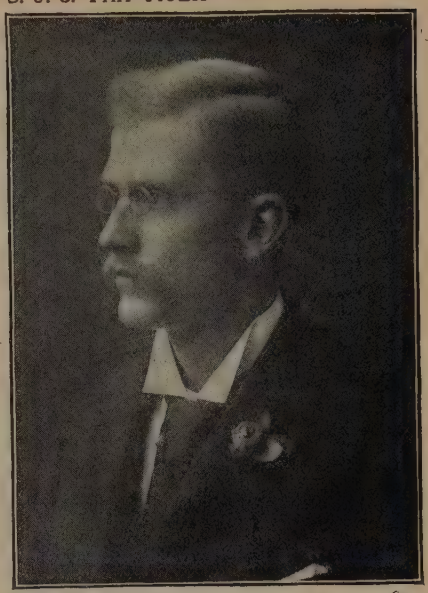
He has a fascination of manner and yet blunt directness of speech and sharpness of wit that makes him a picturesque personality.

A Hollander by birth, he was at one time a printer's devil, then became the owner of the "Transvaal Advocate" and other newspapers, and when the war for the independence of his native land ended in the eighties he took a seat in the Transvaal Cabinet, a life member and a conspicuous factor in that body.

In an interview when in this country he referred to Germany as a friend of his republic, said there were about

ISAAC N. VAN ALPHEN

S. J. C. VAN TIJEN



ten thousand Americans in the Transvaal who, despite the fact that, being engaged in mining, and thus naturally thrown into more intimate contact with the Uitlanders than with the Boers, could not be said to side against the latter. The foreign residents, he explained, owned more than nine-tenths of the mines.

* * *

Mr. Van Tijen is another gentleman of the Dutch school. He is the head of the foreign department of the Postal Service, and belongs to one of the wealthiest and most influential families of Holland.

He is a young man, serious faced, tall and slender, and an all-around athlete, prominently identified with the social life both of Pretoria and Johannesburg and his native land. While he was in this country he showed a fondness for wheeling and bowling, frequently taking an early morning run out into the suburbs of Washington, as much at home as in his native veldt.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF TRUSTS

By Hon. John J. Jenkins

Member of Congress from Wisconsin, Author of the New Trust Bill Recently Introduced into Congress

THE trust question is an important subject; one in which every citizen is interested. It is useless to try and dispose of it, as many do, by saying there are no trusts, trusts are beneficial, trusts are here to stay, cannot be disturbed, and in a little while the matter will quiet down, and the people will be reconciled to trusts as a dog submits to a muzzle. The people believe that trusts are here—dominating the entire business interests of the country, injurious to liberty, happiness and prosperity of a free people. Every branch of government, both state and national, will be urged to act for the protection of the people.

The duty of the hour is to help mould public sentiment in the right direction. The people want to be right and mean to be, and will be, if it is possible to get before them the facts entering into this important question. It should be honestly and plainly stated, so that the average citizen can understand it, no matter how unpalatable the facts may appear. It is a fight to the finish between combinations of capital and the wage earner of America! Actual conflict will be delayed as long as labor is employed, but the eastern horizon discloses the coming of the morning sun. The forces are organizing; on one side is capital—cold, heartless, ambitious and grasping; on the other, the wage earner joining in the great race with capital, possessing many of the attributes of capital, but containing in its numerous ranks the intelligence and political power of the nation.

Capital insists that it is protected by law; that no limitations can be placed upon its right to acquire and possess property, control business operations, fix the price of products, hours of labor and rates of wages. Labor insists that no such extensive rights should be allowed capital. As like begets like, labor despises capital with the same intensity as capital contemptuously looks upon labor, insisting that if the rights enjoyed by capital are bestowed by law, the law should be changed in the interest of labor.

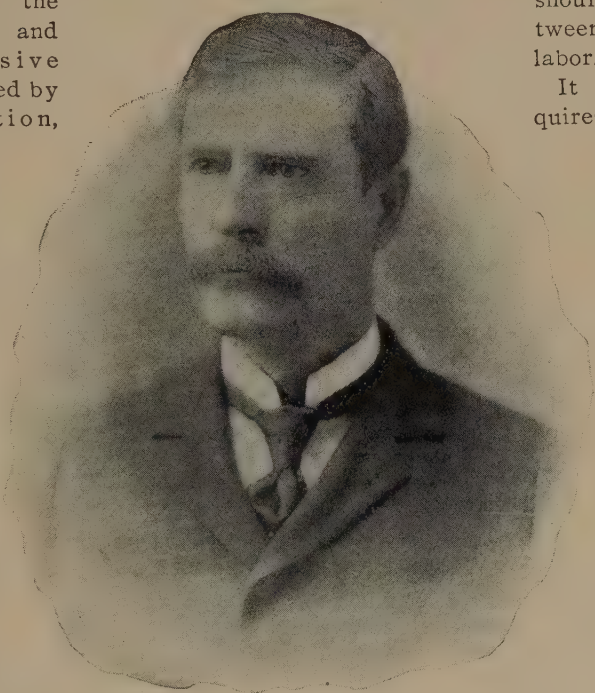
Unfortunately it is being made a political question. It is popular to denounce trusts, and everything is suggested and threatened, but all this time the so-called trusts are laughing in their sleeves at the anti-trust ele-

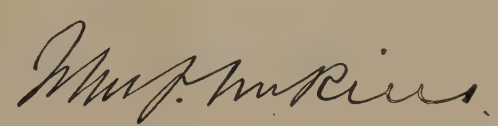
HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION, 138

"Section 2. That the Congress shall have power to create any corporation for the purpose of commerce between the States, including railroad, telegraph, telephone, transportation, express, and sleeping-car companies."

"Section 3. That all corporations in the United States shall be under the control of Congress, including power to impose a franchise tax, terminate the existence of corporations, forfeiture of the franchise, control, and disposition of the property of the corporation."

ment, appreciating the confusion of ideas relative to the powers of government, the remedy to be applied, and well satisfied that so-called trusts are beyond the reach of the people, entrenched, defended and protected by law. Assuming for political and business reasons that something of a legislative nature must and will be done, let the proceedings be orderly, keeping in mind the rights of all and that aggressive power is limited by the Constitution, and that one of the strong elements of the substructure of government is the right to accumulate, enjoy and employ capital and property, but that it should not be used to the positive injury of labor that contributes so largely to the wealth of the country.





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So-called trusts are the combination of large quantities of property under the control of a few individuals, acting through the powerful aid of corporations, troubling and threatening the country, operating for the benefit of the stockholder, without regard to any other interests, absolutely indifferent to party success, welfare of country, or the rights of the people. They carry on their powerful operations protected by law, managed by men educated for the purpose, interested only in large dividends, who must do the bidding of the corporations or give place to others; crushing every smaller business, destroying all competition, preventing smaller capital from operating, and destroying the just equality that should exist between capital and labor.

It certainly requires no argument to prove that combination of capital is not in the interest of men of labor, for it places too much power in the hands of one man, making so many families absolutely dependent upon the action of men who are controlled solely by selfish interests. Capital starts its operations when ready, making labor wait its motion. When this great power stops, labor is thrown out of employment. Now, this great powerful element will not remain idle and starving while the wealth of the country refuses to act because it can make more by resting than by carrying on its business operations. This would

not occur if business was diversified. All would feel it necessary to continue work in order to get a share of trade, and all this time labor would be employed. It is not well to allow such a concentration of power to make so many homes dependent upon any such contingency. It is no argument in favor of combination of capital that people get products cheaper; they can better afford to pay more and receive the corresponding benefit derived by a more equal division of capital.

* * *

A brief examination of the subject will satisfy any one that the states are powerless to apply a remedy. The powers of national government are not sufficient, and it will greatly aid in the understanding of this question to keep in mind our dual form of government. Briefly stated, the national government received all its powers from the states; hence it is a government of limited power. All the power not possessed by the national government belongs to the states.

The power of congress is limited. Therefore the subject of so-called trusts is under either the control of the states or Congress. Without question it is now within the power of Congress or the several states or either of them to render null and void any combination or agreement entered into for the purpose of operating as a restraint upon trade or commerce.

Any combination or agreement that operates as a restraint upon trade or commerce is void. It operates as a restraint upon commerce, when two or more persons, joint stock companies, or partnerships, enter into an agreement to control the price of the manufactured product, by refusing to compete in business, limiting the amount, quantity of product, regulating the purchase, sale or barter of the product, dividing territory, or the use of any means that will place the price thereof under the control of the parties to the contract.

* * *

Up to this time not a person has suggested that Congress can do anything more than enforce the statute which became a law July 2, 1890, or that any further legislation upon the part of Congress to destroy trusts and combinations is necessary. Notwithstanding the feeling on the subject, not a bill has been presented to amend the law, or even suggesting the necessity for action; so it must be presumed that nothing in the line of congressional legislation is necessary.

Any one possessing knowledge on this subject knows that practically all of the capital of the country is operated through corporations created by the states and protected by state legislation, and, under the law, can operate in any State or territory, as long as they do not form any combination in restraint of trade. Instead of two or more corporations entering into an agreement in restraint or trade or commerce, they create a bigger and more powerful corporation, and thereby accomplish indirectly what they are forbidden by the law to do directly; and there is no way of preventing this without an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, placing the control of corporations under the Federal government.

Congress should have power to create corporations for the purpose of commerce between the states, and all corporations in the United States should be under the control of Congress, and in the absence of legislation on the part of Congress, all corporations should be under the control of the states where they are created. Under the existing laws in the several states, there is practically no way o controlling these gigantic corpora-

tions. If the power is given, Congress can act and should act promptly. There is nothing to prevent the legislature of every state being called into extra session for the purpose of ratifying an amendment of this kind, and in less than one year every corporation would be under the control of Congress. Then if there is any oppression on the part of any of these gigantic corporations, they can be easily controlled by broad and just legislation, so as to compel them to respect the rights of others, while endeavoring to enhance their own interests. It is useless to talk about the various states controlling these corporations; they can do it if they want to, but in many cases it would require an amendment to their Constitutions, and in all cases uniformity of action, and this would take up much more time than it will to pass an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

To be effective, legislation must be uniform, ar[illegible]s cannot be expected from fort[illegible]es.

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The [illegible]rporations so injurious [illegible]f the people cannot [illegible]ntil the corporations [illegible]nder control. One [illegible]n-trol of the gov[illegible] to regulate them. [illegible] rubber combine wi[illegible]ent, and tell the peo[illegible]o-mit to their charges an[illegible]oing business, but will learn to [illegible]ct the power of the people. These gigantic corporations will not then tell the labor of the country that they can go to work when they get ready to operate, and if labor does not want to work on corporation terms, the laboring men and their families can starve. True, labor is dependent upon capital; hence the necessity for regulating capital, as is shown by its operations for the last few years. Labor has too long been suppliant! The law is ample as far as controlling trusts and combines, but totally inadequate for the purpose of controlling corporations, the powerful agent of the capitalists.

If any man can prove he has been injured, the courts are open to him to recover damages. Where is the man who will claim he has presented his case to the attorney-general and been denied justice? It is not the duty of the attorney-general to go over the country trying to find some one who has been hurt by trusts and combinations. If no one has entered complaint, it is fair to assume no one has been hurt.

The only solution of the question is to place all corporations under control of Congress. Needed legislation will suggest itself, after the people through the state legislatures have placed corporations under the control of Congress. This is the only remedy now open to the people, and one that will settle the entire controversy, leaving it to some future Congress to say what, under all circumstances, shall be just legislation in the exercise of its power.

QUATRAIN

On grief that's yet to come—or pleasure flown,
Why waste a thought? The rose that's blown
Has lost its fragrance on the vagrant air:
And who knows the harvest ere the seed is sown!

Llewellyn St. Clair

SCENE AT THE BATTLE BEFORE MAFEKING

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN SOUTH AFRICA

By Hugh MacQueen

Naaw Poort, C. C., Dec. 18, 1899.

YOU will, no doubt, be glad to learn that I am up at the seat of war in the pink of condition. The war seems to be going against the British so far.

This place is forty miles from Stromberg, where the big battle was fought on Sunday, where the English lost nearly one thousand men; thirty from Avondale, where they were also repulsed; and about one hundred from Colenso, where General Buller was defeated with a loss of over 1,100 men and sixteen big guns. I suppose there is great excitement in England at the results of the war up to the present. England has, as usual, underestimated the strength of the Boers and their fighting pluck. They have always been put down by the British as cowards; but recent events have told a very different tale. If you will refer to some of my letters you will see that I gave a very good prediction of how affairs would go if war was declared. They have about 50,000 imperial

This is the latest letter received from Mr. Hugh MacQueen, a soldier in South Africa, who was commissioned to furnish a series of articles for "The National Magazine."

troops, and about 20,000 volunteers. If England intends taking the Transvaal, or even holding her own in South Africa, she will have to send out another 100,000 men. The Boers have nearly 100,000 men in the field and a reserve of 50,000. The country is admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, being mountainous and broken, affording excellent cover for the defenders, who are good shots.

The weather has been very warm for the last few weeks—almost unbearable. I am nearly black. This place is 4,000 feet above sea level, and beautifully surrounded by hills. Very rugged and rocky. The Trossachs is not in the same street for wildness of scenery.

When I was in Port Elizabeth I saw some families who had been in good circumstances in Johannesburg, destitute and living on the relief committee. Such are the blessings of war.

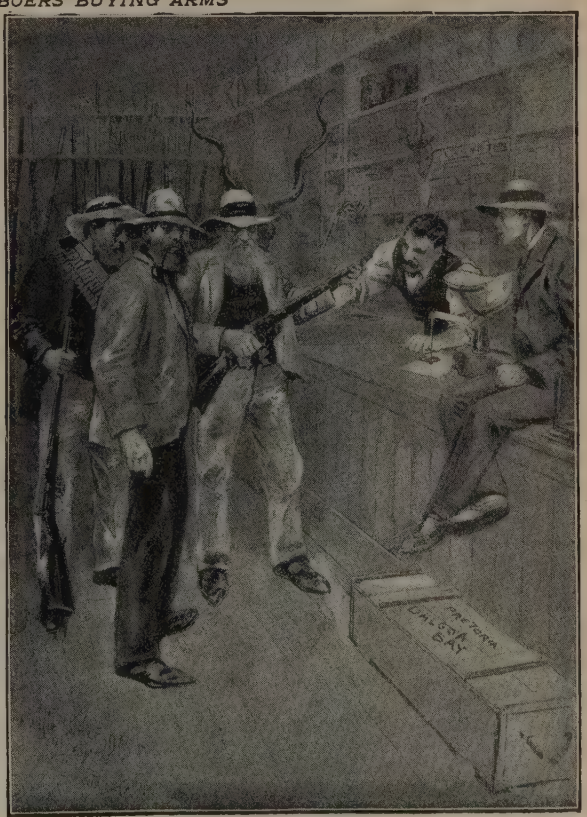
We are all in good spirits here and longing to have a brush with the enemy.

Since commencing this letter we have had news at hand; the Boers are filling up their losses from Europe via Delagoa Bay. There is no doubt that the Boers had some of the smartest men in the world in their ranks before the declaration of hostilities. Britishers did not believe that they would be able to obtain such magnificent assistance. If England does not "boss up" she will lose South Africa. At Stormberg the Boers lost five killed and thirteen wounded, while the English lost over 700, and had to fall back upon Molteno on that day. We are getting ready for Christmas, making plum pudding in zinc buckets. Everything goes on in camp as if we were in a land of peace and plenty, instead of a few miles from a formidable enemy, armed to the teeth with the most modern weapons. The Boers themselves have guns worked by the most skilled marksmen the world has ever seen.

General Joubert's plan has been to set up one commando after another for defense, and the British generals are compelled to send their battalions against columns of fresh troops.

You might send me out some newspaper cuttings about the war, especially foreign press opinions. This is all I can hope to get through.

BOERS BUYING ARMS



TEACHING SCHOOL WITH A BROOM

By Mrs. Booker T. Washington

I THINK that I can best tell of the methods adopted to help the families of the poor negro farmers in their homes in the southern states by describing the work which has been done on a great plantation near Tuskegee.

It comprises about fifteen hundred acres of land, a thousand of which are each year planted in cotton. There are usually from twenty to thirty families of colored people living on the plantation, and until lately the most of them were living in one-room cabins, into each of which from six to twelve persons very often would be crowded. Three years ago, when I planned to begin work at this place, there was no school nearer than Tuskegee, eight miles away, and there were very few persons on the place who could read even easy print.

MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

The first thing I did was to obtain permission of the owner of the plantation to come down and do anything I wanted to. Afterwards he gave me the use of a cabin for a schoolhouse, and both he and his wife have helped the work in various ways.

I picked out the best looking cabin on the place, and asked the woman who lived in it if I could have a meeting there. She said I might do so, and we fixed on the next Sunday for the day. A boy was sent over the plantation to tell everybody, and invite them to come. When the day came I drove down to the plantation early, two of the teachers from the institute going with me to help. I carried with me a good, stiff new broom; for education for people who have lived as these had, means—it seems to me—not merely book knowledge, but learning how to live.

Having asked the woman if I could use her house, it was easy for me to suggest that I be allowed to help get it ready for the company. She agreed, and I made her a present of the broom, suggesting that we each

sweep one-half the floor. She did her half first. When I took hold of the broom I went at the work thoroughly, and from the very first corner dug out a pan full of lumps of clay that had fallen down from the chinking of the walls. The woman was watching me all the time.

I hadn't got my half anywhere near finished when he said: "O Mis' Washin'ton, you jes' let me take dat broom agin, so I kin do mah half ovah." I have always felt that right then and there the first lesson of the new school was learned.

Quite a number came to that first meeting, and we followed it up with others held on the succeeding Sundays. At first we did not try to do much except talk and visit with the people, read to them a little, give them pictures and sing some hymns. After a while we carried down some primers and began to teach them to read. The first day we did this, all who were at the meeting had been asked if they did not want to come to a school, or send their children, and they had all seemed interested and pleased, except one young man, who would not even come into the house, although he was asked to do so. He looked so sullen that I was really afraid of him; but finally, because I was determined that everybody should be asked, I plucked up courage and went out to him, and asked: "Wouldn't you like to come to our school?"

He didn't answer, at first, and I saw that the great tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Oh, Mis' Washin'ton," he said, "I want to go to school ever so much, but I'm too 'shamed. I don't even know my letters. If you'll only just let me take a book, I'll go off down in the woods an' learn 'em."

I don't know how he expected he was going to learn his letters, off down there in the woods, but the incident

WHERE THE SCHOOL WAS KEPT FOR TWO YEARS
CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS
GARDEN TENDED BY THE BOYS
THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE
A TYPICAL PLANTER'S RESIDENCE

taught me never to be discouraged again. He has proved to be one of our most encouraging scholars. Not long ago, when I was at the plantation, I found that he had gotten into the third reader, which was doing very well, since because he works on the land daytimes he has no chance to go to school except in the evening.

After a while we started a regular school. The planter gave us the use of an old cabin, and one of the young woman students at Tuskegee went down there as a teacher, moving into the cabin with bed, broom, mop, teakettle, coffee-pot and dishes, for the schoolhouse must also be the teacher's home. I doubt if people often stop to think what it must mean to an educated woman of refined tastes, such as this young woman was, to leave all the associations which make life pleasant to her, and go into what was really a wilderness. She did it from a sincere desire to help the people of her race. Certainly she could not have done it for the money, for she was to be paid only ten dollars a month, and even that money I had to get as best I could from friends whom I could interest in the undertaking. The teachers at the Institute agreed to supply the teacher with food.

The school has proved a success from the start. The children come in the daytime, and their fathers and mothers at night. The children learn many things besides books. The girls learn to sew, cook, wash dishes, make the teacher's bed and tidy up the house. The boys keep the yard clean, cut wood for the fireplace, cultivate a little garden and raise chickens. The women, who come to school at night, learn to cook and sew and mend; and all the time, in their own homes and in that of the teacher, they learn how to keep their houses so as to live in a more wholesome manner.

Because people always prize most what they have to pay something for, we tried from the first to have the people on the plantation do what they could to help support the school. They had so little ready money that they could help most easily by contributing food for the teacher. One little girl, when she comes to school, will bring "a mess of greens" to "teacher." Another will bring two eggs, and another a quart of milk. Perhaps a boy will bring half a chicken, or five "roastin' ears" of corn. Such contributions as a possum have been known. The fathers draw loads of wood, and plow the garden. I gave a blank book in which a record of all these contributions is kept, and this record is read aloud once a month. It was not long before so many things were given in this way that all the food the teacher needed was provided by them.

There are now fifty scholars, and there would be more if they could be accommodated. The reputation of the school has spread out into the surrounding country so that scholars from as far as ten miles away are asking to be allowed to come, hoping to find work near to pay their way. A rude little church has been built, in which there is Sunday school every week and preaching by a minister at certain regular intervals. The general improvement in the looks and actions of the people is so noticeablbe that almost every one speaks of it. All this has been accomplished in a little over two years. I have recently bought ten acres of land adjoining the plantation, and have had a small house built on it, into which the school has been moved that we might have the advantage of occupying our own property. This will give more room, and the land will afford an opportunity for the pupils to have more thorough industrial training.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Francis Lynde

IV.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO III. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans. He eats a farewell supper with a newspaper friend who is about to depart on a journey, and who presses him to accept a loan. Griswold refuses the loan and says that he may end by becoming a robber but will not begin on his friends. Two days later New Orleans is startled by a bold bank robbery.

IF Kenneth Griswold had been neither more nor less than a professional highwayman, he would probably have been taken and jailed within the hour, inasmuch as his cast for fortune included no well wrought out plan of escape. But since he was both wiser and less cunning than the journeyman bank robber, and was, moreover, a hungry enthusiast who had argued himself into the belief that his act was merely illegal and not wrong, he threw the police off the scent by doing that which no criminal would have had the nerve to do.

Once safely in the street, with the package of bank notes under his arm, he was moved to do some extravagant thing celebrative of his success. It had proved to be such a simple matter, after all: one bold stroke; a small bloodless tussle with the plutocratic dragon whose h ld upon his prey is so easily broken; and presto! the hungry proletary is himself a power in the land, strong to do good or evil as the gods may direct.

This was the prompting to levitation as it might have been set in words; but in Griswold's thought it was but a swift suggestion, followed immediately by another which was much more to the purpose. He was hungry: there was a restaurant next door to the bank. Without a thought of the risk he ran, or of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small tables and calmly ordered breakfast.

Now, hunger is a lusty special pleader, and it will make itself heard above any pulpit drum of the higher faculties; hence Griswold thought less of what he had done than of what he was about to eat, until the hue and cry reminded him that the chase had begun. Whereupon, not to be suspiciously incurious, he put on the mask of innocence and asked the waiter concerning the uproar.

The man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if M'sieu' so desired. "M'sieu'" said, breakfast first, and information afterward, by all means. Both came in due season, and Griswold ate while he listened.

Transmuted into the Creole-English of the serving-man, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

"Ha! W'at you t'ink, M'sieu'? De bank nex' do' is been rob!" and upon this theme excited volubility descants at large. The bank was surrounded by a gang of desperate men and every exit guarded while the leader, a masked giant, armed to the teeth, had compelled the president at the muzzle of a pistol to pay a ransom of fifty—one hundred—five hundred thousand dollars. With the money the gang

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had vanished, the masked giant firing the pistol at M'sieu' the president as he went. Cross examined, the waiter could not affirm positively as to the shot. But as for the rest there could be no doubt.

Griswold ordered a second cup of coffee, and while the waiter tarried, conscience—not the enlightened conscience, but the conventional—bent its bow and sped its final arrow. It was suddenly brought home to the enthusiast with sharp emphasis that to all civilized mankind, save and excepting only those few chosen ones who shared his peculiar convictions, he was a common thief, a robber, an outlaw.

Public opinion, potential or expressed, is at best but an intangible thing; but for a few seconds Griswold writhed under the ban of it as if it had been a whip of scorpions. Then he smiled to think how strong are the bonds of custom, and conscience flung away its empty quiver. None the less, the enthusiast was rather thankful for the chastening. It served to remind him afresh of his mission. This money which he had just wrested from the plutocratic dragon should be held as a sacred trust; it should be devoted scrupulously to the cause of the oppressed. Just how it was to be applied he had not yet determined, but that could be decided later.

Meanwhile it was very evident that the dragon did not intend to accept defeat without a struggle, and Griswold set his wits at work upon the problem of escape.

"It's a little queer that I hadn't thought of that part of it," he mused. "I suppose the other fellow, the real robber, would have figured himself safely out of it—or would have thought he had—before he made a move. As I didn't, I've got to do it now, and there isn't much time to throw away. Let me see—" he shut his eyes and went into the inventive trance beloved of the literary craftsman—"the keynote must be originality. I must do something that the other fellow wouldn't think of doing."

He dallied with the second cup of coffee and outlined a plan, basing it upon a further cross-questioning of the waiter. The man had been to the door again, and by this time the street excitement had subsided sufficiently to approach the truth. The rumor of an armed gang guarding the bank doors had been a canard. There had been but one man, and the street gossips were beginning to describe him with discomforting accuracy.

Griswold paid his score and went out with studied nonchalance. He reasoned that, notwithstanding the growing accuracy of the street report, he was in no immediate danger so long as he remained in the immediate vicinity of the bank. It was safe to assume that this was one of the things that the journeyman bank robber would not do. But it was also evident that he must speedily lose his identity if he hoped to escape; and that the lost identity must leave no trace behind it.

Griswold smiled when he remembered how, in fiction of the felon-catching sort—and in real-life, for that matter—the law breaker always did leave a trace behind him, and determined for once in a way to demonstrate practically that it was quite as easy to create an inerrant fugitive as an infallible detective. Joining the throng on the sidewalk he made his way leisurely to Canal street, and thence diagonally through the French quarter to the French market. In a narrow alley he found what he was looking for: a dingy, sailors' barber shop. The barber was a negro, fat, unctuous and sleepy looking; and he was alone.

"Yes, sah; shave, boss?" he asked, as Griswold entered.

"No; a hair-cut." Griswold produced a silver half-dollar. "Go around the corner and get me a cigar to smoke while you're doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

The negro shuffled out, scenting tips. The moment he was out of sight, Griswold snatched the scissors and began to hack recklessly at his beard; recklessly and swiftly, but with thoughtful purpose. The result was a complete metamorphosis speedily wrought. In place of the trim beard and curling moustache there was a rough stubble, stiff and uneven, like that on the face of a man who has neglected to shave for a week or two.

"I think that will answer," he said, standing before the cracked looking-glass to get the general effect. "And it's decently original. I fancy your professional blunderer would have shaved, and the first amateur detective he met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for an 'uncle,' the more avaricious the better."

He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and he walked swiftly in the direction opposite to that taken by the man. A pawnbroker's shop of the kind he required was not far to seek in that locality, and when it was found Griswold drove a hard bargain with the Portuguese Jew behind the counter. The pledge he offered was the clothes he wore; and the bargain was concluded for a pair of jeans trousers, a calico shirt, a sailor's cap, and a red bandanna handkerchief. These and a trifling sum of ready money, the inconsequence of which Griswold deplored piteously before he would consent to accept it.

The Portuguese, most suspicious of men, suspected everything but the truth, as Griswold had intended, accusing his customer flatly of having stolen the clothes. And when Griswold departed without denying the accusation, suspicion became conviction, and the clothing, which might otherwise have given the police a most important clue, was carefully hidden away until time should have quieted the Jew's apprehensions.

Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking for a quarter of an hour in the dust of a loaded cotton float on the levee. Then he made a tramp's bundle of the manuscript of the dead book, the pistol and the money in the red handkerchief, and having surveyed himself in the bar mirror of a sailors' pothouse, was minded to test his disguise by going back to the restaurant where he had breakfasted.

The experiment was made forthwith, and was an unqualified success. The proprietor not only failed to recognize him, but drove him forth with revilings in idiomatic French and broken English.

"*Bete!* Go back to da levee w'ere you belong to go. I'll kip da cafe for zhentlemen. *Scelerat!* Go!"

Griswold went, smiling between his teeth.

"That settles the question of present safety," he said to himself. "I believe I could walk into the bank and not be recognized."

The idea was so temptingly adventurous that he gave place to it on the spur of the moment. Taking a five-dollar bill from his store he fouled it in the mud of the gutter and then went in to ask the paying teller to give him silver for it. The teller sniffed at the money, scowled at the man, and then turned back to his cash-

book. Griswold's smile broke into a laugh when he reached the street.

"The dragon may have teeth and claws, but it can neither see nor smell," he said, contemptuously, bending his steps riverward again. "Now I have only to choose my route and go in peace. How and where are the only remaining questions to be answered."

V.

For an hour after his venturesome return to the bank, Griswold tramped up and down the levee, and the end of it found him still undecided as to the manner and direction of his flight.

The hour had not been altogether triumphant. The partition which is the dividing line between a life of semi-vagrancy and a life of crime is tenuous enough; and any hot-hearted one may break through it at will. But to be a vagrant indeed, one must first be a vagrant at heart; and Griswold was far enough from this, now or at any time; so far from it that the chains of his transformed identity were already beginning to gall him. It was to little purpose that he girded at his compunctions, telling himself that one needs must when the devil drives. Custom, habit, or whatsoever it may be which distinguishes the law-abiding from the lawless, would have its say; and from railing bitterly at the social conditions which made his act at once a necessity and a crime, he came presently to loathing the subterfuges to which the crime had driven him.

Moreover, mingled with the loathing was a growing fear that he might not always be able to play consistently the double role whose lines were already becoming intricate and confusing. To be true to his mission, he must continue to be in utter sincerity Griswold the brother-loving. To escape the consequences of his act, he must hold himself in instant readiness to be in ruthless earnest what a common thief would be in similar straits—a thing of duplicity and double meanings, alert at any moment to turn and slay in the battle of self-preservation.

He had thought that the crisis was past when he had pawned the last of his keepsakes earlier in the day for the money to buy the revolver. But he had yet to learn that there is no crisis in the human span save that which ends it; that all the intermediate duels with fate are mere sub-climaxes once they have been fought—conflicts critical enough at the moment, but likely to be renewed indefinitely if one lives beyond them. And it was another of those sub-climaxes that came in the hour of aimless wandering on the levee. More than once he was tempted to buy back his lost identity at any price; at every price, if need be. Not in any other moment of a well-filled life had he been made to realize what a precious possession is the fearlessness of innocency; weighed against it, the thick packet of bank-notes in the red bandanna, and all that it might stand for, was as air-blown bubbles to gold. And yet he would not go back; he could not go back, since to restore the money would be more than a confession of guilt; it would be an abject recantation, a flat denial of every article of his social creed, and a return to primordial chaos in the matter of theories out of which he could emerge only as a criminal in fact.

When the indetermination became blankly insupportable, he put it aside with the resolution which was the strong thread in the loose-twisted warp of his character, and addressed himself afresh to the unsolved problem of flight. The possession of the red bandanna and its holdings made all things possible—in any field save the theoretical—and the choice of dwell-

ing, or hiding-places, seemed infinite. His first thought had been to go back to New York; but there the risk of detection—if risk there were—would be greater than elsewhere; and upon second thought he decided that there was no good reason why he should incur it.

On the other hand, his inclination began to draw him toward a field in which he might pursue his sociological studies under conditions more favorable than those to be found in a great city. In his mind's eye he saw himself safely sequestered in some small interior town, working and studying among people who were not unindividualized by an artificial environment—a self-centered community in which the money at his command would be more of a controlling influence than it could possibly be in the smallest of circles in New York. The picture pleased him and he fell in with the suggestion, leaving the geographical detail to arrange itself as chance or subsequent events might determine.

That part of the problem disposed of, there yet remained the choice of a line of retreat; and it was a small thing that finally decided the manner of his going.

He had been loitering opposite the berth of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer, whose bell gave sonorous warning of the approaching hour of departure—absently watching the ant-like procession of toiling roustabouts hurrying the last of the cargo on board. They were negroes, most of them, but with here and there among the blacks and yellows a paler face so begrimed with sweat and dust as to be scarcely distinguishable from the majority. The sight moved him, as thankless human toil was wont to do, and he fell to contrasting the hard lot of the laborers with that of the group of passengers looking on idly from the comfort and shade of the saloon-deck awning. The thought slipped into compassionate speech:

"Poor devils! They've been told they are free, and perhaps they believe it; but surely no slave of the galleys was ever in bitterer bondage. What condemned felon was ever in worse case than these poor drudges who are free only to bear burdens and to be driven like cattle under the yoke? Oh, good Lord—look at that!"

The ant-procession had attacked the final tier of boxes in the lading, and one of the burden-bearers, a white man, had gone down like a crushed pack-animal under a load too heavy for him. Griswold was beside him before he could recover, and was lifting him tenderly out of the way of the others.

"Why didn't you get out from under it and let it drop?" he began, gruffly, as an offset to the womanish tenderness; but when the man gasped for breath and groaned, the mask of gruffness fell away from him. "Where are you hurt?"

The crushed one sat up and spat blood.

"I don't know; inside, somewheres, I guess. I been dyin' on my feet any time for a year back."

"Consumption?" queried Griswold.

"I reckon so."

"Then you've no business in a deck crew."

The man's smile was ghastly.

"Reckon I hain't got any business anywheres out'n a hospital or a hole in the ground. But I kind o' thought I'd like to be planted 'longside o' the woman and childer, if I could make out to get there."

"Where?'

The consumptive named a small river town in Iowa.

"And you were going to work your passage?"

"I was allowin' to try it. But I'm done up, now."

Griswold's impulsiveness was easily dominant in any appeal to his sympathy; and his compassion went straight to the mark, as it always did when his pockets were not empty.

"What is the fare by rail to your town?" he inquired.

"I don't know; I never asked. But it's between twenty and thirty dollars, I reckon; and that's more money than I've seen sence the woman died."

Griswold hastily counted out a hundred dollars from his contingent fund, and thrust the money into the man's hand.

"Take that and change places with me," he said, slipping on the mask of gruffness again. "Pay your fare on the train, and I'll take your job on the boat. Don't be a fool," he added, when the man put his face in his hands and began to choke. "It's a fair enough exchange, and I'll get as much out of it one way as you will the other. What is your name? I may have to borrow it."

"John Gavitt."

"All right; off with you," said the liberator; and with that he shouldered the sick man's load and fell into line in the ant-procession.

Once on board the steamer he followed his file-leader aft and made it his first care to find a safe hiding-place for the knotted bandanna. That done, he dropped into line again, and when he won ashore the sick man was gone.

Inured to hard living as he was, Griswold had made no more than a half-dozen rounds between the levee and the afterdeck of the "Belle Julie" in the ant procession before he was glad to remember that the steamer's lading was all but completed. It was toil of the sharpest, and he drew breath of blessed relief when the last man staggered up the plank with his burden, while the bell clanged its final summons, and the slowly-revolving paddle-wheels took the strain from the mooring lines. Being nearest the bow line, Griswold was one of the two who sprang ashore at the mate's bidding to cast off; and they were in the act when a carriage drove rapidly down to the stage, and two tardy passengers hurried aboard. The mate bawled from his station on the hurricane deck:

"Now, then! Take a turn on that spring line out there and get them trunks aboard! Lively!"

The larger of the two trunks fell to the late recruit; and when he had set it down at the door of the designated state-room, he so far forgot himself as to read the card tacked upon it: "Charlotte Farnham, Wahaska, Minnesota."

"Thank you," said a musical voice at his elbow. "May I trouble you to put it inside?"

Griswold turned as one smitten, and was not without embarrassment at having been caught reading the tag. But when he saw the owner of the voice, consternation slew shame, and he was prompted to make a wild dash for liberty. For Miss Farnham was no other than the young woman to whom he had given place at the teller's window in the Bayou Bank.

She saw his confusion, divined the first cause of it, and smiled. Then he met her gaze fairly and became sane again when he made sure that she did not recognize him—became sane, and snatched off his cap and dragged the trunk into the state-room; after which he went to his place with a great thankfulness throbbing in his heart and an inchoate resolve shaping itself in his brain.

Late that night, when the "Belle Julie" was well on her way to the northward, he flung himself down upon the freight on the engine-room guard to snatch a little rest between land-

ings, and the resolve became sufficiently cosmic to formulate itself in words.

"I'll call it an oracle," he said. "One place is as good as another, so it be small enough; and I am sure I have never heard of Wahaska."

Now Griswold the proletary was, before all things else, Griswold the imaginative craftsman; and no sooner was the question of his destination settled than he began to prefigure the place and its probable lacks and havings. This process brought him by easy gradations to pleasant idealizings of Miss Farnham, who was, thus far, the only thing tangible connected with the destination-dream. Whereupon her personality laid hold upon him and the idealizings became purely literary.

"By Jove! but she is a magnificently strong type," he mused, lying flat on his back and staring absently at the flitting shadows among the deck beams overhead. "Her face is as readable as only the face of a woman instinctively good and pure in heart can be. Any man who can put her between the covers of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live in the same town with her, I ought to jot her down in words before I lose the keen edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in quest of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; and he went back to the engine-room and scribbled his word-picture by the light of the swinging lantern, thus:

"Character-study: Young woman of the type Western Creole—not the daughter of aliens, but born in the West of parents who have migrated from one of the older States. (I'll hazard that much as a guess.) Details: Titian blonde, with hair like spun bronze; the complexion that neither freckles nor tans; cool, grey eyes with an under-depth in them that no man but her lover may ever quite fathom; a figure which would be statuesque if it were not altogether human and womanly; features cast in the Puritan mold, with the lines of character well emphasized; lips that would be passionate but for—no, lips that will be passionate when the hour and the man arrive. A soul strong in the strength of purity, which would send her to the stake for a principle, or to the Isle of Lepers with her lover. A typical heroine for a story in which the hero is a man who might need to borrow a conscience."

He read it over thoughtfully when it was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactnesses. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown flood surging past the engine-room gangway.

"It won't do," he confessed, reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary material to an overweening sense of the fitness of things. "It's nothing less than cold-blooded sacrilege. I can't make copy out of her if I write no more while the world stands."

(To be continued)

THE ARTIST HOFMANN AND HIS PAINTINGS

By S. C. Eby

AMONG the reminiscences of my stay in Germany, nothing stands out more pleasantly prominent than a delightful Sunday morning which I spent with Professor Hofmann in his Dresden home. My visit arranged by an intimate friend of the artist, and he welcomed me cordially, and talked freely of himself and his work. He is now an old man, but I was at once impressed by the fact that he was remarkably well preserved and still in his working prime. This impression was as much the result of his evident zeal and activity in the work he had then in hand, as of his apparent good health and spirits.

As we entered his atelier he remarked that his house was not large or grand, but he had bought it a good many years ago, when it was quite in the fields. Now the city had hemmed it in, and the railroad was unpleasantly close. It was a most comfortable home, and as we afterwards sat on his back piazza, under the shade of a great, branching tree, with the homely, attractive garden at our feet, I did not wonder that he was loath to leave the spot where he had spent over thirty years of an unusually happy wedded life, and where he had done his best work. In his atelier were numerous interesting works, among them an unfinished picture of Christ, on an easel where the artist was evidently engaged. But the chief attraction of this simple work room was the fine painting of "Christ and the Rich Young Man," now so familiar through the photograph. In America Hofmann is known chiefly through photographs and lantern slides. Of the latter, a series of twenty-eight, reproduced from the pencil drawings, "Come Unto Me," has been extensively exhibited. These were first shown to an American audience by the Rev. C. A. Nussbaum, of St. Louis, who had seen them at Lausanne and Vevay in Switzerland. Beautiful as they are, of course one misses the brilliant and suggestive coloring of the painting. Professor Hofmann showed me a number of more recent drawings of the same character, as he was still engaged on bible illustrations for a firm of publishers. I told him I had seen his pictures shown in the stereopticon, and that they were received with rapt attention by all, even by very little children. He was pleased, but said he had never seen such an exhibition himself, although he knew the publishers had allowed the pictures to be so used.

Johann Michel Heinrich Hofmann was born in Hesse-Darmstadt, March 19, 1824. He was the son of an eminent lawyer, who had both the inclination and the means to foster the lad's very manifest taste and talent for art. In fact, both his parents understood and loved pictures, and while yet a school-boy his one overmastering ambition was to draw and paint. He himself says that when the time came for him to choose a vocation he was fit for nothing else than to be a painter. The engraver, E. Rauch, was his first instructor in the fundamentals of art, and in 1842 he

CHRIST PREACHING BY THE LAKE OF GENESARET

CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN

This painting is regarded by Hofmann, personally, as his greatest work. It was also the favorite of his wife

entered the painters' class at the Academy of Dusseldorf. In 1844, under the direction of Schadaw, he finished his first important painting, an historical incident in the life of King Alboin, which was bought by the Art Union of Wurtemberg. After a short stay at the Academy of Antwerp, Hofmann settled at Munich, where, happily placed with artist friends, he devoted his time to the illustration of Shakspeare, and painted his "Romeo and Juliet," now at Freiburg, in Switzerland. Another Shakspeare painting is his "Othello and Desdemona," of a much later date, which is in a private gallery in Munich. The rest of the Shakspeare pictures are simply drawings for engraving.

The political disturbances of 1848 and the following years, led him to make his home again at Darmstadt, where he painted a great many portraits, notably one of Justus von Liebig which is in the possession of Queen Victoria. In 1852 he went to Dresden and lived there for two years. There he painted a large picture, "King Enzio in Prison," and also many portraits. When he returned to Darmstadt, in 1854, he lost his mother, and it is said his sorrow found expression in the touching painting, "The Burial of the Lord," in possession of the Art Union of Darmstadt. Then Hofmann went to Italy, and studied and worked in Venice, Florence and Rome, and travelled extensively from these centres. His first great work in Italy was the magnificent painting, "The Betrayal of Christ," now in the gallery

of the grand duke of Darmstadt. In 1858 he returned to Germany for what he supposed would be only a short visit. But in Dresden he met a lady who had won his heart in former years, and he took her to Darmstadt as his wife. Here his old home was their residence for two years, when in 1860 he became a citizen of Dresden. His wife was of great beauty and of noble character, and entered most sympathetically and inspiringly into all the artist's work. Her friends affirm that her face appears very plainly in Hofmann's St. Elizabeth and other idealized women. The fruits of the first two years in Dresden were the oil painting of "Othello and Desdemona," already mentioned; the noble painting of "The Woman taken in Adultery," in the Dresden Gallery, and that of "Christ Preaching by the Lake of Genesaret," in the National Gallery of Berlin. It was this last picture that gave Hofmann a national if not world-wide reputation. At the time I visited the artist it was on exhibition in England. In 1870 he was elected Professor of the Royal Academy in Dresden. For a considerable period he was engaged on his two great fresco paintings. Of these, one, "The Apotheosis of the Heroes of the Greek Drama," is in the Dresden Theatre, and the other, "The Betrothal of Young Albrecht the Brave to Sidonie of Bohemia," is in the Albrechtsburg at Meissen. My feeling was that of all the beautiful work in the renovated Albrechtsburg this painting was easily first. In 1871 he finished his other famous painting in the Dresden Gallery, "The Boy Jesus with the Doctors." Then followed

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY

the two series of drawings, "Remember Me" and "Come Unto Me," which, reproduced by photogravure, have made multitudes acquainted with the artist, who could never see his paintings. Next in order of time are the paintings, "Christ in Gethsemane," belonging to the Photogravure Society of Berlin, and 'Christ and the Rich Young Man," already mentioned, as still in the artist's studio. It is doubtful whether Hofmann will ever part with this picture, as it is said that it is the last of his works seen by his wife, who gazed on it with deep and visible emotion. After her death, Hofmann surrendered his professorship at the Dresden Academy, and the occasion was marked by every honor that could be conferred on him.

Devotees of the English and French schools of art may find much that is old-fashioned in Hofmann's style, and students of Oriental customs may discover certain anachronisms in dress and architecture; but the paramount fact remains that his pictures appeal to the highest sense of human qualities, and quicken the tenderest and purest emotions. His representations of our Lord are the most reverent and farthest removed from the offensive in the entire history of art, and his Bible illustrations as a whole are a valuable contribution to our stock of what is abidingly excellent. It was Milton who said that he who would write great poetry should himself first be a poem; and I have often thought of Heinrich Hofmann as a shining example of the true artist. Always entirely free from financial care, he has, nevertheless, worked with phenomenal faithfulness and assiduity, and as an old man his face and daily conduct exhibit the same simplicity, purity, and strength, that are the marked characteristics of his "works."

A PARABLE

One had the marble ready to his hand,
And cunning instruments to cut and shape,
And made a form of beauty and command.

And one toiled tireless, long day by day,
With nothing for his tools but naked hands,
And nothing for his work but common clay.

And all men bowed before the marble form,
And hailed him master who had done this thing;
And at the clay they mocked with jest and scorn.

And one walked proudly, crowned with men's acclaim;
And one sat sullen, muttering in his beard,
"Behold! I did my best; whose then the blame?"

Theodosia Pickering Garrison

A LESSON IN HERALDRY

By Jack London

SHE was such a demure little creature. Sobriety had marked her for his own, while her limpid blue eyes were twin founts of sincerity. And she was so fragile. On the street, the casual passerby turned for a second look, likening her to a little lost angel or an embryonic St. Cecelia. And well he might, so evanescent did she appear—a delicate dew-drop, ready to vanish with the first stray sunbeam. At school, she was a paragon, astonishing the instructors with her insatiable thirst for knowledge. Her playmates looked up to her with a certain vague awe, suspending ruder sorts of play when she came among them; while the rowdiest boy, after five minutes in her presence, was reduced to a forced silence, verging very close to a condition of frozen idiocy.

And she was so grown up, having drifted, years before her time, from the nursery to her mother's tea table. There she dabbled in the stereotyped conventionalities and unctious nothings, till her mother's feminine visitors were petrified at her precocity. The ordinary gossip and petty scandal of such circles were dropped on her appearance, the conversation leaping to the opposite extreme, and the atmosphere she radiated had a most wonderful effect on such visitors as happened to be of the masculine gender. Old General Wetherbee visibly trembled whenever he took her hands in his, and stooping, gazed into her saintly eyes. Spiteful people intima-

ted approaching palsy, but this must not be credited; for did he not yield to her gentle missionary efforts, and forswear and abjure, for all time, the solace of his Havana. And did he not keep his word, incidentally enduring the tortures of the damned?

In short, Mabel Armitage, for all her twelve years, was taken seriously and correspondingly stirred all who knew her. She seemed too delicate, too good, too angelic, for this world. She was an apotheosis of all that was best, a radiant, celestial creature—one who would have surprised no one, had she followed in the footsteps of Elijah and taken her rightful seat among the elect. Even Cap Drake, intimate with her from her birth, believed this; which goes to show how little knowledge of our fellow beings may penetrate our understandings.

Her father was possessed of numerous minute wrinkles at the corner of either eye It may have been because of this, and it might have been due to the innate perversity of things; but deep down in this innocent child's heart there lived a devil—a devil which sometimes issued forth, and under divers guises, perturbed men's souls greatly.

Now, Cap Drake was numbered among her most devoted subjects, serving as prime minister to her in a sort of unofficial way. He happened to be possessed of a vast erudition, and she had also constituted him her final court of appeal, referring to him the myriad debatable questions which constantly arose in her pursuit of knowledge. Her brother Bobbie, who had appeared before this court at various times, seditiously and openly proclaimed collusion between the queen and the chief magistrate; others held that he but loyally bent to her imperial ukase; but be this as it may, one thing was certain—Cap Drake never had been known to render a verdict which did not doubly fortify her position or throw her assailants into utter confusion. In thus conniving at her many victories, he often found himself hard put; he then had recourse to the most amazing sophistries, weaving a mesh of audacious fallacy which so paralyzed their understandings that they always capitulated on the spot.

But this really pardonable lapse from the straight and narrow path bred in Cap Drake a consequent infirmity. He grew able to tell the most astounding whoppers, with an unfaltering tongue, and a face which fairly shone with genial sincerity. All well and good, till one day, yielding to a traitorous impulse, he confided to the queen certain zoological wonders, yet unknown to science, whose habitat was the unexplored jungle-land of Africa. Still well and good, had not the trusting Mabel proceeded to electrify both her class and teacher with the lurid tale. Its Munchausen-like simplicity and earnestness took them aback, and they pleaded for further information. Mabel keenly felt the atmosphere of suspended judgment, and vouched for the authority, though loyally withholding that authority's name; for she had begun to fear her faithful prime minister had imposed upon her. And when she went home that afternoon, sadder and wiser, it was with the laudable intention of bringing about, in some way, her erring servant's discomfiture.

* * *

Cap Drake came for an early tea, feeling very much at peace with himself and the world in general. Looking into the library, he found Mabel deep in her composition book, and refrained from the customary quiz on the little happenings of the day. Later, at table, the conversation turned upon national banners, and he

found himself, as usual, officiating as the final court of appeal.

"But Mabel," Bobby blurted out, "you're wrong, way wrong. There's only one Union, isn't there? The American Union, you know, and that's why the Union Jack's an American flag."

"Is'nt the Union Jack the flag of the English, Cappy?" Mabel appealed.

"Why yes, Mabel, it is. It stands for the United Kingdom, the Union, as Bobbie call it, of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Yes, Mabel, you're right."

"And what do the stripes mean?" asked Mabel.

"The stripes? Let me see—. Now the stars stand for the number of states, don't they?" He was maneuvering for time, and inwardly wondering what they did mean.

Mabel acquiesced silently.

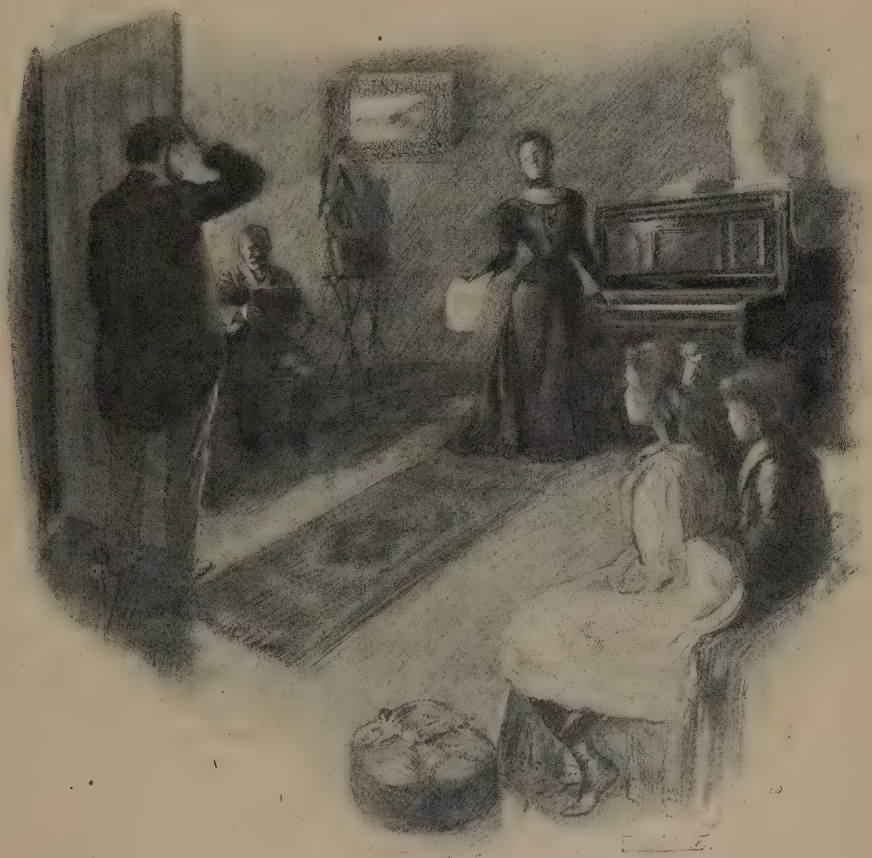
"And for every state that's added, another star is placed in the blue field."

Again Mabel nodded.

"And how many states are there?"

"Forty-four," she volunteered.

"No; forty-five," asserted Bobbie.



"Why so early?" asked Mrs. Armitage. "I'll sing the 'Garden of Sleep' if you stay, and you know you'll forego anything for the sake of that"

"Look here, Sis; there's Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont—"

Cap Drake withdrew from the controversy in haste, congratulating himself upon his cleverness; and during the rest of tea he talked politics most assiduously with Mr. Armitage. Of course, there could be no interrupting, but Mabel had found her cue, and an hour later she captured him with his cigar on the veranda.

"What do the stripes mean, Cappy?"

"The stripes? Oh, yes, we were talking about flags, weren't we? Which reminds me of the banner we captured on the Little Round Top. It was very amusing, and—"

And he proceeded to spin out war-time reminiscences till twilight came on, and they went within. Mabel was in no hurry, however, while he forgot it all in a rubber of cribbage. But the corner wrinkles of Mr. Armitage's eyes had become more manifest, and though Mabel did not know, he was taking huge interest in the proceedings. And the rubber could not last all evening.

"Cappy, what do the stripes mean?"

The deuce take it, that question again! Such a little thing—surely he had learned and forgotten it years ago. How annoying! And Mabel was such a hyper-sensitive little creature, with such an insatiable appetite for facts—why, she was liable to worry herself sick over it. Yet he must crawl out somehow. He cast a helpless glance in the direction of Mr. Armitage; but that gentleman was deeply engrossed in what was evidently a very amusing magazine article. Mrs. Armitage was busy resurrecting old favorites from amongst a great mass of sheet music.

"The stripes?"

Cap Drake gazed at her so absently and so long, that Mabel felt it incumbent upon her to repeat the question.

"Oh! now I remember!" he cried, his face brightening up hypocritically. "Flags, wasn't it? Come over on the sofa and I'll tell you all about it. It's a deep subject, a very deep subject." He shook his head profoundly. "In the old Roman Republic, before Christ, you know, the soldiers used to carry a handful of hay on the end of a pole. And before that, the soldier who slew Cyrus, the great Persian king, was highly honored when his comrades allowed him to carry a golden cock at the head of the army. Thus, you see, there were no real banners in those days, but—"

And in this wise, Cap Drake proceeded, mopping his perspiring forehead and racking his brain for more data upon the detestable subject. Mabel did not interrupt; but he saw her azure eyes fixed upon him in mute reproach, and he could have sworn she was ready for tears.

"But, Cappy, the stripes?" she interjected, softly, once, and thereat he plunged into a description of the flags borne by the knights of William the Conqueror, as portrayed in the Bayeux tapestry. After exhausting that he took up the oriflamme of France, and from there to the *fleurs-de-lis*, regained his scattered wits by relating a long legend of the days of chivalry. As he described the blue imperial standard, with its yellow eagle and golden bees, he managed to get to his feet, and with the tricolor of the Revolution he gained the door.

"Why so early?" asked Mrs. Armitage. "I'll sing the 'Garden of Sleep' if you stay, and you know you'll forego anything for the sake of that."

"No, I'd rather not, thank you. A slight headache to-night, and—"

He paused almost in terror as his eyes fell on Mabel, and he saw her lips beginning to form "The stripes, Cappy?" and he said good-night very

abruptly and hurried down the hall. Instead of going to his room he stole to the library, where he did contract a headache in an hour of bootless rummaging. He discovered two atlases which contained color-symphonies of the flags of all nations, but not a line could he find on the subject in hand. A reference to the encyclopaedia developed the fact that the one volume which was sure to hold the secret, "Dan-Fra" was missing. Then he went to bed.

* * *

"Cappy! O Cappy!"

Mabel knelt before his door, having floated down the hallway more angel-like than ever in her snowy night-dress, her delicate face framed in an aureole of unbound gold. Mr. Armitage had ensconced himself in the curtained oriel at the head of the stairs.

It was a very timid little knock, and there was a pitiful quaver to her voice. Cap Drake groaned and sat up.

"Won't you tell me what the stripes mean, Cappy? Oh, won't you tell me, Cappy? I've tried ever so hard, but I can't go to bed till I know."

"The stripes?"—in muffled syllables from the further side the door. "Hadn't you better go back to bed?"

"Tell me, Cappy, and then I will. It bothers me so I can't go to sleep till you tell me."

"Well—er—really, Mabel, I don't know." Having at last taken the bull by the horns he felt somewhat relieved. At least no more circumlocution was necessary.

"I'll never believe it, Cappy; no, never!"

"Perhaps they have no meaning?"

"Yes they have. I know they have, and so do you. And you just won't tell me, and I think you're too mean for anything—there, now!"

"But, Mabel, I tell you I don't know. I'd tell you if I did—you know I would but I honestly don't. I'll find out to-morrow for you. Now go down-stairs, there's a good girl."

"O Cappy, don't be cruel. I—I'm going to cry."

Cap Drake bespoke his agony in certain intensive adjectives, unmentionable and shocking, save in the mouths of pious divines. But he smothered them deep down in his larynx and resolutely shut his lips. Then the heavy silence of the night settled down upon them, broken by disconsolate sobs and pathetic chokings from Mabel's side of the door. There was also suppressed laughter from the direction of the oriel; but Cap Drake did not hear that.

A long silence.

He wonders if she has gone, and ventures "Good-night, Mabel."

She responds with a miserable little wail.

He has recourse to more intensive adjectives, strikes a light and begins to dress.

He opened the door cautiously and saw at his feet the woeful little creature, in rumpled white, sobbing convulsively. There had been a great deal of the woman born into Cap Drake, and, though he was now jogging down the shadowy slope of life in single blessedness, it had never been stunted nor held back in its growth as is the case with most men similarly circumstanced. So he took her into his arms, in much the same way he had done a memorable twelve years agone, and carried her down stairs to the nursery. And there he soothed her, and held her hand in his till midnight chimed and her honest blue eyes were veiled in slumber. Then he softly kissed the saintly forehead and went upstairs, feeling somewhat soothed, yet deeming himself very much of a brute.

The next day when Mr. Lennon, the head bookkeeper, in response to Cap Drake's call stepped into the inner office, he expected nothing less than a consultation on an important business interest then at issue. A glance at his employer's clouded countenance convinced him that this was so.

"Mr. Lennon, do you happen to—a—"

Mr. Lennon shaped his austere features into their best judicial expression. It must, indeed, be important.

"Mr. Lennon, do you—I say, what do the stripes mean, any way?"

To his everlasting credit, the bookkeeper relaxed never a muscle, but, as he afterward confided to the copying clerk, "You could have knocked me over with a feather."

"The stripes, sir? I hardly understand." At the same time a haunting suspicion crossed his mind that it was one of those new-fangled business college notions introduced by his latest assistant.

"The stripes in the American flag?"

"Oh! Well, the stars mean—"

"Dash the stars! The stripes, man! the stripes!"

But whatever recollection—if recollection he ever had—was dissipated by his employer's purple forehead, and he respired in a relieved sort of way when he regained the cooler atmosphere of the counting-room. Then the first-assistant was called in, and finally, when the establishment was exhausted, the office boy was dispatched on a mission to Judge Parker's office, and the typewriter detailed to finish the morning, and if needs be, the day, in the reference department of the near-by library.

Cap Drake took a much earlier train home than was his wont on Saturday afternoons, armed with a huge bunch of violets, and the solution of that most momentous of problems—the significance of the stripes in the American banner. Mabel was not personally in evidence, but she apparently had just come in, for her school books lay upon the reading stand in the library. Among other things, he had taken it upon himself to be her literary mentor; so he at once buried himself in her composition book, pausing with a start at her most recent production. It was very interesting; he skimmed down the page without noticing her entry, and when the bunch of violets had fallen to the floor, read on regardless.

He gasped in an apoplectic manner as he turned the page and read:

"The United States flag has silver stars on a blue field, and red stripes on a white ground. For every state a star is added. The number of stripes never change. There are thirteen stripes, counting the white ones, too. And there were thirteen original states—"

He looked up and saw her for the first time. "When did you write this?" he asked.

Her blue eyes, with their usual expression of wondering innocence, never faltered. "Yesterday. Don't you remember when you came into the library and saw how busy I was? And Miss Storrs said it was excellent, and made me read it out before all the class, and—"

But Cap Drake never heard. He was at the telephone, endeavoring to get the switch on Red 17.

"Anywhere to-night?" he asked her, while waiting on Central's pleasure.

Mabel shook her head, her wide-eyed wonder deepening.

"Well, you're going with me."

"That's all right," he added. "I'll fix it with your mother."

"Red 17?—Yes—How are the box seats?—Yes—Two—yes; t,w,o, two—All right—thank you."

RECOLLECTIONS OF P. T. BARNUM

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

NO one can write the history of the Nineteenth Century without including the name of Phineas T. Barnum. His fame as a showman—a distinctively American character—never appalled by the impossible—is more than enhanced by his work as a philanthropist. Many benevolent people are content to do good by proxy. Others devote their personal attention to furthering the welfare of humanity. In view of the large sums recently bestowed upon colleges and institutions by provisions in the wills of philanthropists, it is interesting to consider the career of a man who believed in doing good with his wealth while personally directing its expenditure.

There are thousands of people who remember P. T. Barnum chiefly as a philanthropist. East Bridgeport, Conn., exists as a monument to his memory. Here his hobby of bettering the workingman's condition was given free rein, and hundreds of happy homes attest the practicability of his ideas of helping others to help themselves.

* * *

My acquaintance with the great showman began but a few years before his death, and to his relatives and lifelong friends I am indebted for many particulars regarding his early life.

Mr. Barnum was a notable example of a self-made man. Born in Bethel, Conn., July 5, 1810, his early life as a farmer's son presaged nothing of the great future that was before him. He earned his first money by riding a horse to lead an ox team in plowing, for which he was paid ten cents a day. When his savings had finally reached an amount that he could exchange for a bright new silver dollar, he considered himself a capitalist, and looked about for some desirable investment. Thus early he evidenced his predominating characteristic of acquisitiveness. Rigorously resisting the alluring temptations of "training days" and such like merrymaking occasions, he conducted a thriving trade in home-made molasses candy, gingerbread and cherry rum. He had a settled aversion to manual labor in any form.

His father was by turns farmer, tailor and tavern-keeper, and died insolvent after borrowing from Phineas what money he had saved. He was forced to get trusted for a pair of shoes with which to attend his father's funeral. Being a minor, his claim was not allowed—and thus, literally barefooted, he began life on his own account. The first thing that offered was a place as clerk in a country store at six dollars a month and board. By making sundry small but extremely successful speculations he saved a small sum of money and opened a store in his native village. Here he prospered greatly, and added to his income by the sale of lottery tickets.

His propensity for practical joking began early to assert itself. Once a man was on trial in a local court for a small misdemeanor. Learning that he had no money to hire a lawyer, Barnum offered to conduct his defence. With great solemnity he made a

lengthy plea in which he virtually accused his client of being guilty of half the crimes on the calendar, ending with a recommendation to the mercy of the court on the ground of unsound mind. The man, though escaping with a merely nominal sentence, was furious at the trick that had been played on him. He was finally appeased by Barnum's explanation that he had prepared a defence for two different clients, and had in his case delivered the wrong plea.

* * *

He became interested in politics, and wrote communications to the Danbury weekly paper. They were not printed. Nothing daunted, he bought a press and type and launched "The Herald of Freedom" upon the troubled journalistic sea. Old residents of Danbury still delight to tell of the sensation which he created. What Barnum thought about any man or subject he did not hesitate to express in the columns of the "Herald." Consequently it was not long until he was involved in numberless libel suits. As the result of one of these he was fined one hundred dollars and sent to the Danbury jail for sixty days. He continued to edit the paper, and materially increased the subscription list during his detention. His liberation was the signal for a public demonstrastration in his honor. He stepped from the jail entrance into an open carriage, garlanded with flowers, and rode to the hall where a feast had been prepared. Brass bands, speeches and bonfires enlivened the occasion.

GENERAL TOM THUMB AND HIS WIFE

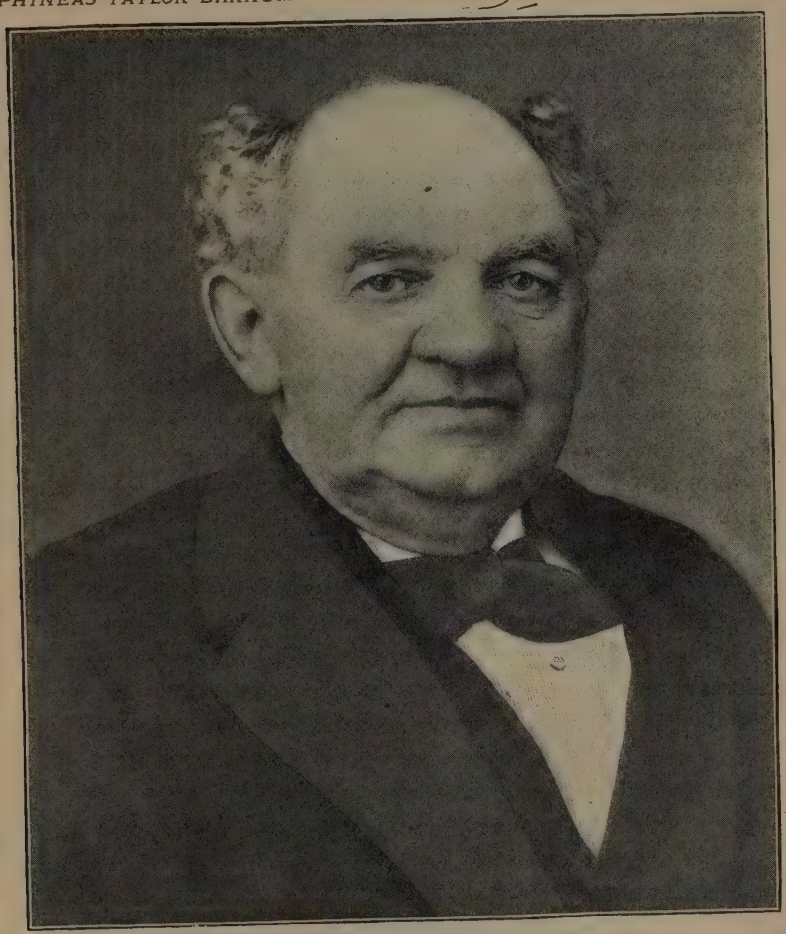
Ordinary trade became too slow for Barnum. He bought goods in large quantities, and in order to dispose of them had to give extensive credit. Many accounts were balanced on his ledger by such entries as "death," "running away," "failing," "gone to Guinea," and the like. He went to New York, and first entered the show business by exhibiting "Joice Heth," a negro woman purporting to be Washington's nurse, and over one hundred and sixty years old. After her death from old age he engaged an Italian balancer and juggler.

Next he became a ticket-seller with a traveling circus. On Sundays he assembled the company in the tent and read the Bible to them. After he had started a small show on his own account a negro singer decamped just before a performance, and Barnum blacked up and sang the songs announced on the bill, receiving great applause. On a southern tour he bought a river steamboat at Vicksburg, and exhibited at the towns along the river. At Natchez the cook deserted. After some search a white widow was discovered who was willing to accept the vacant position, but was expecting to marry a painter. That individual, when approached on the subject, was a little shy, but a satisfactory arrangement was arrived at, and a wedding and a good dinner on the boat followed. At the end of the

tour it was "swapped" for sugar and molasses, and the company disbanded.

A little later Barnum found himself in New York, out of business and nearly out of money. The American Museum was for sale. The price asked was fifteen thousand dollars. Barnum bought it, giving his notes for the entire amount. Within a year he had entirely wiped out the indebtedness from the profits of the business, and it proved to be the ladder by which he rose to fortune. He thoroughly understood the art of advertising. To keep his name in the public mind was his constant aim, and he was continually devising schemes for this purpose. He originated the first "baby show,"

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM



which attracted much notice by reason of its novelty. He cared little what the medium was that brought him notoriety. Abuse was as welcome as praise, if it served to make his name more widely known. James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the New York "Herald," cordially disapproved of Barnum and his museum, and heaped ridicule and abuse on both. The wily showman declared with a chuckle that the "Herald" gave him better adver-

tisements free than the other papers charged him forty cents a line for.

Barnum organized an amusement trust on a small scale. A man named Bennett was running a museum in opposition to him, and as he was not doing much business, offered to sell out. Barnum bought the museum secretly, hired Bennett to run it as his agent, and by judicious advertising increased the patronage of both establishments, which were apparently the bitterest of rivals. It afforded him much amusement when performers went from one place to the other, attempting to secure larger salaries by telling what the opposition management had offered.

While in Bridgeport on business, he heard of Charles S. Stratton, a remarkably small child, then five years old and very bright. Charlie was well known in Bridgeport, and played in the street with other children of his age. Barnum thought he might be useful as a feature in the museum for a short time and engaged him for a month at three dollars a week and board for himself and mother. He was billed as "General Tom Thumb." The midget proved to be a drawing card, and soon was receiving a salary of fifty dollars per week and expenses. Then came the European tour, when Barnum rented a mansion in London's fashionable West End district, furnished it lavishly, and held daily levees. The "General" was presented before various crowned heads, including Queen Victoria, who seated him on her lap and gave him a gold watch and chain.

On Barnum's return to the United States he bought land in Bridgeport, and had a house built, patterned after the Pavilion erected by George IV. He was elected president of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society, an honor that afforded him much satisfaction, though his experiments in agricultural matters did not prove of great value to the society, except as examples of how not to do gardening. On one occasion, having succeeded in raising a

'MARINA," WHERE BARNUM DIED

fair crop of potatoes, he shipped part of them to New York to be sold, and was quite elated with his success as a farmer. Later in the season he bought a like quantity for his own use at double the price which he received for the ones he had sold.

* * *

After opening a museum in Philadelphia, he conceived the idea of bringing Jenny Lind—then becoming famous—to the United States for an extended concert tour.

Barnum had evolved a project for building up a city where workingmen could own their homes and have steady employment. A large territory adjoining Bridgeport was secured, laid out in streets and named East Bridgeport. Inducements were offered for manufactories to locate there, and houses were built for poor men on terms that would enable them to pay for their homes. Too great confidence in his agents led Barnum into assuming heavier liabilities in this field than he could well afford to meet. When the pressure became too great, he failed. Sacrificing everthing, he paid his debts and became a poor man. At fifty years of age he was obliged to make a fresh start. He took Tom Thumb and went to England to recoup his losses. After a successful tour he returned and bought back the museum in New York, which had not prospered under its new management. His house in Bridgeport had been burned, and he built another beautiful residence.

After another tour of Europe he became interested in politics. He had begun life as a Democrat, but when secession threatened in 1860, identified himself with the Republican party.

P. T. BARNUM IN HIS LIBRARY

When the war broke out, he sent four subtitutes. In 1865, he was elected to the legislature from the town of Fairfield. While delivering a speech at Hartford a telegram was handed him announcing the burning of his museum. Horace Greeley advised him to "quit work and go a-fishing," but in a few months he h d rebuilt it.

In 1867, he received the Republican nomination for Congress from the Fourth District. His opponent was W. H. Barnum, of Salisbury, afterwards the leader of the Cleveland campaign in Connecticut. Both candidates poured out money like water, and wily old politicians in the country districts still gleefully tell how the "wooly horse" candidate's campaign

fund was diverted from its intended channels and used to help elect his opponent. The showman was defeated by a big majority, and after the campaign ingenuously accused his rival of securing his election through fraud and bribery, an accusation which I believe was never refuted.

After his retirement from politics, Barnum lectured in the west on "Success in Life," and also delivered a number of temperance lectures. His museum was burned for the second time, and he retired from the show business. He now devoted much time and money to beautifying and improving Bridgeport and East Bridgeport. Seaside Park, the spacious and beautiful playground of the city, and the building of the Scientific and Historical Societies are examples of his generosity.

A life of comparative inactivity becoming irksome, in 1870 he establisned the great institution through which he is known to the younger generation—Barnum's circus. Its features are too well known to all Americans to require mention here. He died at his beautiful Bridgeport residence, "Marina," April 7, 1891, in his eighty-first year, and was sincerely mourned by the community for which he had done so much. He was fond of making wills, and had a number drawn up at different times. Before making the last one, he called a number of physicians together and secured from them an affidavit as to his sound mental condition. The fortune which he left has been variously estimated at sums ranging from five millions to ten millions of dollars.

* * *

The winter quarters of the Barnum circus at Bridgeport have been a never-ending source of amusement and interest to the townspeople and visitors.

On various occasions some of the animals have escaped and wandered about the neighborhood, to the great alarm of the populace. One night the elephants stampeded, and bursting through the side of their building with loud trumpetings, scattered in different directions. Soon an elephant hunt

RUINS AT THE WINTER QUARTERS AFTER THE RECENT FIRE

was in progress in the city streets, led by the keepers, and followed at a safe distance by small boys and hastily aroused citizens. One of the great beasts made its way to the suburbs, and was discovered regaling itself with fruit from a choice pear tree, while another—a female noted for her stubbornness—wandered down to the shore of the harbor, and alarmed by the shouts of the pursuers, entered the water and swam out to the lighthouse, where she found footing on the stone abutments at its base. Here she remained, calmly indulging in a salt water bath, and when her keeper arrived in a boat resolutely refused to return to shore. What method was finally adopted for transporting her to land I do not remember to have heard, but the task was successfully accomplished.

JENNY LIND, "THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE"

A large monkey escaped from its cage one day, and eluding the vigilance of the keepers, started on a tour of the down-town shopping district. A millinery store was thrown into a flutter of agitation at its entrance. Customers and clerks fled to the workroom and after locking the door and barricading it, unanimously fainted. The monkey proceeded to inspect the stock of bonnets. This amusement soon losing its novelty, it wandered from the store with a wonderful creation of the milliner's art upon its head, and spying an approaching horse-car, made directly for it. The driver departed for headquarters, leaving the simian intruder temporarily in charge. One portly gentleman, wakened from a brief nap by the commotion, gave one glance at the monkey and sought

the nearest drug store, where he collapsed in a chair and in a shaking voice called for bromo seltzer and a temperance pledge. A fond mother dropped her offspring, and dove headlong through an open window of the car. The horses, suddenly bereft of the gentle admonition of their driver, glanced back to ascertain the reason, saw the apparition behind, and broke into a run. The car careered down the street at an unheard of rate. People waiting on corners signaled for it to stop, caught a glimpse of its lonely occupant and forgetting their hurry, cheerfully waited for the next car. At a curve in the track the horses broke loose and galloped away, and here a valiant policeman boarded the car and found the monkey, with the hat perched on one side of its head, hugging the abandoned baby head down ward to its breast, with an expression of placid enjoyment on its countenance.

Among the features of the parades of the circus there was formerly one that never failed to attract much attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd. But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leonine dotage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten, and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous puppies. One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek-eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the slumbering jungle spirit stirred his pulse, and with a crushing blow of the huge forepaw the cow was slain. Then laying down beside his victim he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp, playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his far-off African home. In the morning the owner of the cow, a stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen-edged axe in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived, he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow, and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

* * *

Some years ago the winter quarters were burned, and a few weeks since, great damage was done there by fire. Being in Bridgeport a few days after the fire, I went to view the ruins. A battered old knight of the sawdust ring was pensively watching the busy workers clearing away the tangled iron and charred wood.

"Yes," said he, when I spoke of Barnum, "I knew him for a good many years. He was the greatest showman in the world. Always doing things that nobody else would have thought of. I remember when the king of the Sandwich Islands visited this country, Barnum invited him to see the circus. They rode around the big ring in a chariot together, while the band played 'The Star Spangled Banner,' Barnum looking as sober as a judge, and the king striking an attitude and tickled almost to death with the cheering. I've seen great times under the canvas," and the showman sighed as he thought of departed glories.

THE TIN-CLADS

The small gunboats captured from the Spaniards are facetiously called "tin-clads" by the men of the land forces. Owing to their light draft they are very useful in offensive operations along the small rivers of the islands.
— Press dispatch from Manila

Their draft is a foot and a-half,
  And a knot and a-half is their speed;
Their bows are as blunt as the stern of a punt,
  And their boilers are wonders of greed;
Their rudders are always on strike,
  Their displacement is thirty-two tons,
They are armored with tin—to the dish-pan they're kin—
  But their maxims are A-number ones.
(Ask Aggie!)
  Their Maxims are murderous guns!

When from out the towns and villages; and out the jungle, too,
  We have chased the Filipinos on the run,
Toward the river swamps they foot it—toward the swamps we can't go through—
  And we're doubtful if we've lost the fight or won;
Then when all are safe in hiding in the slimy mud and reeds,
  From the river 'cross the swamp we hear a sound:
It's the splutter and the rattle of the automatic feeds,
  On the tin-protected cruisers. How they pound!
(Sweet sound!)
They that save us being losers—Rah! the tin-protected cruisers!
  Hear their rattling Maxims pound, pound, pound!

When the guns have done their work, and the Tagals come our way,
  (I admit they much prefer us to the guns),
Why, we finish up what's left—ten in every dozen lay
  Dead as Noah in the swampy pools and runs;
Then the Maxims stop their rattle, and we know that midst the reeds
  Half a hundred Filipinos on the ground
Are a-looking at the sky with a glassy, sightless eye,
  And the other half—or most of them—are drowned.
'Twas the tin-protected cruisers. How they pound!
(Sweet sound!)
They that saved us being losers—Rah! the tin-protected cruisers!
  How their rattling Maxims pound, pound, pound!

Their draft is a foot and a-half,
  And a knot and a-half is their speed;
Their bows are as blunt as the stern of a punt,
  And their engines are wonders, indeed;
Their rudders are always on strike,
  Their bunkers hold two or three tons;
They are armored with tin—to the meat-can they're kin—
  But their Maxims are A number ones.
(Ask Aggie!)
  Their Maxims are murderous guns.
(Go ask him!)
  Their Maxims are Death's younger sons!

Henry L. Mencken

JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER CLUB WORK

By Emma E. Brown

THIRTY-ONE years ago, at the home of Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, one of the first women to practice medicine in Boston, a little company of earnest workers as well as thinkers came together and talked over the project of forming a "Woman's Club." Prominent among the number were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney, Mrs. Caroline M. Severance and the late Miss Abby W. May.

"From the first," says Mrs. Howe, "it was planned that we should have permanent quarters of our own in some convenient locality, as we had in mind the accommodation of ladies residing out of town, to whom a place of meeting and of rest would be very desirable. We also wished to give an opportunity for concentrated study and to hear lectures upon topics of especial interest to women. The plan of our meetings, literary exercises, etc., was gradually evolved, but has undergone little change in many years."

Other parlor meetings soon followed the opening one, and at a gathering at Miss May's on the afternoon of March 10, 1868, this brave pioneer of women's clubs received its present name of "The New England Women's Club," and a formal constitution was adopted.

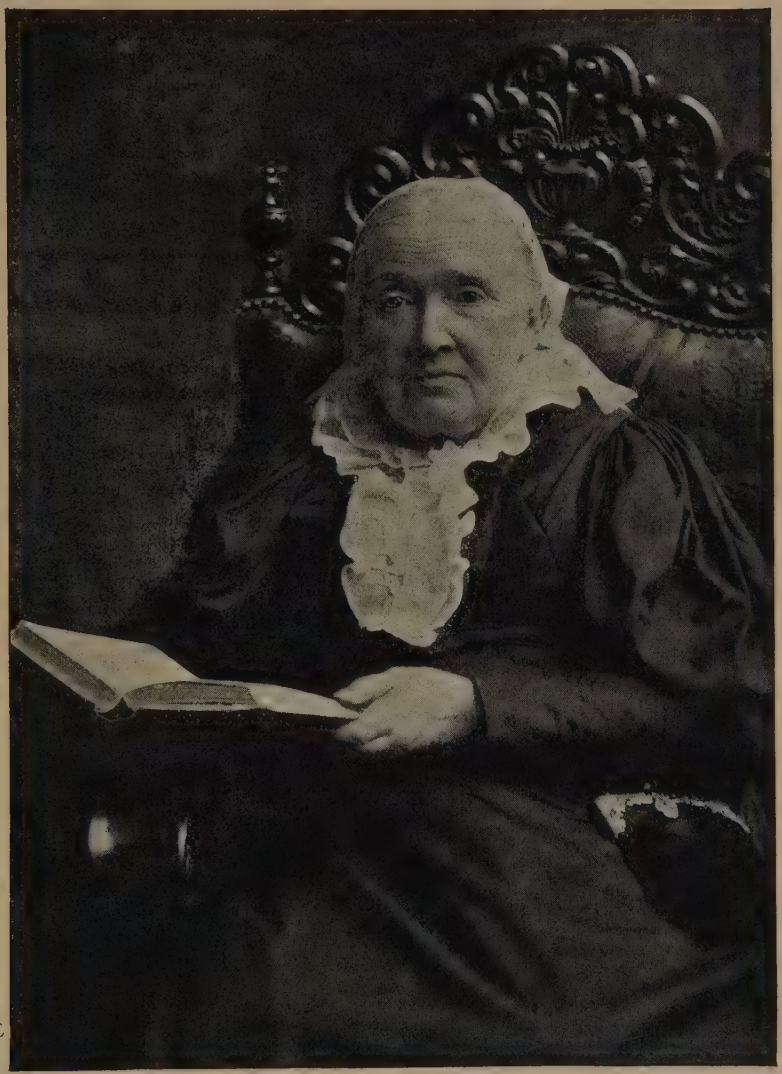
Three months later, a public meeting was held in Chickering Hall, at which Mrs. Severance, who had been elected president, spoke; and also Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, Rev. John Weiss and Mr. O. B. Frothingham.

In their congratulations, it was especially noticeable that the gentlemen, instead of dwelling on the social side of club life, or upon the mental stimulus it would bring, dwelt rather upon the practical work that club women should do. For instance, Mr. Weiss advised them to turn their attentions to the domestic service problem, and Mr. Frothingham proposed their undertaking the "registry of the higher employments for women"—a prominent feature, it will be remembered, of the club's early work.

In November of that same year, 1868, the club leased a suite of rooms at No. 3 Tremont place, and, on Monday afternoons of each week, regular meetings were begun with one hundred and eighteen active, and seventeen associate members. Among these first members of the first "Woman's Club" we find beside the names of those already mentioned, Elizabeth Peabody, Louisa M. Alcott and her father, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton, Mrs. John Gardner, Mrs. Jonathan A. Lane, Lucy Goddard, Mrs. Lucia M. Peabody, Mrs. Joshua Kendall, Maria Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. Lucy Stone, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Loyd Garrison, and many other famous names that represented the advanced thought of the day.

In 1871, Mrs. Severance was succeed-

JULIA WARD HOWE, PRESIDENT NEW ENGLAND WOMEN'S CLUB



ed as president by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was reelected each year until 1877, when the club was incorporated. As the law requires the president of an incorporation to be a resident of the state, and Mrs. Howe's legal residence at that time was in Newport, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney was elected, and Miss Abby May held the office from 1878-80.

Upon her return from Europe in 1880, Mrs. Howe made her winter residence in Boston, and was immediately re-elected to the presidency of the club—an office she still holds in spite of the many other calls upon her time and thought.

It was Mrs. Howe who first suggested the delightful "club teas," when in the early days of the club's history, she

discovered that the members although accomplishing good work were not getting acquainted with each other.

Thereafter, upon the third Monday of each month, the usual paper of the afternoon was given an hour later, and an informal "club tea" served at six o'clock. No one who has ever been present at these unique little coteries can forget their social cheer; and the brilliant "after tea" speeches, the frequent poems "d'occasion," the witty repartees, and the charming home atmosphere given by Mrs. Howe to these gatherings, soon drew together as one family all the members of the growing club.

Later in the club's history, a Thursday "afternoon tea" was started, but although an agreeable feature of the club's social life in "up-to-date" customs, it has never been quite so popular as the old-time Monday supper that keeps the many and widely-differing members of this famous club in happy touch with one another.

It will be noticed in the list of charter members, that men as well as women, have, from the first, been admitted into the club. It is especially noteworthy at this time, as a common opinion seems to prevail that the Twentieth Century Club is the only club in Boston composed of both men and women.

The regular meetings of the New England Women's Club are held every Monday afternoon, from November to May, inclusive, and a great variety of subjects are brought before the members. The first Monday of the month is devoted to art and literature; the second is under the charge of a committee on discussions; the third is directed by the committee on work; and the fourth is given to topics on education. When a fifth Monday occurs, miscellaneous subjects are taken up or some literary or dramatic entertainment is given by one of the committees in charge. It is one of the rules of the club that no report of its meetings shall be printed in the newspapers, so very few outside the club membership know anything about these delightful "Monday afternoons." Guests may sometimes be invited by the members, but no person being a resident of Boston and vicinity can be admitted in this way twice in one season, unless by special vote of the directors.

Among the many distinguished people who have addressed the club, or have been entertained in the club parlors, are the names of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Macdonald, Thomas Hughes, Professor Tyndall, Froude the historian, Edward Everett Hale, Charles Sumner, James Freeman Clarke, James Russell Lowell, Phillips Brooks, Robert Collyer, Henry George, Harriet Hosmer, Emily Faithful, Anne Whitney, and many others well known in every walk of life.

Friendly evening associations for working women were organized by the club as early as 1870, and a movement for a horticultural school was instituted that same year. In 1871, through the efforts of Mrs. Howe, the club organized the Woman's Peace Congress, and started an agitation on behalf of school suffrage for women. The club, as a body, though not committed in any way to woman suffrage, contains, as is well known, many prominent members in favor of the movement, and many earnest workers in its behalf.

The best means of improving the homes of working people, and starting free kindergartens and industrial schools for their children, appeal at once to the sympathy of the New England Women's Club, which in many parallel cases, has been the parent of notable reforms and philanthropies.

Since 1874, classes under assigned teachers have been in operation, that have taken up studies in political economy, literature, botany, natural history and the foreign languages,—each class working independent of every other.

In 1876, the club quarters were removed to No. 4 Park street and three years later a lease was taken of the whole adjoining building, No. 5, a part of which was sub-let while the club retained the second floor for its own purposes.

At first there were evening meetings, but these were soon given up in favor of afternoon gatherings, when more of the members could attend; and gradually the club, which now has a membership of about three hundred, has made less and less of its recreation side, and more and more of its serious work. It has endowed a scholarship for women in the Boston University, contributed largely to the Maria Mitchell scholarship fund at Vassar College and also generously aided Booker Washington's university at Tuskegee, Ala.

The famous International Council of Women in 1888, was mainly due to the efforts of the New England Women's Club, as was also the General Federation of Women's Clubs in New York, in 1890 and the State Federation in 1893.

The life of Julia Ward Howe, the beloved president of the New England Women's Club, is too well known to need more than a brief resume here.

She was born in New York city on the 27th day of May, 1819, and the death of her mother occurring when she was only five years old, her early education was directed by her father, Samuel Ward, a wealthy New York banker. She was always fond of books, and made rapid progress in her studies, especially in literature, music, French, German and Greek, under the able private tutors provided by her father, who preferred home instruction for his daughters. When only seventeen the talented young girl published a review of Lamartine's "Jocelyn," an essay on the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller and a number of original poems.

In 1843 she married Dr. Samuel G. Howe, and spent the following year in Europe. In 1852 she published her first volume of poems, "Passion Flowers," which attracted much attention. During the next year her "Words for the Hour" and a blank-verse drama which was produced in Walleck's Theatre, and afterwards in Boston.

Already she had shown her warm interest in the anti-slavery question, and her third volume, "Later Lyrics," published in 1868, contained her grand "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was written in Washington in the autumn of 1861. Her book, "A Trip to Cuba," written after her visit to the island in 1858, was for a long time prohibited by the authorities there, because of its brave, fearless words.

In 1876 Mrs. Howe visited Greece with her husband, where they won the lasting gratitude of the Greeks for their sympathy and aid in the national struggle for independence. On her return home, she wrote that delightful book, "From the Oak to the Olive."

It was in 1869 that Mrs. Howe made her first speech in behalf of woman suffrage, before a legislative committee in Boston, and from the very beginning of the movement, she has been officially connected with the New England, the American and other woman suffrage organizations. In 1872 she went to England to lecture on arbitration as a means for settling national and international disputes, and while in London she held a series of Sunday evening services, devoted to the "Mission of Christianity in Relation to the Pacification of the World." That same

year she attended, as a delegate, the Congress for Prison Reform held in London.

On her retnrn home, she instituted the Women's Peace Festival, which meets on the 22d of June each year. For the last twenty years she has lectured, preached, written and travelled much in all parts of the United States, and her noble work for the down-trodden and oppressed, has won for her world-wide admiration and affection.

Recognizing from the first her unusual gifts, the insatiable public has demanded much of her time and strength, but Mrs. Howe has always cherished her home. The thoughts and theories to which she has given utterance in the pulpit, at after-dinner speaking, and in her eloquent lectures, are those she has put into practice in her own domestic circle, and her gifted children, now famous themselves in literature, may well "rise up and call her blessed."

Among our intellectual "Immortals", the name of Julia Ward Howe has been given the place of "America's Queen," and her charming "Reminiscences," published the present year in the Atlantic Monthly, has brought her still nearer to the public heart. As her poet-friend, Maria S. Porter, finely expresses it:

"Over thy pages month by month we sit,
Charmed with the trenchant thought, the flowing wit,
Humor with all the pristine sparkle fraught,
Jewels of beauty from thy mine of thought;
The pathos, strength, and wisdom of thine Age,—
Unfailing power reflected from the page
Fresh from that hand which in life's sunset calm
At fourscore years still bears the victor's palm."

THE STARS

Above in the purple gloaming
Are shining all the stars,
So far from all life's trials;
So far from all life's jars.

Tell me, ye silent watchmen,
Beyond earth's sentry towers,
In yon blue empyrean
Live souls as vext as ours?

Souls writhing in their fetters,
Souls in the mighty strife
'Gainst fate and father's bondage,
Souls pleading for some life.

Where parting shall be meeting,
Where pardon's asked and given,
Where all misunderstanding
Clears in the light of heaven.

Are souls there fading slowly
Behind life's prison bars,
Seeking like me, and vainly,
For answer from the stars?

Anna Maude Brown

BUDAPEST, A MODERN CITY

By Everit Bogert Terhune

AT this season of the year, when so many Americans are preparing for the coming exposition at Paris, and are discussing the trip that they shall take on the Continent after their sojourn at the gay capital, every bit of advice on Europe and its attractions is eagerly devoured, especially by those who are to make this their first trip to the old world. The experienced traveler is looking for some attractive place outside of the beaten path, trodden for years by American and English tourists; the neophyte is looking for some place where he can breathe in the true Continental atmosphere, unpolluted by contact with the ubiquitous New World tourist. London attracts us merely by its historic importance; Paris, with its thousands of American visitors, does not really possess a foreign atmosphere, so long has it catered to the Anglo-Saxon tastes; Berlin, too, is included in the list of tourist-haunted cities; and Vienna, although the farthest removed from our point of landing, is also much infested by our countrymen. Something new, and something which can compare favorably with the more frequented spots of western Europe, is desired, and it is my present intention to satisfy this desire, and describe, briefly, a city where one can revel in a distinctive atmosphere.

"What city in Europe impresses you as the most beautiful?"

This is the question with which all travelers are assailed immediately upon their return to America, and the answer is surely not an easy one. After my first holiday abroad I sounded the praises of Edinburgh, and was sincere in my conviction that it surpassed all the cities I had ever seen. Several years later, I was just as enthusiastic over Vienna. But now, after my third residence abroad, I am convinced that Budapest is the most beautiful, the most charming city in Europe. I know that many of my readers will gasp, and say: "But Paris! surely you acknowledge that Paris is the gem of the world?" Dear reader, have you ever been in Budapest? No? I thought as much. So take my word, and from now on look forward to the time when you may visit the "Beautiful Blue Danube" and Budapest, the Pearl of the East.

When Strauss conceived the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltzes, he must have been inspired by the Hungarian portion of the river, rather than by the Austrian portion; he must have been inspired by the night view of the stream, with the electric lights sparkling upon the clear waters, the dim outline of Mt. Gellert and the king's palaces on the opposite bank, the silvery moon coquettishly peeping forth from the grayish clouds, the twinkling little steamboats scooting up and down the river, and the strains of gypsy music wafted out on the evening breeze from the brilliant and

crowded promenade cafes. This was the scene that I witnessed from my room on the evening of my arrival at Budapest, and so inspired was I that, had I been a Strauss or a Hugo, I know I could have made myself famous by my musical or literary decription of this "stream of pleasure."

The average tourist who has never visited Hungary, is apt to associate Budapest with the gypsies. To be sure, Hungary is the home of the gypsies, but no more of them are seen in Budapest than in New York. Instead of a wild, oriental city, thronged with an heterogeneous mob of idlers, one finds a modern city, which stands out as the most beautiful in all Europe. Electric tramways, subways, gas, electric lights, quais—all are found here in their most perfect forms. The broad, finely paved boulevards are lined with elegant residences, very similar to those found on our finest American avenues.

That Budapest is a wonderful city will be shown from the brief sketch which I obtained while there. In 1850 this city was nothing but a barren desert; in 1875 it was an uncouth town, a mere heap of old houses; today it is a magnificent city, consisting of palace upon palace. A short time ago it was nothing; now it is the centre and pride of the orient, the true pearl of the east, a modern city, boasting of a population of over 700,000 souls.

Budapest is situated upon both sides of the Danube, and was formerly two towns—Buda and Pest. Buda, on the opposite side from our hotel, is built partly on the plain and partly on the mountain. As we look across the river, and cast our eyes over the fairy-like scene unfolded before us, we are struck with the majesty of Mt. Gellert to the left, and the king's palaces to the right. Buda and Pest are now, however, under one municipality known as Budapest.

An immense suspension bridge, with four smaller bridges, connect Buda with Pest, and render communication between the two portions of the municipality very easy. The foot-passenger crossing the bridge is taxed two kreutzers, while carriages and teams are taxed at a correspondingly higher rate, though not so high as to prevent a steady current of activity between the two towns. As one crosses from Pest, and approaches the Buda side of the Danube, there is seen, directly in front of the suspension bridge, a long tunnel, which runs beneath the high hill on which the town is built. At the further end of this tunnel is the Ofen Bahnhof, or railway station. This passing under the hill means a great saving of time. Thus, for merely four kreutzers, or less than two cents of our money, can one go from Pest across the suspension bridge, through the tunnel beneath Ofen, to the railway station.

By far the most attractive way of ascending to the Georgs Platz is by the winding road from the bridge up to Ofen, which is artistically laid out in beautiful trees and shrubs, affording fascinating views up and down the river.

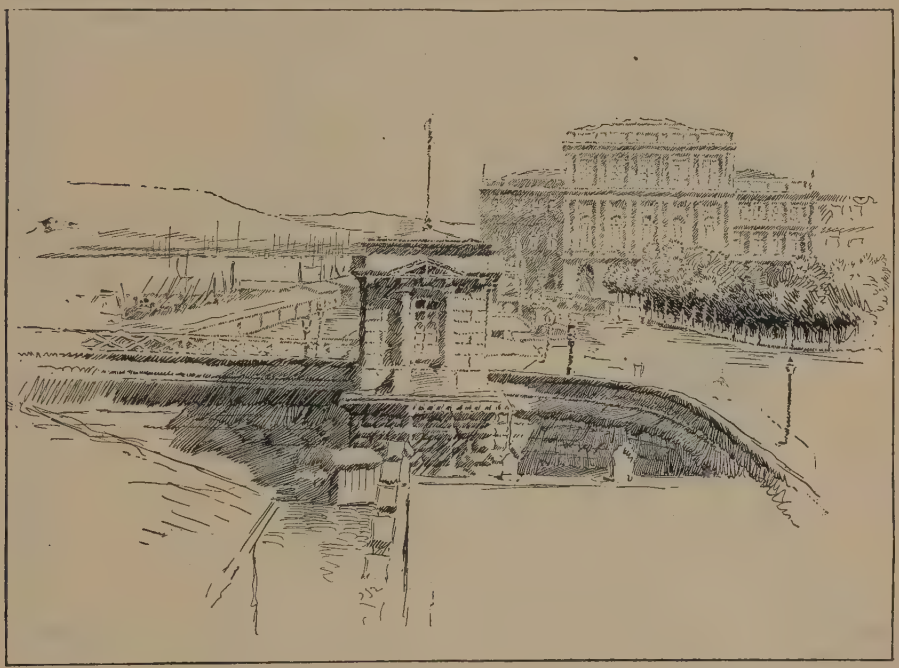
From Ofen, or Buda, a magnificent panorama meets the eye, covering the town of Pest stretched out on the plain; and on the left the king's palace, the original of which was built on the ruins of the castle of King Bela the Fourth, and reconstructed under Maria Theresa. This palace, when completed, will be one of the most magnificent structures in Austria-Hungary. Near by is an old church, originally a Turkish mosque, at another time a Catholic cathedral. The interior decorations are in the old Turkish style, and are very unique,

being totally different from any other church or cathedral in central Europe.

Farther off, to the south of Buda, is another lofty hill, called the Blocksberg. This hill is approached by a road which is near the railway, and at its southern foot are several celebrated mineral springs, among which are the Hunyadi Janos and the Franz Joseph. The summit of this hill is crowned with an old, decayed citadel.

is not more than thirty-five feet, and consists of a walk about ten feet wide, which is set with tables where the guests take their coffee and rolls in the morning and their various liquid refreshments during the rest of the day and night. In front of this is a granolithic roadway, which is open for promenaders only, and which is fenced off from the embankment. At night the whole is brilliantly lighted

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND ROYAL HUNGARIAN ACADEMY



On the Pest side of the river are found the leading business houses of the city, the fine residences and the public buildings. The Academy, containing the national picture gallery, is an imposing renaissance pile, and stands on the grand Franz Joseph Quai, not far from which is the new Reichstag building, where the Hungarian parliament meets. The distance from the Hotel Hungaria and Hotel Bristol to the river embankment with electricity, and the cafes are crowded with the happy, careless merrymakers.

Budapest is a city of parks, squares, and statues. On Franz Joseph square are three fine bronze statues. The first belongs to Baron Josef Eotvos, the Hungarian poet; the second to Francis Drake, the Hungarian statesman who made the compromise of 1867; and the third to Count Stephen Szechenyi, who was the initiator of the

suspension bridge, the Academy, and the Hungarian Society of Steam Navigation.

Further on to the left and near the banks of the Danube, are located the new Houses of Parliament, which have been ten years in building, and which will be, when finished, the finest parliamentary buildings in Europe. The ground upon which the new Houses of Parliament are erected was, not many years ago, a great bog and a barren waste of land. Now, this same site offers one of the finest views that can be found on the continent. As the boat swings around a curve in the river this majestic building, with its domes and spires, turrets and oriental decorations, looms into full view. The sun is shining upon the magnificent facade; then it seems a palace of gold, suggesting the oriental splendor in the time of the "Arabian Nights" tales.

Although Budapest is distinctively a modern city—indeed, one of the most modern in Europe—still there is a vast deal of the oriental love for splendor. The love of beauty for beauty's sake is probably stronger in Budapest than in any other European city. The men and women are beautiful; the public and private buildings are beautiful; the manners and customs are beautiful; in short, the city and all contained therein is beautiful.

The university at Budapest is a noted seat of learning, and its faculty of instructors include some of the most celebrated masters of science, art and literature. The Hungarians are a cultured people, and nowhere do the fine arts find better patrons or better recognition. The public buildings are profusely decorated with the most artistic works of sculpture; the interiors are lavishly supplied with magnificent paintings, all the work of Hungarians; the libraries are filled with priceless masterpieces of literature, many of which are the creations of Hungarian authors. It is true that we do not know a great deal about this beautiful Eastern literature, but the explanation is simple. The Magyar language, or dialect, is used almost entirely in Budapest, and it is in this dialect that the literature is written.

The Magyar tongue is distinct in itself, and forms, with the Mogul, the group Ugri, belonging to the great Finnic family. There are certain points of resemblance between the Magyar and the Turkish tongues, especially as regards syntax. A very peculiar characteristic of the Magyar is, that the Christian name is placed after the surname. For instance, a man named Josef Illits, in signing his name writes Illits Josef. To the foreigner, of course, this does not seem so very strange, inasmuch as the Hungarian names, both Christian and surname, are all very peculiar. But should we see Broadway, in New York, lined with signs bearing the names of Smith John, or Green Samuel, we would be somewhat surprised. I asked a Hungarian gentleman for an explanation of this peculiarity of their language.

"Why! Is not a man born without a christian name? And does he not receive it after he has already been born to his patronym? Therefore it seems very natural that his second name should come last."

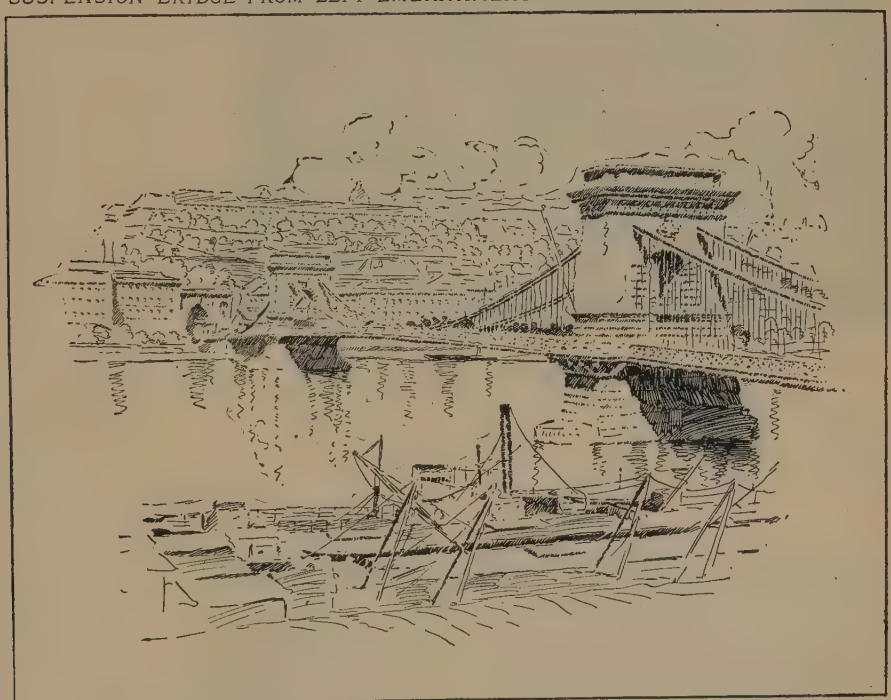
The Hungarian literature and poetry are replete with delicate phrases and subtle meanings, and are permeated throughout with a sort of oriental richness which is to be found only in the literature of the East. In the poetry of such men as Voroesmasty, Petoefi, Kisfaludy and Arany, are to be found passages comparable in grace and beauty with the poetic masterpieces of the Western nations.

As Magyar is very little used outside

of Hungary, and is a difficult tongue for the more western nations to speak or understand, it is but natural that we should know less of the Hungarian literature than we do of the literature of France or Germany. The ordinary American can easily learn that "strasse" is the German word for street, and that "rue" is the French word. But when it comes to the fact of remembering that the Hungarian word for street is "utzca," the average American cannot easily impress it upon his mind, nor can he make a very successful attempt at pronunciation. Because of the Magyar dialect fewer Americans and English visit Budapest than other cities of the continent. Most American and English tourists speak a little French and German—perhaps only a few words—but these few words come in very handy in the ordering of a cup of coffee, or a glass of beer. But how many Yankees speak the Magyar dialect? German is spoken to some extent in Hungary, to be sure; but heaven help the Yankee who tries to make himself understood to a Magyar-speaking Hungarian.

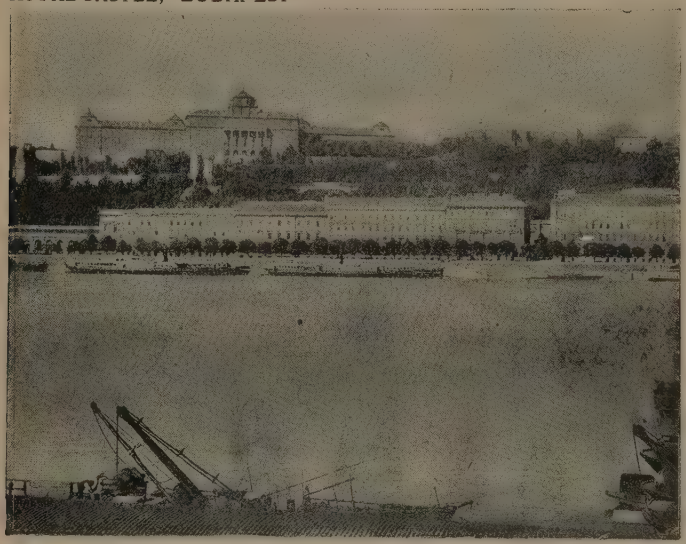
The Palace of Justice at Budapest is a notable pile. Through the immense doorway one enters the main hall. The entire structure is of marble, and to name the different colors of marble used would be to exhaust the most complete dictionary of color terms; and every piece of marble in the building was quarried in Hungary; indeed, within a few miles of the palace itself. These variegated marbles are so arranged as to give a most harmonious ensemble effect. On the ceiling is painted an immense allegorical picture, the work of an Hungarian artist.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE FROM LEFT EMBANKMENT



The electric subway at Budapest is the original one after which the Boston subway was modeled. The commissioners visited Budapest previous to completing plans for the Boston subway, and took many of their best ideas from the Hungarian system. The Budapest subway is longer than that at Boston; but the latter is higher and broader, and much better lighted. The same system of checks is used, and aside from a difference in the building and arrangement of their cars, the Budapest and Boston subways are quite similar.

ROYAL CASTLE, BUDAPEST



Nine out of ten travelers if asked which was the gayest city in Europe would say "Paris." But those few "adventurous" tourists who have penetrated as far east as Hungary would unhesitatingly answer "Budapest." On the promenades at night both sides of the street are brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, and the boulevard is thronged with a pleasure-seeking multitude. The outdoor cafes are humming with the hundreds of voices of the feasters; the streets are lined with the many carriages waiting to convey the merry-makers from one place of amusement to another; and above all is heard the wild, weird music of the Hungarian gypsy orchestra. Nothing could be more entrancing than this music. Now the bodies of the drinkers wave to and fro to the intoxicating strains of an Hungarian dance; now the throng is silenced by the haunting melody of a gypsy love song; now the restive feet keep time with a military march; and so on during the night, until the early hours of morning. And even when the sun begins to peep over the gilded roofs of the distant palaces can one hear the maudlin chant of the sleepy but happy reveler.

To the American youth the women of Budapest form a powerful attraction. Many a fortune has been squandered here on a pair of black eyes or a bit of French lingerie; and the habitue of Budapest will never change his playground to Paris, although this latter capital has a more world-wide renown as a city of gaiety. The Hungarian women are dazzling in their beauty; their dark complexions and perfect features give them a sort of "*beaute de diable*" which appeals to some people more than the quiet nd composed beauty of the American girl.

Up and down the river are also to be found many pleasure resorts. The stream is thronged day and night with hundreds of gaily-bedecked pleasure

craft, which dart here and there to gather up the noisy crowds at every stop. For a mere penny one can get away from the bewildering gaiety of the city, and in a few minutes be reclining in a cool grove under the whispering trees, with the dreamy music playing in the distance. One of the most famous of these resorts is Margueritte Isle, which derives its name from Margueritte, the daughter of King Bela IV. This maiden took the veil to expiate the devastation caused by the invasion of the "Mongolo." The ruins of the monastery exist to the present day, and form a fit monument to Margueritte, who was canonized by the Pope after her death. This island is the pearl of Budapest, and in the months of June, July and August resembles a fairy garden. The archduke Joseph is now the owner of this place.

In order to have a correct focus upon our own national achievements, it is well to measure up what has been accomplished in other parts of the world.

As Americans we boast of the rapid growth and building up of beautiful cities of the West. These are pointed out as unparalleled achievements! We insist that they are strictly modern, and built on the rapid transit plan. And in the glow of this enthusiastic interest, we find that in staid old Europe, with its centuries of history and tradition, there are example of rapid city building on the modern rapid-transit plan that rival us. Budapest stands out as a notable example of magic city building on the European plan. The city for this reason is of more than ordinary interest to Americans, and whets the competitive spirit, which is the basic impetus to all great achievements.

Entrancing in its beauty, ravishing in its pleasures and unequalled in its hospitality, Budapest is truly fascinating. The tourist is loath to leave his magic surroundings; but when the time comes and he is seated in the carriage ready to be whisked away to the station, then mine host comes to the door of the carriage, courteously bids the gentleman adieu, touches his lips to milady's gloved hand, and says:

"Remember, remember that my house is ever at your service; and should you come here many years hence you will be accorded a most gracious welcome, for my people never forget the faces of their American friends."

MOUNT GELLERT AND FORTIFICATIONS

A ROSE WITH A SOUL

By Ina Brevoort

PART I. GODFREY KENNETH, ARTIST*

A ROARING, crashing wind, thick with clouds of swirling snow, flung itself at Godfrey in a frenzied fury and almost took him off his feet; but he staggered on with dogged persistence, though he could neither see nor hear, for the wind cut him with its keenness and deafened him with its whistling roar.

He knew there was no hope of finding his destination in that desert of trackless snow, and he mentally gave himself up for lost, for he was almost exhausted, and the hand that held his sketch book was numb and cold; nevertheless, he plunged blindly on until he suddenly collided with another figure plunging even more desperately in the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon." Godfrey had to shout the words, which came from force of habit. A second later an avalanche of wind dashed the figure against him a second time, and he was obliged to grasp the unknown by the arm to save them both from falling.

"This wind—I can't stand against it." The voice, which, though it was close to Godfrey's ear, seemed to come from a great distance, was feminine.

"Good God!" he cried. "Are you a woman, and out in this?"

"I was all right—until I tried—to face the wind," the voice protested. "I cannot stand—against it—and it is carrying me—farther from home all the time."

"Keep hold of my arm," shouted Godfrey, catching his breath between the words. "Do you know—where we can find shelter? I am a stranger and —I have lost my way."

"There is a house just above here on the right," the voice answered.

"Come on, then," shouted Godfrey, briefly, and they started. All he could see of his companion was the black veil over her face; for the rest she looked like an animated snow image as she lurched along at his side. Every few steps they were obliged to stop to get breath and brace themselves against the wind.

Presently through the snow a spot of whiteness on their right seemed to grow dense and take form. "Is this the place?" Godfrey called.

"I think so," was the answer. "Go straight until you touch the wall; then we can find our way round to the back door.

Godfrey followed her directions and presently they found themselves at the back of the house where they were sheltered from the wind.

"You will have to force the door," said Godfrey's companion; "the house is empty. I can stand alone now." As she spoke, the woman loosened her hold upon his arm.

Godfrey put his shoulder to the door, but the lock was a strong one and required all his strength. At last, however, a mighty thrust flung the door inward, carrying Godfrey with it.

When he recovered his balance he found that his companion had slipped

*Part II, "Frances Burton, Heiress," the second and last instalment of this charming story, will appear in the April number of "The National Magazine."

in after him and was shaking the snow from her clothing. As Godfrey followed suit he glanced curiously at her, but all he could see was a bundle of wraps, fast shedding snow.

"Oh, my hands ache so!" The voice came to Godfrey muffled. He looked about him. They were in a well-furnished kitchen.

"If I had some wood I could build a fire," he said.

"There should be some, somewhere," the woman answered, vaguely; "the people who lived here only went away a short time ago. And there is a stove in the parlor, I think."

Godfrey went off on an exploring expedition and soon came back with an armful of wood.

"Don't take off any of your wraps yet," he said; "just shake yourself free from snow and walk up and down until I get the fire started."

Godfrey carried the wood into the parlor, and after he had a fire crackling furiously in the little sheet iron stove he looked round the room. The place had evidently been the home of poor but thrifty people.

He went back to the kitchen and found his fellow sufferer making futile attempt to divest herself of the mass of wraps in which she appeared to be swathed.

"I wonder whether she's black or white," thought Godfrey, as he went forward to assist her. A shawl, a mackintosh, a fur collar and a sealskin coat, when laid aside, revealed a slender, willowy figure.

"If you will pull these gloves off for me, I think I can manage the veil and hood myself," she said, and her voice, free from the muffling wraps, was clear and well-modulated.

Without replying Godfrey pulled the heavy gloves from two white hands that immediately busied themselves with the knots in their owner's veil. Godfrey watched the tussle between the refractory knots and the fingers, wondering whether profanity wouldn't help. At last veil and hood came off together, and he saw his companion's face.

Not under very favorable circumstances, certainly. The unkind wind had reddened nose and eyes, as well as her cheeks, but the eyes that looked at Godfrey from under a broad, low brow, surmounted by a wealth of dusky hair, were strangely beautiful. They were bright, brilliantly bright, yet with deep shadows buried in them.

"When she thaws out she'll look like one of Gibson's girls," Godfrey thought; what he said aloud was: "I have a fire started in the parlor; come in there and get warm."

His companion moved toward the door and Godfrey followed, noting with an artist's appreciation the graceful figure and fine carriage. "Must be about twenty-five," he soliloquized, "and evidently well off." The wraps and furs in which she had been bundled were rich and costly, and though her cloth gown was simple enough it was well made.

He drew the one rocker the room contained up to the fire for "her ladyship," as he mentally dubbed her, and a straight-backed chair for himself. "Not too close at first, or you'll get chilblains," he warned, as she held her hands up to the stove.

She put them down immediately, and then seemed surprised that she had done so.

"I do not think I ever obeyed any one before—not since I was a child, I mean," she said slowly, her tone a mixture of surprise and friendliness.

"Except the dictates of your own sweet will," thought Godfrey; but aloud he said: "Evidently not, or you would never have come out in such a storm." She made no answer.

"Where are we?" Godfrey asked, after he had made an excursion to the cellar and brought back a scuttle of coal, which he heaped upon the fire. "I was on my way from the station at Winston to catch the express at Morris. I have never been in this part of the country before."

"We are just at the edge of the Burton estate," answered his companion. "This is one of the lodge houses, but it is never used in winter."

"The Burton estate?" said Godfrey. "O, yes, that is one of the places belonging to Miss Frances Burton, is it not?"

"Yes," the girl answered.

"I came near painting her portrait once," Godfrey said in a lazy tone. The warmth of the room had crept into his chilled body and he felt very comfortable, with the wind howling and the snow drifting outside, and inside a cosy fire and a beautiful woman to talk to him.

For she was beautiful. The marks of the treacherous wind had disappeared from her face, revealing a warm, vivid coloring that set off her dark hair and intensified the shadows in her eyes.

"Tell me about it," she said, in answer to Godfrey's remark.

"Why, there is not much to tell," he began; "Leslie Graham, a friend of mine, who was commissioned to do it, fell ill almost at the last moment, and it was arranged that if he did not get well in time I was to offer my services in his place, but he recovered before the date of the first sitting, after all, so I got left."

"Were you sorry?" the girl asked in an interested voice.

"Yes, I was. It was a chance to make a name for myself among people who pay well."

"Oh!" said Godfrey's companion in a changed tone.

"Graham's picture made his fortune," Godfrey went on. It was never exhibited, but so many of Miss Burton's friends admired it that orders fairly poured in upon him after that. I never saw the portrait myself, but Graham did not care for it, though he admits that the likeness is perfect. He says Frances Burton is the most beautiful woman he ever saw (and he has seen a beauty or two, I assure you), but cold. All the time he was at work on the picture he was tormented by a desire to idealize her face. Graham says that a beautiful woman's face should look like a rose with a soul," finished Godfrey.

His companion made no reply. The heat had deepened the color in her cheeks, and she was screening her face from the fire with one hand.

Godfrey, however, was a social soul, and disliked silence. "Do you know," he began, "that I am extremely curious to know what brought you out in this storm."

The girl looked at him reflectively. "Perhaps you will not understand if I tell you," she said; "but I came out to get away from myself."

"If I were in your place—"Godfrey began to say that he could not understand why she should want to get away from such a charming personality, but the compliment died on his lips, and he said instead: "Why should you want to get away from yourself?"

"Because I am tired of myself; there seems to be nothing to live for." The earnestness of her tone relieved the words of any suggestion of triteness.

"You must have had a great sorrow," Godfrey said gently.

"No, I have had no great sorrow," she answered slowly. "It is only that I am not happy."

"Perhaps your life is a hard one," Godfrey hazarded.

"No, not in the sense most people call hard. I am a rich woman."

"Then why are you not happy?"

"Why? Oh, I do not know," she answered, with an impatient gesture; "I only know that I am not."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," Godfrey burst out suddenly. "Life and health and God's glorious sunshine are enough to make any one happy, and you have wealth and beauty too. It makes me tired to hear people who have everything moan and groan because life is not worth living." Godfrey's handsome face was flushed with earnestness.

His companion showed no anger or even surprise at this blunt speech; she only said quietly:

"Once I thought I could gain happiness by doing good in the world. I looked upon my money as a trust to be used to make men and women better. But everything went wrong," she continued wearily. "I did not mind ingratitude, but people, instead of trying to help themselves, only depended more and more upon me, and in spite of all I could do my money seemed a curse instead of a blessing."

Godfrey looked into the fire. "Did you ever try making people happier?" he asked, thoughtfully. "The world is full of men and women who are trying to make it better; but what it needs is some one to scatter happiness broadcast. I think the maxim: 'Be good and you will be happy,' ought to read: 'Be happy and you will be good.'"

Godfrey's listener looked at him with a new light in her eyes. "I never thought of that before," she said, "but I believe you are right."

"Of course I am right," he responded, with conviction. "I don't go in for religion such an awful lot myself, but I cannot imagine how any human being can have the temerity to assume that the responsibility of the universe rests on his shoulders. I'll tell you what," he added eagerly, "suppose you try my plan for three months, and if it is not successful then you may call me hard names."

"I will," acquiesced the girl, catching his enthusiasm, "but what an odd idea it is;" and she laughed merrily. "I believe it is doing me good already."

As she looked up at him Godfrey's companion caught sight of herself in the old-fashioned mirror that hung over the mantel. "What a fright I am," she said, and deftly gathering up the loose locks that had strayed over her temples, she fastened them in place by a quick readjustment of one or two hairpins.

Godfrey watched the process with interest. "It is wonderful how a woman can reduce order out of chaos just by a twist of the wrist and a few hairpins," he remarked.

"Chaos? Was it as bad as that? At least you might have been polite and called the state of my locks simply disorder," she said, smiling. I must have looked like a draggled chicken," she added as she faced him again.

"You did not," returned Godfrey. He wanted very much to tell her what she did look like, but he refrained.

She rose and went over to the window. "How heavy the clouds are," she said; "they make the snow look almost gray. So you are an artist and paint portraits?" she went on, coming back to her seat by the fire.

"When I get a chance," Godfrey answered, somewhat ruefully. Then he broke into a laugh. "My sketch-book is out in the kitchen now," he said; "I wonder why I held on to it in spite of the elements. I suppose it was the same absence of mind that causes a man to carry some valueless article through all the dangers of a fire."

The girl laughed, but when she

spoke her tone was grave. "I feel as though you had saved my life," she said. "Had I not met you I think I should have become lost in the storm and been frozen to death."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Godfrey; but he knew in his heart that she was right, and he felt very grateful to Providence for sending him there to meet her need.

"Yes, you have certainly saved my life," his companion said again. "I wish I could do something to prove my gratitude."

A quick thought darted through Godfrey's brain. "You can do something for me," he cried, springing up from his chair; "you can let me sketch you if you will."

A look of doubt crossed her face, but it was gone before Godfrey caught sight of it. It was as if into the thought that such a request, coming from a stranger showed effrontery, had come the feeling that from an artist it could be called no more than audacious.

"Why, yes, you may sketch me if you will," she said at last, slowly; and Godfrey hurried away to get his sketch-book.

"Now I know why I held fast to this through the storm," he said as he came back.

His companion's only reply was a sudden accession of color. After Godfrey had posed her he sat down and began his sketch.

The girl did not speak again, and after a time she seemed to forget Godfrey's presence as she gazed with an odd expression into the fire. He was too absorbed in his work to talk, so the room was still except for the occasional snapping of a coal and the wind rattling at the window.

At last Godfrey closed the book and looked up. "Is it finished?" asked the girl, not stirring.

"Oh, no; but you must be tired, and it is far enough advanced so that I can do the rest from memory in my studio."

"May I see it?" she asked, rising.

Godfrey opened the book somewhat reluctantly, and the girl gazed intently at the sketch. "Does my face wear that expression?" she asked in an inscrutable tone; "if it does, I hardly wonder that I ran out into the storm to get away from myself."

"It is not a happy face," said Godfrey, looking at the original while she studied the sketch. "I wonder if it will look as it does now in three months," he added.

"I hope not;" but her voice expressed doubt.

"I should like to know," Godfrey said. "Won't you write me a line and tell me?"

She considered a moment before replying. "No, I will not write," she said: "but I will be here three months from to-day; that will be the first of June, and you may come and see for yourself if you like."

"It is a compact," cried Godfrey, delighted; "but how shall I find the way? You forget that to me 'here' means simply an oasis in a desert of snow."

His companion laughed. "I do not mean in the house," she said; "there will be people living here, but at the edge of the park just above here. Any one will direct you to the East Lodge of Burton Towers."

"Burton Towers," repeated Godfrey. "Perhaps you know Miss Burton," he added, the idea occurring to him for the first time.

"Yes, I know her," she answered.

"Do you think her cold?" Godfrey asked curiously.

His companion hesitated before replying. "I have known her a long time, so she does not seem cold to

me," she said at last. "I am staying at Burton Towers now."

"Oh," said Godfrey, and then he changed the subject, feeling that to question his new acquaintance about her hostess would not be in good taste.

Presently the girl went over to the window again. "It has stopped snowing," she said, "and I believe the sun is coming out."

She was right. It was not long before a brilliant sunshine illumined the snowy landscape with splendor.

"I think I may venture out now," observed Godfrey. Will you be safe here while I go and hunt up a sleigh to take you back to Miss Burton's house? I wonder if I can attend to that and still catch the four o'clock train from Morris."

"O, yes; easily," she returned. "When you reach the station, hunt up Jerry, the hackman. If you tell him that a lady is snow-bound at the East Lodge and wishes to be driven to the house, you may take your train with an easy mind."

But Godfrey declared that he would take no train until he knew that she was safe.

"You may be sure," she answered. Jerry will have time to take me home and get back to the station before your train is due."

To this plan Godfrey felt obliged to acquiesce. "I do not like leaving you alone," he said, "but there seems to be no other way."

"I shall be quite safe," she assured him, so Godfrey replenished the fire and prepared to leave her.

"Our meeting reminds me of the much quoted line, 'Ships that pass in the night,'" he said, as he buttoned his heavy coat tightly about his chin.

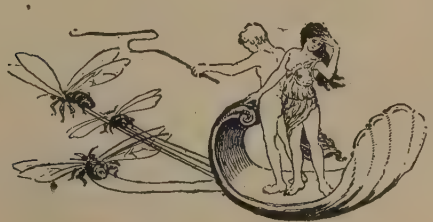
"You have done me good," the girl said earnestly: "you have shown me that to be a creature of foolish whims and morbid fancies is neither right nor womanly."

"The idea of my doing any one good is rather funny," said Godfrey, laughing. But he looked pleased, "Now I am ready, I think," he said, a moment later, drawing his gloves out of his pocket.

"Goodby," said the girl, holding out her hand.

Godfrey took it. "Goodby," he answered—"until the first of June. Now, remember that you are to put happiness before everything else until then. Just do the best you can with life's tangles and don't worry about results. You have done me good, too," he added; "you have made me realize that to be only a poor devil of an artist is but a small price to pay for the happiness of being able to paint a face like yours." With these words Godfrey left her and went out of the house.

When he had gone a few steps he turned and looked back at the window, where her face gazed out at him, smiling, yet wistful, as she waved a goodby.



NEWS FROM THE FUTURE

By Peter MacQueen

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, July 10, 1941.

TO-DAY I met my old friend Captain Llewellyn, who fought so nobly long ago at the battle of Las Guasimas. The captain informs me that the aero-motor line between London and Paris has just been opened. How slow our European friends are to adopt new methods. Why, it must be eleven years since the first flying car service was established between New York and Boston. The great aero-motor trust of Staten Island, with a capital of two billion dollars, is about to construct a freight division between San Francisco and New York. It seems too bad in a civilized country like America, to have to send your fruit and vegetables on those slow, lumbering terra-electrics, which make only seventy-five miles an hour and, with stops, consume nearly two days and a half crossing a small, compact country like ours. But we are slowly and surely forging ahead. The terra-electrics will soon go the way of the steamships and the coal engines.

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What changes have come over the world, even in my short life! When I first met the old captain at the siege of Santiago, forty three years ago, one-half the victories of the human race had not been won. It was the Spanish-American War that really first opened our eyes to what the race might become.

At first nearly all the nations in the world merely laughed at the idea that we undertook that war purely in defense of civilization. Even many of our own best citizens thought that in the solution of the problems arising out of Spain's former colonies, we had begun a descent into conquest, decay and death. But the innate love of justice and fair play among our people prevented a recurrence of the injustice and decay which marked the fall of Carthage and Rome, and the collapse and catastrophe of modern France. In 1904 Cuba became an Independent Republic. General Wood, by his wise and just treatment of all classes of Cubans, had paved the road for a West Indian Republic, different from all other Spanish republics heretofore, and destined by the great influx of people from the United States to finally become a state of the Union, during the presidency of General Wood, in 1914.

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How different history has been from what we thought it would when the year 1900 opened. The Hague Peace Conference then seemed to many of us a farcical piece of superfluous hypocrisy. Immediately after it the Czar began to mass his famous Ten Million army on the Siberian Railway; the Kaiser doubled his navy, and America and England were plunged into the two notable "Wars of the Misunderstandings." How these resulted we all know. America, stunned and shocked at first by what seemed useless, cruel bloodshed, quickly grasped a situation of vast difficulty and intricacy. By 1902 the entire Philippine

archipelago had civil government as free and just as that of our own New England. Many mistakes were made at first, growing out of our imperfect knowledge of the oriental mind; but soon school-houses and geographies took the place of trenches and bolo knives. The great university of Manila, established by an American billionaire, has now 4000 students and a course of instruction equal to that of Harvard.

Since the American army was practically withdrawn, and educated native officers and troops almost entirely garrison the islands, the expense to the Home Government for the Philippines has been insignificant.

At first the land syndicates grabbed up much land and worked hardship to many of the peasants of Luzon who held land by a sort of squatter right. But the abolition of the old trust idea during the presidency of Gen. Wood, and the more equable division of land and money which ensued, have vastly enhanced the position of the average man under the Stars and Stripes. Moreover, the lessons of co-operation gained from the trusts have taught us how to render labor more productive, and to prevent a leakage of effort.

Our building the Isthmian canal and our taking the lead of England as a naval power in 1912, together with all this aerial and electric enterprise, is fast wiping out distance and alienation. The mission of America seems to be to bring the Universal Peace.

During the summer of 1900 the English army reached Pretoria, after three months of the bloodiest siege up to that time in history; the remnant of the Boer army cut a ghastly pathway through the British lines and marched in hasty retreat west into German territory, where they became citizens of the German colony of West Africa. Some of the women and families left the field and trekked into German territory with their brothers and husbands after the peace; but the English terms of peace were so fair to all sides, especially protecting the Dutch farmers in their property, that most of the Boers remained in the Transvaal. The Rand mines have been found to be vastly rich. They are still in operation, mostly owned by private concerns. All of South Africa from the Zambesi river to Cape Town was formed into an English colony, under a very liberal form of government.

* * *

It took a long time for the war hatreds to be eradicated, but finally a great migration of Irish, Americans and English entering South Africa and mingling with the Dutch on equal terms, the colony became a powerful confederation of states, and in 1915, during the last death struggle between Russia and England, the United States of South Africa were declared an independent Republic.

The names of Oom Paul, Joubert, Cronje and other leaders, became the household words of South Africa; and even in Britain they became synonyms of marvellous if mistaken bravery. Oom Paul died at the age of ninety-three on one of his Transvaal farms, and now a fine statue of him adorns the public square of Cape Town, where the Congress of South Africa sits with the venerable President Schreiner as first of the South African Republic.

* * *

In 1910, under the machinations of the Russians, India demanded from England a constitutional government. An agreement was reached by which the Maharajahs became virtually presidents of their respective territories. In 1911 New Zealand and Australia united under the title of the Australa-

sian Republic. They remained loyal to England, however, and sent 50,000 men to China when the Russo-English War of 1915 began. This war was the greatest of the century, and perhaps marks the last of armed conflicts. France touched off the explosion by sending troops to Egypt, claiming that England had been perfidious in her occupation of that country. Negotiations were broken off in 1914 and a great naval battle between France and England was fought off Malta, in which England was victorious, after losing ten battle ships.

* * *

The battle came too late to prevent France from landing 100,000 soldiers in Egypt. France was paralyzed upon the sea, but her troops conquered and held Egypt and the Soudan. Just as England was preparing a great army for Egypt word was received that Russia, contrary to treaty, had rushed half a million men across Manchuria to Pekin and was massing a million soldiers on the road to Cabul. Germany, whose fleet was now equal to that of France, looked on as a neutral; waiting her chance to seize Brazil. The United States was implored by England to form an alliance. For a good while sentiment in America was against it; but finally, Russia having threatened our western ports and the Isthmian canal, America joined England and sent half a million soldiers and the mightiest fleet ever seen to the coast of China. Japan had thrown in her lot with England, but her navy had met the Russian fleet and what was left of the French navy in the East, and after a desperate battle at Port Arthur, was utterly destroyed.

Meanwhile, the Americans reached China before the English, and at once engaged the Russo-French fleet. While the battle was going on the American transports took shelter in the Inland Sea of Japan. This battle was the most famous of all sea history. The Russians and French had the best guns in the world and fought them gallantly. At one time it seemed as if the American fleet would be annihilated. But just at this moment from the American reserve came out ten vast air-ships of 25,000 tons each, armed with the new Edison electric cannon. These guns ranged fifteen miles, and fired long coils of electric chains and bombs charged with a new, mysterious fluid, called electrocene, whose presence is death, even if it fall 500 yards away. These air-battle balloons of the Americans had been laughed at as a new "Yankee conceit" —even the English placed no reliance on them. But when they advanced through the air like vultures of the gods and belched a hell of electric fire, dealing death to everything living within a radius of miles, the allied fleet was struck with terror. The Americans also threw terrible bombs which exploded only in water; and as these fell around the enemies' ships they raised great tidal waves which often drowned the seamen at their guns. At last the white flag went up on such of the allied ships as were still afloat; and the sea power of France and Russia was at an end for the war.

* * *

Soon the English came with a million soldiers, the finest feat of transportation in the world's history. The siege of Pekin began with a million and a half in the Anglo-Saxon army. Three-quarters of a million Russians and French held the city. This was the bloodiest siege of all history. Two million reinforcements moved in from the Siberian railway. After plague, famine and death had raged for three months, terms of peace were discussed. In one battle 500,000 men

had been killed. Humanity was staggered, and a real movement for universal peace began in the conference held at Washington to settle terms of peace. America was seen to have the balance of sea-power, and Russia the balance on the land. By the treaty at Washington, 1916, China was declared open in every port to the world's trade.

India was to have but one internal government, under the nominal suzerainty of England; Russia was given a free hand in Persia and Turkey; and Constantinople was made a free city, with a republican governmeut. France was given time to plaster her broken shins, and a large part of Central Africa. England retained Egypt and the Soudan; Germany got control of Brazil, and the United States absorbed Canada and Mexico. Absolute free trade was established through all the world. A Court of Universal Arbitration was established, which now makes war almost impossible.

Russia has been transformed into a constitutional monarchy, and with America now guides the destiny of humanity. All the English republics are very friendly to the mother land, and peace and prosperity bless the homes of rich and poor alike. There are now two billion human beings in the world.

THY REFLECTION

As drops of rain are painted through and through
With dancing suns and poppies bowed in prayer,
The vision of your loveliness and you
My soul enshrined—an opal deep and fair,—
Flashing and fainting as a breath of air
Pants in the storm, and dies on fallen dew.
But, as the rainbow, faithful in her aim,
Dimples the forehead of the hardest stone,
So did thy glory, constant and the same,
Paint every thought with golden smiles. Alone
Its shadows grew a shape, its shape my whole
Glimpse of the world, whose living tints repeat
Thy image, veilless marble and complete,
Fixed in the sunny mirror of my soul.

J. A. Coll

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

PICKLED PESSIMISM

AN infallible sign of extreme mental youth, ignorance of the world or rusticity is hung out whenever man or woman assumes the chronic role of doubting Thomas.

There is nothing that comes easier than demolition; the force of gravity lends a hand at that commonplace business. Anarchy is the most elementary of all theories. Any man can cut down an ant-hill with one shove of his foot, but only the ant can build it up again. The typical critic sits aloft a penny-a-liner Jove, frothing with words of contempt, forgetful of the sunny side of fair criticism in a painful (sometimes ludicrous) attempt to appear authoritative; often incapable himself, but ever ready to find mortals so. The dyspeptic holds honest praise to be poisonous honey, because his own alimentary canals refuse to work with sweets. The countryman, because he was cheated twenty years ago during his one metropolitan experience, looks with canny suspicion upon everybody of a city cut. The callow mind in ignorance of life points a pistol at it for fear of being shot first. There is a difference between experienced caution and callow distrust; one is an elderly man with keen, kind eyes, the other a fat boy with a swelled head.

The particularly distressing feature of chronic doubt develops along with its permanent growth when the wearing of black or blue goggles becomes not only habitual but fashionable. That is the critical moment, for until fashion sets in there is hope of unassisted recovery; but in the presence of that artificial, influential jade, man is lost; he now sees bluely, not from conviction, but from pride of being in the style. His pessimism has been put into brine, from whence it comes forth nicely pickled and on the bias.

If we were all-knowing we could hardly avoid seeing things exactly as they are, but having much before us waiting to be learned, it is, in our existing state of uncertain vision, pleasanter, and oftentimes safer (a smile being a good weapon), to see the world too sweet than too sour. And the especial reason for this advisability lies in the reactionary effect of any vision. Whatever a man sees he is. In looking at the sky one man notices only the rainbow and the sun; another nothing but the black cloud necessary to the existence of the rainbow; each man looking at what he comprehends, and reflecting the color of the object he seeks.

This leads to a kindly pity for the prevailing writers who loudly declare literature a trade from whence a man daily fills his boiling-pot, whose condition needs must grow an unsavory

stew at that rate of calculation. He who denies those blessed instructors, Professor Good, Professor True, Professor Beautiful, in the act of setting forth his own conclusions for either the benefit or amusement of his brethren is travelling a slippery path, at whose end there will be a thorny dwelling awaiting him and a meal of that same pickled pessimism three times a day. We are all bound for a place where we shall eat the food we have ourselves prepared along the road thither.

Those who sit in their own shadow ought to swallow their own tears.

Fashionable pessimism being a youthful affair it generally models down into a discreet lady of amiable proportions, bearing a single scar on her breast, beneath her bodice; but pickled pessimism is a chronic disease, requiring allopathic treatment and a disinfection of the mortal tenement.

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MR. RILEY'S SONNETS

AS a sonneteer Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is not generally realized; in truth, judging from the unfamiliarity with his sonnets evinced by many intelligent people, it is safe to believe that he is but slightly known by his enduring work. Possibly this regrettable attitude of the public mind towards the pre-eminent American lyrist can be traced to the undue prominence given his dialect poetry by the multitudes who read and admire only verse that appeals to the homely sentiments.

This form of ephemeral admiration cannot insure lasting fame, because local dialects confined to rural neighborhoods in certain limited sections of any country, change almost beyond recognition within the passing of a generation or two, and thereby become unintelligible to the descendants of the present applauding public, as will be the fate of Mr. Kipling's "Tommy Atkins" verse. A poet cannot securely entrust the perpetuation of his fame to dialect verse unless the peculiarities and phrase be national.

For this reason, and possibly bowing to a personal, deep-seated reverence for Mr. Riley's legitimate English verse aroused by the astonishing fertility of imagination, originality of poetic phrase-making and purity of form to be found in his sonnets, it seems a friendly and important duty to call the attention of Mr. Riley's great following to his work, laying claim to life among posterity; although, frankly, there seems no good reason why a man should work for the praise of the still unborn rather than for the appreciation of his pre-defunct contemporaries; one mass of miscellaneous intelligence is as worthy as another mass. However, the choice of an audience is with the actor, and if Mr. Riley aspires to longevity of his well-deserved fame, he would better better add to his twelve picturesque emotional sonnets, so filled with his deep sense of the invisible, more verse of like distinguishing character.

Who in the history of literature has produced a more striking figure of the pen than this?

"'Twas but the ghost of a dead voice spilled by
The one starved star that tottered through the shades,
And came tiptoeing towards me down the sky."

Or this?

"I seemed to see the seconds piled in heaps
Like sand about me."

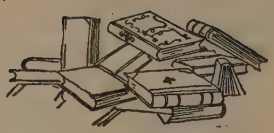
Or this?

"The frightened herds of clouds across the sky
Trample the sunshine down, and chase the day
Into the dusky forest-lands of gray
And sombre twilight."

Or this?

"The heavens rollabove me, and the sea
Swallows and licks its wet lips over me."

Do not these fancies show a man of uplifting insight?—a man whose "inner eye" covers the universe and glimpses the shadow of the Creator?

A GLANCE  AT BOOKS

The House of the Wizard

By M. Imlay Taylor, well illustrates life in the superstitious sixteenth century, under the demoralizing but really necessary reign of Henry VIII. The Wizard, many of whose baleful prophecies ripened, serves as a dramatic nucleus for a goodly array of well-drawn character. As a graphic picture of a time when liberty and license extended only in unwholesome directions, and when tongue and conscience belonged to prelate and monarch, it is worthy a reading with the rest of such books and it must be confessed, has an individuality that commands respect. (McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

The Carpet Bagger

Is a book made from a play, by Opie Read and Frank Pixley. It is well illustrated with half-tone picture of actual scenes. It is a really true-to-life description of Mississippi at the close of the Civil War, from which neither the humorous nor the romantic has been shut out. The old governor whose better nature was assisted to assert itself by the gentleness of Mrs. Fairbairn is depicted by a masterly hand and makes "jolly good" reading. (Laird and Lee, Chicago.)

Christ in Art

The "Art Lovers' Series" receives in this a noteworthy addition; 33 full page reproductions from paintings by great masters, printed with rare clearness, accompany this volume. As in the case of "The Madonna in Art," "Angels in Art," etc., Joseph Lewis French has done his work with a skilful and reverent hand. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

Two Chums

Just a boy and his dog—their journey across the ocean, their experiences with friends and enemies, their appropriation by a human fiend, and their escape into pleasanter conditions. It is a well told story, pathetic and amusing by turns, by Minerva Thorpe; a good book for young boys. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.)

The Favor of Princes

Without being absurdly melodramatic, carries one swiftly and cleverly through the merry old France of Louis Quinze and Madam Pompadour with a "dash and go" certain to make it popular. The story is told in the first person by the young Marquis of Veaux, who on his father's death leaves a depleted chateau in the provinces and comes to Paris to court fortune and later a charming girl of eighteen. He wins both, but the girl, having innocently attracted the sensual eye of the monarch, Louis XV., a struggle forthwith ensues between the young hero and the King of France. Of fast riding, clashing swords, court episodes, villainous by-plots and stirring scenes of adventure, there is no lack. Mr. Luther's discovery really belongs to "The National Magazine," whose pages have given place to much of his fiction. (Macmillan Co., N. Y.)

The Puritan Republic

Daniel Wait Howe's sterling history of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay makes a handsome and bulky volume, and is a strong addition to the really authoritative literature pertaining to an era and a region rich in historic lore. To the legal fraternity,

particularly, will this faithful historian's views about Puritan laws, lawyers and court usages prove of radical interest, for he has gone into this branch of Puritan life with much detail. Mr. Howe's understanding of human nature, summing up of character and comprehension of the good, (as well as bad) that existed in human beings of Puritan days makes this a work of great value to students. (Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

The Hostess of To-Day

There's no reason why, with all that is said on the subject, "The Hostess of To-Day" (Linda Hull Larned), should not be an adept in all the gentle and forceful graces supposed to be maintained by that character. The most advanced method of doing things in this line, with many original ideas in connection with it, are given in this helpful little volume. (Scribner Sons, New York.)

Betty Leicester's Christmas

The power of observation and keen sense of humor possessed by Miss Sara Orne Jewett have been long and generally conceded. Her book, "Betty Leicester's Christmas," tells in a most engaging fashion of the English Christmas of the same Betty to whom Miss Jewett's readers were introduced several years ago. There's not a dull line in any Jewett book, and this book is wholesome and sweet, like old-fashioned pinks, without being unnaturally "good." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Circle of a Century

Is an exceedingly interesting story by Mrs. Burton Harrison, who is constantly adding to her reputation as a delineator of the "Social Side." In this the love affairs of several New Yorkers when that city was one hundred years younger, are effectively told—a picturesque prologue to the second part, which deals with the descendants of the first characters in the environments of to-day. (Century Co., New York.)

The Queen's Service

By Horace Wyndham, describes vividly the advancement of the real Tommy Atkins from low to higher rank in the British Army; a book of real interest to all who read about and are thrilled by our modern times war news. An understanding of the true conditions and environments of the English soldier will materially assist the public in forming right views of the war situation on the "thin red firing line." (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

The Yellow Danger

Author M. P. Shiel declares to be a description of "what might happen if the division of the Chinese Empire should estrange all Europe." No one will refute his accounts of imaginary battles, realism in China and England, and plague, torture and murder chaos resulting from unwise national movements. These pictures are highly dramatic, and the story connecting them compels attention for other reasons. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

In Recollection of an Old Musician

Thomas Ryan speaks as few could do of musical interests centering in Boston during the past 50 years. He was a member of the famous Mendelssohn Quintet club, and speaks with authority on Boston Symphony, Handel and Haydn, and other prominent musical club history. Pleasant anecdotes told in a chatty way about famous musicians, many of them long since dead, make this a comprehensive, yet unpretentious resume of past musical events. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

THE March Hare led a troubled life.
The Lamb, she bored him sadly;
And when the Lion came and roared—
It always scared him badly.
So that at last, between the pair,
The Hare became a mad March Hare.

LITTLE CLIMBER

Little Climber climbs all day,
Climbs and climbs and climbs away;
Climbs the tables and the chairs,
Climbs the settees and the stairs;
Climbs where'er she oughtn't to,
Climbs and climbs the whole day through.

Little climber, out of doors,
Climbs and faithfully explores;
Climbs the trees to catch the birds,
Climbs in spite of warning words,
Climbs the fences and the walls,
Climbs and climbs and never falls.

Little Climber, comes the night,
When the fairies fade from sight,
Climbs upon her mother's knee,
Just the place she ought to be,
Then is Little Climber done
Till the morrow morning's sun.

Joe Cone

"JOHN L. WHITE, OF WAUKEGAN"

THERE was no superstition in Bob Morgan's make-up. He was a clean-cut, energetic Chicago man, of three-and-twenty, and as sensible and free from foolishness as any young man of his age. But, like all the rest of us, he had his fortune told.

The seer was a rather frowsy woman in a tea-jacket, and she lived up three flights on Milwaukee avenue, and peered into the future with cards, the palm of your hand, or a greasy astrological chart. The price was one dollar, no matter how she peered, and advice regarding love, marriage and divorce came extra, at fifty cents each peer.

Bob Morgan climbed the three flights with a party of friends. It was a lark, and nothing more, and they made very merry over it. All the readings were interesting, especially so that of "Chubby" Fellows who was told he would die a bachelor. "Chubby" has three plump babes and a plumper wife. But Bob's was especially funny. "You will soon be deeply interested," said the seer in the tea-jacket, "in a lady with dark hair. She will come from the West. You will not marry her, but when she leaves you will follow her. You will be separated by—" the seer paused and searched his palm —"by John L. White, of Waukegan," she said.

"I'll remember that," said Bob, and he did.

That summer Bob met a young lady from Iowa. She was Tom Evans' sister, and Tom Evans was one of Bob's set, so of course Bob had to meet her. Tom Evans boarded with a nice German family on Sedgwick street on the north side, and Molly Evans stayed there while in Chicago. Before long

Bob knew every conductor on the Sedgwick street cars. That's how things were with Bob. He was pretty ar gone.

They had a fine time together, for there are plenty of things to do in Chicago if one only knows where to find them, and Bob knew where to find them.

Molly did not seem to mind Bob's friendliness, but she did not reciprocate warmly. Bob had a rival, and a rival who used the mails with a frequency that came to be a joke with Molly's brother. In fact, a letter arrived each day. Some days two.

"Who is the guy that writes all the letters to Molly?" asked Bob one day.

"How do I know?" asked Tom; "I don't manage her affairs."

"Is he a Waukegan guy?" asked Bob, rather sheepishly.

Tom laughed.

"John L. White of Waukegan?" he said. "No, it is some hay-maker out in Iowa."

Bob breathed freely again.

"I don't believe in those fortune-tellers anyhow," he said; "look what a break she made about 'Chubby' Fellows."

After that he "pushed things," as he called it, and carried on his courtship with new vigor.

Molly extended her visit, and when the extension came to an end she wrote home for another extension.

Then Bob "pushed things" harder than ever. He knew that if Molly once got into the sphere of influence of the haymaker out in Iowa his chance would be ended. If he intended winning her, he must do it before she went home. He decided he would put things to the test and ask her to be his when he called Thursday evening, and he believed it was a ten to one shot in his favor.

Wednesday afternoon he was sitting astride his stool in the Grand Union Bank when a messenger boy handed him a note.

It said: "Dear Robert, papa has telegraphed me to come home, as mamma is ill. I leave on the five forty Rock Island this evening. Yours truly, Molly."

Bob got one of the other clerks to finish his work, asked leave of absence, and took the first car for Sedgwick street. As the car reached the corner of Goethe street he saw Molly getting on the car going in the other direction, and he jumped off and ran after it, but he could not catch it. So he took the next one.

He glanced at his watch as the car swung across Division street where Sedgwick bends, and saw that he had no time to lose, and he gave the motorman a cigar and asked him to put on speed. He swore under his breath every time the car stopped to take or drop a passenger.

It was an exciting chase. When Molly's car swung into Kinzie street Bob's car was not two blocks behind, and was gaining. Bob patted the motorman on the back.

"If you catch that car I'll give you five dollars," he said.

He looked at his watch and decided he would have to make the quickest proposal on record. There was scarcely time for Molly to catch her train, but his car was still gaining, and he knew he could overtake her as she walked across Clark street to the station.

He fingered the five-dollar bill in his pocket and whistled "All coons look alike to me."

The motorman sent the car up the incline toward the Clark street bridge on a jump, but he had to stop while a heavy truck pulled out of the track. Molly's car rumbled over the bridge scarcely half a block ahead.

And then a tug whistled and the smoke-begrimed bridge slowly swung open to make way for a lake vessel that was following the panting tug.

Bob saw the car with Molly aboard pass out of reach, and he knew he had lost her.

Slowly the great vessel passed through the draw and down the river, and slowly the bridge closed.

Bob turned to shake his fist at the vessel that had cost him a wife, but little the vessel cared. She was leisurely moving down the river, and the gilt letters on her stern shone in the light of the setting sun.

"Curse you!" said Bob; and then he paused. The name on the stern of the vessel was "John L. White of Waukegan." *Ellis Parker Butler*

A ROMANCE OF THE PALM

"YES, I'll tell you all."

He surrendered one lithe brown hand to her, and she held it up studiedly. Her little hands seemed snow white in contrast.

"Oh, Mr. Terrence, you're in love! Well, well! Why—oh, here are two girls. One is a little blond, and the other a tall brunette. The little girl is far off somewhere, and she loves you very much. The dark one—"

"The dark one, yes, what!"

She bent her dark head so low that her breath was in his palm and paused.

"The dark girl—I can't see this very plainly—she likes you, I think; but it is rather uncertain, very uncertain."

Her voice was anything but firm.

"You have made the little girl some sort of promise. She has faith in you and she is waiting. She does not reproach you, because she trusts you. But you rarely think of her since—"

"Since the tall girl stepped into my life?"

The girl's eyelids drooped nervously. But she slowly resumed:

"She expects you to keep it—her whole happiness depends on you. You are treating her wrongly. Why do you not return to her, keep the sacred promise—forget the dark girl, and—"

"No, no; you ask something impossible for me to do."

But her voice trailed on through his shrinking soul, as she impassively continued:

"Why not make that little girl happy! It lies within your power. It is your duty."

Her eyes gazed solemnly into his, and he quailed before their depths.

"Why should she suffer because you have been untrue to the spirit of your vows? Why not go to her and say, 'Dear, I have come to carry out my promise. Take me if you think me worthy.'"

"No, no, not that! It is you I—"

"Hush, Hush! The little girl has claims upon you, the tall girl none. If you break your promise to her you will break her heart, and you will be a coward! The dark girl won't—won't mind it so much, if—if she knows that you are making the other happy, and if you prove yourself a man of honor."

The break in her voice was almost imperceptible, but it reached Terrence's heart. Her winsome face, turned to his, was full of pleading. A tear dropped from the sparkling eyes as she added:

"There are nobler things in life than heeding Love's call, and the dark girl knows it."

A long pause ensued. Her head fell upon her breast. He knelt down by her side, kissed the edge of her sweeping skirt, and then looked up into her face, a prayer in his glance. But there was no hope for him in that downcast countenance.

He arose as if to leave her. Then, suddenly, wildly, he clasped her in his arms, kissing her lips again and again.

She quickly sprang from him and cried brokenly:

"You—you have forgotten yourself! Go, for the sake of your honor and for her sake, go!"

She pointed to him the dismal way that lead from her presence. With one last look of love and regret, he left her, muttering:

"Witch, witch, witch."

"No, not witch, but a friend of the woman you once loved," she murmured, so low that he could not hear.

The door was closed noisily. She shivered and then sank to the floor, weeping the tears of girlish desolation.

Anna Cosulich

PROFESSOR STILLMAN'S DOWNFALL

PROFESSOR STILLMAN of Dresser College was a shrewd man. In fact, he was the Sherlock Holmes of the faculty. He prided himself on his shrewdness; it seemed to leap from the squint of his narrow eyes, and from the perpendicular dimple in his forehead.

The college catalogue recorded 600 students, young ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring states, who came with high school grades to conquer a higher education.

The young men were consigned to the tender mercies of superannuated ministers, who had sought a residence in the little town for the purpose of renting rooms, and educating their children. The young ladies were housed in a dormitory built for many and accommodating more.

On the second floor of this red brick dormitory, two young ladies — who knew they were attractive — occupied a front room. They studied well the dormitory restrictions, one of which was an edict against young men, and devised ways by which they might be the recipients of those little gifts which are the natural tribute of impressionable young men who attend college. It occurred to them that a basket tied to the end of a strong rope and lowered out of the window, if properly advertised to certain of their acquaintances, would be a means, unbeknown to the matron, of receiving strange gifts—watermelons and grapes in season—gathered by the aforesaid reckless admirers, in the softly tender fascination of a moonlight night, when thoughts turn lightly to love.

On a certain night, after a "fruitless" excursion, one young man, thoughtless and of much life insurance, in the spirit of a Romeo and the balcony, placed himself in the basket and signalled. It was such a novel experience; so full of romance, don't you know, that each of the lads in question was hauled up in turn, and allowed a brief glance into the interior of the cosily furnished room, and to feast for a moment on the bewitching smiles of the eight beautiful young ladies who manipulated the rope.

All was quiet, and no outsider saw or heard—that is, save one. Professor Stillman, from his position in the shadow of a huge maple near by, bared his glittering teeth with a sarcastic smile. But he stirred not.

The boys, after the mysterious nocturnal "reception," sallied forth once more on a foraging expedition. The basket lay on the ground, awaiting the offerings when they returned.

Here was an opportunity!

Cautiously from out the shadows came the venerable professor, and stowing himself into the basket he gave the accustomed signal.

He would surprise them in their ruthless violation of Act 113.

And indeed he did, for slowly out of the darkness into the circle of light reflected from the room, emerged the bearded face of Professor Stillman. The recognition was mutual; a chorus

of eight muffled shrieks, a zipping sound as the rope freely unwound itself from the bedpost, then a dull thud, and all was silent.

For a few seconds every girl in the room gave way to hysterical terror. Then one mustered sufficient courage to ascertain the full extent of the unexpected calamity. Her frightened companions watched her expectantly. Every mouth had a finger touching it, and every eye a look of apprehension.

The crushed basket lay upturned surrounded by a ragged coil of rope. The gentle breezes through the open window carried to the breathless girls the rhythm of the limping footfalls of a very lame man. All else was still.

It remained for the returned foragers to dispose of the relics of disaster, which they did hastily, without attempting to gratify a lingering curiosity.

Professor Stillman carried a cane to chapel service the next morning, but a snappy "Um" was the only answer given those who were unfortunate enough to inquire solicitously about the aggravated attack of "rheumatism," with which the professor was reputed to be suffering. No more "fruitless" basket tours that term.

Flynn Wayne

AMATEUR SPORT IN PORTO RICO

"IT'S remarkable," observed the young lieutenant, thoughtfully, "how the Anglo-Saxon adapts himself to his surroundings. I was particularly impressed with this when I was stationed down in Porto Rico with my regiment."

"You officers took kindly to the native drinks, eh?" said the old gentleman, looking interested.

"Well, I wasn't going into that," replied the other with an evasive air. "What I had in mind was the manner in which we adjusted ourselves to the climate in the matter of sports. Of course, as good Anglo-Saxons, we had to have some sort of sport to watch, with perhaps an occasional quiet little bet to heighten the interest. We officers all had bicycles, and we tried some amateur racing. But we soon had to give this up on account of the weather. There's no fun in pumping away at a bicycle with the thermometer standing at a hundred. We were on the point of storing our wheels away in the barracks, when one afternoon I was down along a little creek and happened to see several flamingos on their nests. You all know about the flamingo's nest—how it's built up high so that the bird sits on it like a man on horseback. Well, the instant I clapped eyes on them I said: There's the fowl for our bicycles! I told the colonel of my idea, and he detailed a sergeant and a squad of men to catch twenty flamingos. They were very easy to tame, and they took to the bicycle like a duck to water. Inside of two weeks we had some of the finest races I ever saw, the birds leaning over and holding the handle-bars in their beaks, and scorching along in the most furious manner. They entered right into the spirit of the thing. You never saw a finer sight than a score of bright red flamingos coming down the home-stretch, their necks arched up like scarlet rainbows and their legs working like locomotive piston-rods. My bird, named Garden-Hose, captured the amateur flamingo unpaced mile record for Porto Rico."

The lieutenant sauntered off, and the old gentleman with the gray moustache said:

"Does our young friend belong to the regular, or the volunteer service?"

"I think," answered the gentleman with the bald head, "that he is in the First Battalion of Rough Liars."

Hayden Carruth

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JANUARY

First Prize: Mrs. Fremont N. Janes, 632 St. Peter St., St. Paul, Minn.
Second Prize: Wm. P. White, 1012 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn.
Third Prize: Samuel M. Warns, 1766 East North Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Prize: Louise B. Tarbell, 40 Chester St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN JANUARY

Literature

1. "He that complies against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Occurs in Samuel Butler's Hudibras, a satirical poem directed against the Puritans.

2. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," occurs in Lawrence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

3. In 1762 Rousseau, the great Genevese literary light of the eighteenth century, published "The Contract Social" and "Emile," the latter being a treatise on education in the form or a romance, and named for its chief character. Goethe called it "The Gospel of Education." The appearance of the book made the greatest impression throughout Europe, especially in France, where it was ordered by the Parliament to be burnt publicly, for advocating what were deemed atheistic and socialistic views. Following the short-sighted policy of their powerful neighbor, the authorities of Geneva also ordered the book to be burned, and forbade its sale.

4. The Mermaid (Tavern and Club). A celebrated tavern, formerly situated in Bread street, London, and a favorite resort of actors and literary men in Queen Elizabeth's time. The famous Mermaid Club, said to have been founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, included such men among its members as Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne, and without doubt Shakespeare. It was at this tavern of the same name that the club met to enjoy a social and convivial hour. Fuller tells us the tavern was the scene of wit combats between Shakespeare and Jonson. Some doubt has been thrown upon Shakespeare's presence there by Knight, but the majority of opinion seems to be that he was an active member of the Mermaid Club. The tavern was destroyed in the great fire, and is described as "The Mermaid in Bread street, the Mermaid in Friday street, and the Mermaid in Cheap, were all one and the same. The tavern situated behind, had a way to it from these thoroughfares, but was nearer to Bread street than Friday street." Whether Raleigh really was the founder of the club, however, must be considered a matter of doubt.

5. In 1794, Coleridge planned with Southey an ideal colony on the banks of the Susquehanna, and there to bring back the golden age to man. The new society, whose members were to have all things in common, was to be called "The Pantisocracy." Their life was to combine manual labor and domestic bliss. Coleridge and Southey married two sisters named Fricker as a beginning. All this was intolerable to Miss Tyler

(Southey's mother's half-sister, who had taken care of him from infancy), and Southey was indignantly banished. Luckily, his uncle induced Southey to travel with him in Spain, and there, while laying the foundation of his future literary life, his grand scheme was forever dropped.

Art

1. Anna Brownwell Murphy Jameson, born at Dublin, May 17, 1794; died at Ealing, Middlesex, March 17, 1860, was the eldest daughter of D. Brownwell Murphy, an Irish miniature painter. In 1841 she began the series of art works which made her famous, with a "Companion to the Public Picture Galleries of London." She travelled extensively in Europe and America, and in 1847 revisited Italy to write "Sacred and Legendary Art." This appeared in four parts, "Legends of the Saints" (1848), "Legends of Monastic Orders" (1850), "Legends of the Madonna" (1852), and "The History of our Lord."

2. Rubens has been compared to Dryden, whose mode of imagination distinguishes him from all other poets, and whose characteristic is the vastness and overflow of picturesque invention.

3. Giorgione—one of the great world-masters of color—is said to have died at the early age of thirty-four, because of grief at the loss of his betrothed. She deserted him through the influence of an intimate friend.

4. "The Adam and Eve" of Raphael Sanzio was Milton's inspiration for his "Paradise Lost."

5. Murillo was obliged to live by his pencil before he had learned to use it, and knowing art only as a trade, he was at first merely a sort of wholesale painter. The spark required to light the fire of genius was the glimpse he had of copies of Van Dyck's works, brought to Seville by Pedro da Moya. Murillo was in ecstasies over them, and felt his vocation. It was useless to go to London, Van Dyck had just died; he bought a roll of canvas, cut it in pieces, which he prepared himself. He covered all these with Virgins, Infant Christs, and boquets of flowers. His goods disposed of and some reals in his pockets, without asking advice or taking leave of any one he set out, on foot, for Madrid. Arriving at the capital, he went at once to his fellow-countryman, Velasquez, who was then in the height of his glory. The king's painter received him kindly, encouraged him, procured him work and an entrance to the royal palace and the Escurial.

General

1. In 1834 England sent Lord Napier to China to look after her trade with that country. The British were carrying opium into the country against the wishes of the Chinese, and were also striving to have this opium trade legalized. The Chinese destroyed a large amount of opium, brought in by the English, and the final outcome of the trouble was a war between the two countries, in which English arms were victorious. A treaty of peace was signed in the summer of 1842, whereby there was to be lasting peace between the two powers; a war indemnity was paid to England by China; her ports opened to foreign commerce (at least, a large number of them), and Hong Kong ceded to Great Britain.

2. Liberty enlightening the world —a colossal figure formed of plates of bronze, on a high granite pedestal, on Bedloe's Island in New York Bay. The figure represents a woman draped in Greek tunic and mantle, and diademed, holding a torch in her uplifted right hand. The height of the statue is 151 feet; of the pedestal 155 feet.

It is by the sculptor, Frederick Auguste Bartholdi; and is a gift to the United States by popular subscription by the people of France. The pedestal was designed by Richard M. Hunt, and paid for by popular subscription in the United States. The statue was inaugurated in 1886.

3. The largest building in the United States is the Capitol at Washington, which covers three and a-half acres of ground; its cost has been something over $13,000,000. The corner-stone was laid December 18, 1793, by President Washington, assisted by other Masons; it was partly destroyed by the British in 1814. The dome, begun in 1855, was finished in 1863.

4. "Montstuart," near Rathesay, Scotland, is the property of Lord Bute, and is said to be the largest and costliest private mansion in the world, costing about eight millions of dollars to build. It covers nearly two acres of ground and is built in gothic style. The walls, turrets and balconies are of stone. There is a tower 120 feet in height in the centre. The halls are entirely of alabaster and white marble; the rooms are finished in rosewood, mahogany and walnut.

5. The place where the sun jumps a day is at Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean. It is the one habitable point on the globe where the day of the week changes, for it is in just the line of demarkation between dates. There at high twelve o'clock on Sunday, noon ceased, and instantly the Monday meridian begins. A man sits down to dinner at noon on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes dining.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR MARCH

Literature

1. From what did Addison form the word "Clio," that he signed to his papers in the "Spectator?"

2. What is the main idea in Lord Bacon's "Atlantis," and the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More?

3. Who are called the four Monarchs of Eloquence, and of what countries were they?

4. What good pun did Sir Charles Napier use after the battle of Hyderabad?

5. Why was Sir Walter Scott called the "Great Unknown?"

Art

1. What famous art critic has just died?

2. What was the "Biblia Pauperum?"

3. What two celebrated Greek sculptures are in the Vatican gallery, and in the museum of the Capitol, at Rome?

4. What French painter was greatly encouraged by Napoleon Bonaparte, who gave him many important commissions?

5. What famous animal painter of France has recently died and to whom did she leave a large part of her fortune?

General

1. When was asbestos first used?

2 Where in this country is there a set of communion plate given to the church by Queen Anne, and which is now used on great occasions? What two famous men worshiped in this church?

3. Where did Washington deliver his farewell address when he retired from public life?

4. What was the "Battle of the Keys?"

5. What was the fate of King Philip, the friend of the early New England settlers, and what became of his little son?

PRIZES FOR MARCH

First prize: An Original Drawing, by Walter L. Greene.

Second prize: "Who's Who in America."

Third prize: A Teacher's Bible, illustrated.

Fourth prize: "Bringing up Boys," by Kate Upson Clark.

Fishballs For One The ubiquitous fish-ball receives new laurels at the hands of the Caxton Club, Chicago. The handsome, hand-made paper pages of "Il Pesceballo," prepared in limited edition by them, relate how Latin Professor Lane, of Harvard, arrived in Boston one day, not long before the Civil War, tired and hungry from a long journey, and with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Half that sum went for his omnibus fare to Cambridge. "With modest face," he entered a restaurant, ordered a half portion of macaroni, was refused bread without extra charge, and forthwith devised the famous song, "The One Fish-Ball." It is fitting that the great American fish-ball should have been given poetic immortalization instead of Italy's pride and boast—and there's a fitness in this operetta being originally written, too, in Italian; here given (Mr. Francis James Child's version) on alternate pages with the sparkling English translation by James Russell Lowell. This operetta was supplied by Mr. Child with grand airs from "The Barber of Seville," "Norma," "Moses in Egypt," and other masterpieces of composition, and was given many times in Cambridge and Boston in the early days of the Civil War for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Mr. Lowell made out the fish-ball eater to be "Carrara's Count," long lost and heir to fortunes—the true love of his landlady: thus giving a long-waiting Lane a most romantic turn. Who shall say hereafter that the fish-ball is not of the (not codfish) aristocracy?

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Mr. Moulton's Monumental Work The necessity for really authoritative works of reference, such as the proposed "Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors," was never actually as great as now. The world's population grows richer in the bookish elements. Ask Elbert Hubbard, of Roycroft editions-de-luxe, and other fame (may his tribe increase and prosper) if this be not true. The tendency of the day, ever towards the condensation of useful intelligence, too often leaves a landscape full of blackened wood where some (if ever so little) verdure is grievously needed. Not the axe of the vandal, but the judicious pruning-hook of the skilled forester, of the landscape architect with a soul, should blaze the way, as it were, for busy minds. The golden mean has certainly been out-

lined by Charles Wells Moulton of Buffalo, whose visit east has aroused very wide interest in the superb eight-volume "Library," bearing the above-mentioned title, which he plans to publish, provided a sufficient amount of advance encouragement is secured. Each volume of 800 double-column pages, will contain portraits, biographical matter, personal anecdotes, general criticism, and specific reviews of the works of every author of prominence down the long-lettered line from Geoffrey Chaucer to Winston Churchill. Every quotation will be given, with its source dated. It will be so concise, and yet so complete, that every class of literary worker will be glad to keep it handy. Those familiar with Mr. Moulton's taste and thoroughness in such matters will know that the completed result of this work of years on his part will be a model of the bookmaker's art throughout. And all good men and true (this of course includes Womankind), should at least write to tell him so, as many have already done.

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"East, West, Hame's Best" "As far as the East is from the West," so far, among literary folk, is "East and West," New York's new bookish monthly, destined to be known if it keeps on improving as it has in the first four months of its career. Good prose and poetry, bright literary comment, sparkling drama (whenever the dramatic form is used), and much good reading, edited with skill and taste, characterize this sprightly, clear-typed and handsomely-dressed magazine. William Aspenwall Bradley (Columbia, '99) is one of its editors.

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Honesty's Utterance It showed rare mental cath-olicity in Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage to say at the funeral services for Felix Morris in New York the other day: "He was a good actor, and a good man. If all men of his profession were like him the fast narrowing gulf between the stage and the church would become so narrow that the feeblest step could span it." The sooner pulpit-craft recognizes stage-craft as a profession, and some of Dr. Savage's broad tolerance proceeds from preachers to actors (the latter have long set the clergy a worthy example), the better the world would be. There never was anything narrow about Dr. Savage.

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Boer-British Book List Such a flattering number of readers have asked Havre Sacque's opinion about the literature of the Transvaal—the latest and best books on the South African troubles, and some particulars concerning them, that a portion of this month's space is devoted to a partial answer to such requests.

Briton and Boer

Both sides of the African question. Nine papers on the Transvaal trouble, by Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M. P., Max Nordau, Andrew Carnegie, Francis Charmes and others. Maps, portraits, illustrations. (Harper & Bros., New York. $1.25.)

White Man's Africa

By Poultney Bigelow. (Harper & Bros., New York.) Clear, comprehensive and vigorous. Profusely illustrated. $2.50.

South Africa as It Is

By F. Reginald Statham, author of "Paul Kruger and His Times," "Blacks, Boers and British," etc. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.) Well covers the South African problem, up to the date of the breaking out of hostilities. 1 volume, octavo, cloth. $3.00.

Paul Kruger and His Times

By Statham as above. A picture of the strongest figure in the African

affairs, with photogravure portrait and map. 1 vol., 8vo. cloth. $2.50.

Map of Boer Republics

(Scribner & Co., New York. 40c.)

The Africanders

Leroy Hooker. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) Story of a century of Dutch-English feud in South Africa. Large fine map in colors (up to date), of seat of war, with indexed references. Portraits of Joubert, Kruger, Cronje, Chamberlain, Jameson, Steyn, Rhodes and others. Landscape plates of Majuba Hill, Pietermaritzburg, Bloemfontein, etc. "Plain, unvarnished." 279 pages, 17 chapters. $1.25.

The Transvaal from Within

By J. A. FitzPatrick (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.) A private record of public affairs by a South African-born resident of the Transvaal since 1884, an actual participant in the trouble connected with the Jameson raid and the downfall of the Reformers in 1896; one of the sixty-four prisoners sentenced by the Burgher Court, presided over by Judge Gregorooski; considered by Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery and others, to be the best extant defence of the British government's policy in the Transvaal. Full of startling details. Ample appendices and index. 5 1-2x8 1-2. 11 chapters. 450 pages. $3.

War in South Africa

By William Harding (Dominion Company, Chicago.) The story of the South African problem from the earliest history of the continent to the beginning of the present Anglo-Boer war. By an African traveller and the cable editor at New York of the Associated Press—one familiar with every item of news from the Old World during that period. 47 chapters. 433 pages. 85 illustrations. 8x11 inches.

Story of an African Farm

By Olive Schreiner. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) Novel. Popular and full of feeling. 16mo. 60 cents.

Dream Life and Real Life

By Olive Schreiner. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) "A little African story." Pathetic and beautiful. 16mo. 60 cents.

Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland

By Olive Schreiner. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) "A mighty sermon on purity and peace." 16mo. $1.25.

The South African Question

By Olive Schreiner. (Charles A. Sergel Co., Chicago.) $1.

Side-Lights on South Africa

By Roy Devereaux. (Scribner's Sons, New York). Useful information about existing conditions in a terse form. With map. Crown 8vo. $1.75.

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The Loom of Destiny

Arthur J. Stringers' book of short stories of child life, shows him to be a writer of keenest appreciation of the needs and character of children. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," will be exclaimed by many who read this group of realistic tales. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston). The pathos and poverty of child life has not a more gentle or more masterly portrayer.

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The Authority of Criticism

William P. Trent, in his book of essays, "The Authority of Criticism," (Scribner's Sons, New York), makes a strong plea for better popular taste in literature. "Every reader owes it to himself," he says, "to put himself into the proper attitude . . . to submit himself to some critical training, and to acquire some standard by which to judge the productions of another." These clearly-written essays are likely to excite thought along new and wholesome lines—to correct some bad thought-habits and create some good new ones. The arguments are logical and their construction faultless.

Events Current and Undercurrent

ON March 3, 1900, Mr. Peter MacQueen, M. A., of "The National Magazine" editorial staff, will sail direct for Delagoa Bay, Lorenzo Marquez, and report the prevailing situation of affairs in the Transvaal directly to "The National Magazine." Mr. MacQueen's splendid record in the Philippines last year, his work during the Turko-Grecian war, and in Cuba and Porto Rico during the Spanish-American war easily places him in the front rank of war correspondents.

A keen and accurate observer; an intrepid and fearless investigator, and a facile and strong writer, he is equipped to furnish the readers of "The National Magazine" with exclusive and intensely interesting information, which will constitute a leading feature of the coming issues of this magazine. The American people at this time want something more than the monotonous, trite, censored news filtered through London. The future of South Africa is a question of vital interest to Americans, and while maintaining a strict neutrality, they want reliable information from the armies on both sides. Very little or nothing has thus far come direct from the Transvaal, and that is what "The National Magazine" readers shall have if possible.

WITH our own editorial staff contributors located at the strategetical centres of peaceful development, the editorial observation of "The National Magazine" reaches through Peter MacQueen in South Africa, Carl Schurz Smith in Hawaii, Geo. Carpenter in the Philippines, Harry L. Forbes in China, A. G. Kingsbury at Cape Nome, Alaska, Harold Chapple in London, Robert J. Thompson in Paris and George W. Marshall in Havana. All these gentlemen have commissions to give their exclusive service to "The National Magazine," which in scope is not equalled by any other periodical published.

WE feel pretty safe in assuring the readers of "The National Magazine" accurate personally observed information on the great world movements which have now become vital factors in our national destiny. It has

taken time and money to bring this about, but the American people are appreciative of enterprise, and that is the watchword of "The National Magazine."

THE popular confidence in our efforts shown by our largely increased subscription list, is our daily and unfailing stimulus to greater endeavor.

They come by hundreds. But there is room for more.

Are you on the list?

Is your neighbor or friend there also?

That's the question which you can help us to solve satisfactorily, and enable us to carry out the greater undertakings in view.

ALDRICH, the poet, long ago quit commercial paths, and by competency, hierinted, as well as acquired, has become forever exempt from thinking about the "meeting of ends." Now the poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman, begins at the age of fifty-seven years, the exclusively literary life he loves, resigning his seat in the Chamber of Commerce, and takes his deserved place on the high plane with America's other immortals—hereafter Genius rather than Banker.

ONE of the staff contributors of "The National Magazine," is Mr. Carl Schurz Smith, at Hilo, Hawaii; a man who sees things as they are, and who has the happy faculty of telling what he sees in plain language. Mr. Smith's latest letter, received just as this goes to press, says (January 14, 1900): "Since Christmas the bubonic plague has become so general that all communication has been shut off, and the mails are being piled high in Honolulu storehouses, waiting until we become cleansed of the stain on our bill of health. I can assure you that a plague is no joke in a place such as ours is. We have about 15,000 Japs on this island" (not the island of Oahu, upon which plague-stricken Honolulu is situated, but Hawaii, 200 miles distant) "who cannot live without rice. Our supply of rice is so small that it is doubtful if we can supply the plantations for the coming week. There are four steamers in port, loaded with provisions, but they came from Honolulu, and we have an armed guard to prevent their landing anything but freight or passengers."

THOSE securing the $200.00 in prizes offered by "The National Magazine" for stories, illustrated articles, poems and essays, will be announced next month. The large number of manuscripts received, some coming from every state and territory in the Union, is, indeed, a gratifying indication of the widespread interest taken. The fact that the distinguished judges, Hezekiah Butterworth, Miss Anna Farquhar, and Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) lived a thousand miles apart, required considerable time in getting the manuscript to them for reading.

Our only regret in connection with the contest is that we could not have multiplied the prizes a hundred-fold, and that the limitations of a monthly magazine would not permit of a more extensive purchase of contributions. Nevertheless, we believe that this contest has awakened a further interest in distinctive American literature, and we deeply appreciate the kindly interest manifested in "The National Magazine."

ONE thing is clearly revealed, viz.: the immense latent talent, resource and wealth of material available

for American stories and poems. There are thousands of new recruits enrolled every month, and the demand for the best, the purest, the loftiest, and the most ennobling in literature, was never greater than today. The public demands better and better work, that which has sterling character and purpose.

THE recent deplorable occurrences in Kentucky, where disorder and lawlessness for a time had full sway, cannot be looked upon as in any sense having a political significance. They are purely personal feuds, fanned into fiercer flame by the excitement attending a political campaign ushered in with a marshalling of armed partisans of the rival candidates. It is most sincerely to be hoped that the contention will be settled without the intervention of Federal authority, and that Kentucky herself, realizing the disgraceful state of affairs, will redeem the fair name of Old Kentucky.

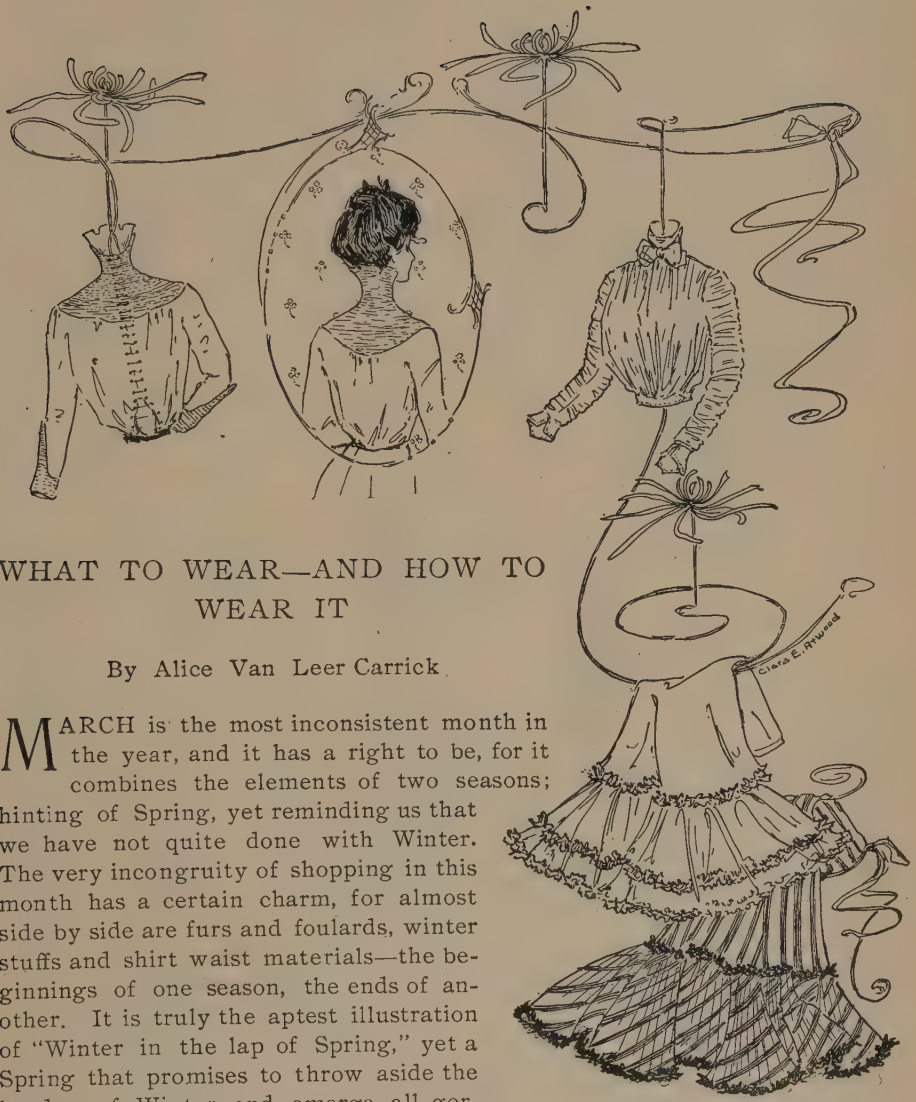
THE network of world-events are an interesting study. The relations between different countries under shifting conditions are guaged with the definiteness of personal intercourse. The American people never followed the trend of affairs in foreign countries as keenly as at this time. Intervention, friendly or warlike, is the all-absorbing world's study. From the continent come rumors of a coalition. W. T. Stead says that "feeling against England has risen to a height hitherto without parallel. The Empire is stripped of its armor, its arms tied behind its back, and its bare throat exposed to the knife of its enemies."

THE war tide in the Transvaal seems to have turned at last. After a monotonous series of disastrous defeats the vaunted supremacy of British generalship is in a fair way to be vindicated. The latest news we are able to record brings tidings of one of the costliest actions of the war at Paardeberg Drift, where Kelly-Kenny has apparently driven Cronje to the wall.

THE somewhat smoky rumors of the substitution of Italian troops to replace British garrisons in Egypt may reveal a casus belli for France. British occupation of Egypt is an open sore to France and she will demand the strictest neutrality of Egypt. Italy evidently returns English assistance rendered in Abyssinia two years ago.

THE Russian advance on Herat continues, and implies disquieting features for the English government. The disavowal of hostile intention through Russian diplomatic channels, instead of allaying, has rather excited British fears. The opening of the subject, gratuitously, reveals the fact that Russia is not averse to inaugurating diplomatic correspondence. The critical foreign relations of England at this time would have deterred her from opening a discussion leading to embarrassing complications. The move on Herat was made to divert attention from the more important advance toward the Persian gulf. England cannot longer ignore this affront.

THERE is a report of a battle with the natives in French Soudan in which they were routed by the French with a loss of 3,000 killed. France has not forgotten Fashoda, and the dream of a chain of colonies from Algiers to Madagascar is dear to the land of the Tri-color. They are making hay while English interest is centered on the veldt and the strained relations between France and England are a matter of diplomatic concern.



WHAT TO WEAR—AND HOW TO WEAR IT

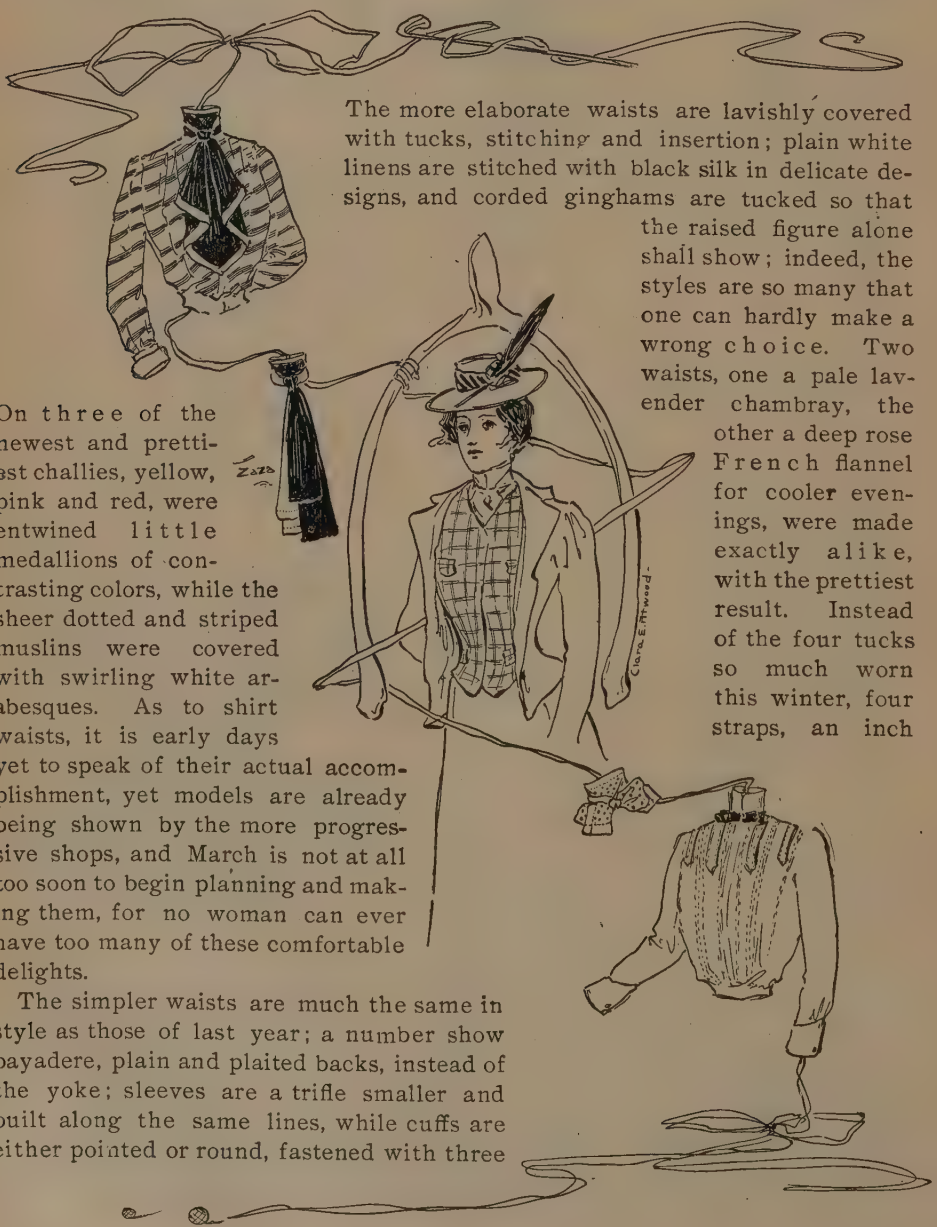
By Alice Van Leer Carrick

MARCH is the most inconsistent month in the year, and it has a right to be, for it combines the elements of two seasons; hinting of Spring, yet reminding us that we have not quite done with Winter. The very incongruity of shopping in this month has a certain charm, for almost side by side are furs and foulards, winter stuffs and shirt waist materials—the beginnings of one season, the ends of another. It is truly the aptest illustration of "Winter in the lap of Spring," yet a Spring that promises to throw aside the burden of Winter and emerge all gorgeousness; and these summerish displays are not the less tempting to the sensible-minded woman who knows that material selected before the flurried time of Spring bargaining is in every way preferable to a more hurried choice. But there is such a wide selection; there are so many ginghams and muslins; such an abundance of challies and chambrays, that taste stands bewildered and choice is itself embarrassed. In the ginghams there are numberless stripes, wide and narrow, large plaids, small plaids, and tiny checks. Some of the plaids are delightfully cool blendings of lavenders and delicate greens; others are crudely bizarre, but new. The chambrays are delicate, yet make up into most serviceable waists, while nothing

daintier can be imagined than one of the white or blue and white ginghams worn with a white stock and tie of the same material as the shirt waist. In the challies and muslins conventional designs have pushed to one side the loose vine and flowered patterns.

pearl buttons or the more conservative links, as one chooses.

A blue and white striped gingham was made in an unusual and bizarre style, the stripes slanting from right to left, giving an original effect certainly, but odd rather than pretty.



The more elaborate waists are lavishly covered with tucks, stitching and insertion; plain white linens are stitched with black silk in delicate designs, and corded ginghams are tucked so that the raised figure alone shall show; indeed, the styles are so many that one can hardly make a wrong choice. Two waists, one a pale lavender chambray, the other a deep rose French flannel for cooler evenings, were made exactly alike, with the prettiest result. Instead of the four tucks so much worn this winter, four straps, an inch

On three of the newest and prettiest challies, yellow, pink and red, were entwined little medallions of contrasting colors, while the sheer dotted and striped muslins were covered with swirling white arabesques. As to shirt waists, it is early days yet to speak of their actual accomplishment, yet models are already being shown by the more progressive shops, and March is not at all too soon to begin planning and making them, for no woman can ever have too many of these comfortable delights.

The simpler waists are much the same in style as those of last year; a number show bayadere, plain and plaited backs, instead of the yoke; sleeves are a trifle smaller and built along the same lines, while cuffs are either pointed or round, fastened with three

wide, graduated in length, were stitched on the yoke. Between each were two tiny tucks, the whole effect being firm yet full.

Stocks are being worn in place or collars; they are even more popular than they were last year, and the girl who has not a dozen at least will complain that she has "nothing to wear" like Flora McFlimsey. One yard of white pique will make four stocks, if an interlining is used, and thus at a very small price, about one-fifth of what it would cost in a shop, an effective stock can be made. The tie may be of the same material as the shirt waist, or of some harmonizing color, and stocks made in this way will be more individual than if they had been bought at the most expensive haberdashery shop. But these shops have such new and pretty designs that to glance inside is to tempt one's pocketbook seriously. The styles run from plain white pique, severely made, to ornate creations of lace and silk, yet they all possess this one virtue, that to a clever-fingered woman their making is very easy, and with a little attention to general effects, almost every stock can be copied. Some are made from silk bandanna handkerchiefs of the softer and more harmonious shades, the plain part of the silk being loosely folded in a collar, the figured or dotted ends to be brought around in a butterfly bow. Many are made of dark, heavy silks, with fagotted ends, but the newest conceit of all is a combination of black silk and white linen, the taffeta forming the stock. On either side are two strings, the width of a narrow four-in-hand, one of black taffeta, the other of linen, so that when they are tied in a loose waterfall the contrast of colors and stuffs is decidedly "chic" and effective.

SILK WAISTS AND PETTICOATS

Perhaps there are no two things that more appeal to a womanly fancy than a well-made silk skirt and a silk waist of new design. And now the shop windows and cases are filled with the most fetching ideas. To begin with, the silk for skirts is either striped or solid taffeta, the changeable having long since been put aside. One particularly stunning effect, a black and white soft, heavy taffeta, was made sheathed tightly over the hips, the graduated bias ruffle at the bottom was accordion pleated and edged at the top and bottom with a narrow black ruching. In a solid taffeta skirt two shades of pink were used, the delicate rose leaf and the deeper tint, so becoming to a brunette. The skirt was made of the deeper shade, with a deep accordian-pleated ruffle of the paler tint, the ruchings in this case being of the deeper shade.

One of the newest silk waists showed much the same coloring. The waist itself was of a light-pink taffeta, the deeper color tucked into a yoke which was continued without a seam into the high, flaring collar, and formed in front a sort of vest opening three or four inches above the waist line, to show a white satin blouse. This vest was fastened by black and white silk crocheted buttons, and the deep-pointed, turned back cuffs were ornamented in the same way. A simpler waist of palest blue taffeta was entirely accordian pleated, the sleeve effects mnde crosswise the bodice up and down, and gave a fuller, more graceful effect than the ubiquitous tuckings. But tucks are, nevertheless, still steadily growing in favor; indeed, it is predicted that Easter gowns will bear, as the dear Duchess would have said, "the cachet of Paris" in their innumerable tuckings.

CURING COLDS AND PREVENTING PNEUMONIA

AN appeal has come from Europe for Dr. Hilton's Specific No. 3 to check the ravages of influenza.

For some months past the epidemic has resulted in more deaths than any scourge known in modern times in Europe. The latest despatches from Germany, Austria, and other European countries, reveal a death rate equal to a plague. In Italy, the Pope has called for special prayers, and terror has struck every household, equalled only by the devastating ravages of war.

In 1891, during the terrible scourge of grippe in Massachusetts, Dr. Hilton offered to the public a remedy which he had thoroughly tested in his own private practise. Its success was instantaneous, and was soon on the lips of all. Since that time the merits of No. 3 has passed from lip to lip and it stands to-day pre-eminently as a cure for colds and a preventative of pneumonia.

Dr. Hilton is an interesting personality. A man of wide experience, born in Parsonsfield, Maine, in 1839, a regular and successful practitioner for many years, he has studied specific prevention and cures, and the results are intensely positive of what No. 3 will do.

A graduate of Hahnemann Medical College, and a practitioner of high standing, Dr. Hilton has kept up with the advances made in medical science, and it is little wonder that so many people are unanimous in praise of this remedy. Dr. Hilton preaches the doctrine of prevention and the concentration of his years of study is contained in those little pellets—No. 3, which have done so much good, prevented thousands of cases of pneumonia, and saved thousands of dollars in doctor's bills. All this in a little bottle costing fifty cents. And now Europe has called for it in her hour of need. It is truly a bottle cast upon the ocean of darkness that contains a message of hope.

There is the positive power of prevention in Hilton's No. 3, and its use is in accord with the modern ideas in medical treatment that have increased longevity. Who that have not suffered with the sweating process of "soaking feet" to break up a cold? Effective in some cases, the peril is little understood until a study is made of the statistics giving the pneumonia list. The dangers lurking in the after effects of a "sweat" may be well understood by all those who know anything about the fundamental laws of hygiene.

There is always an interest in personal experience, and I write this not as a conventional testimonial, but as a tribute to a remedy that cured a cold for me that threatened pneumonia.

DR. GEORGE W. HILTON

MAY 1966
WESBY